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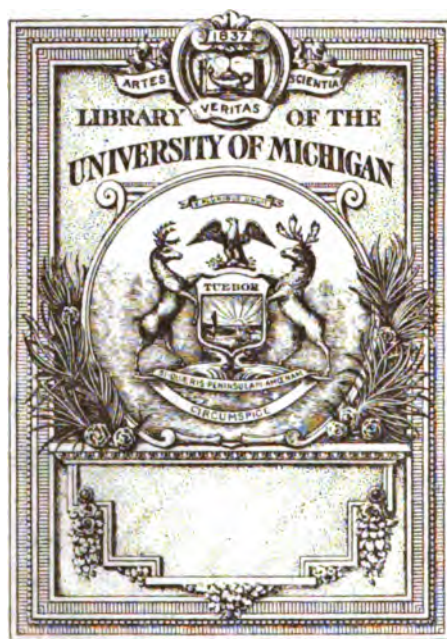
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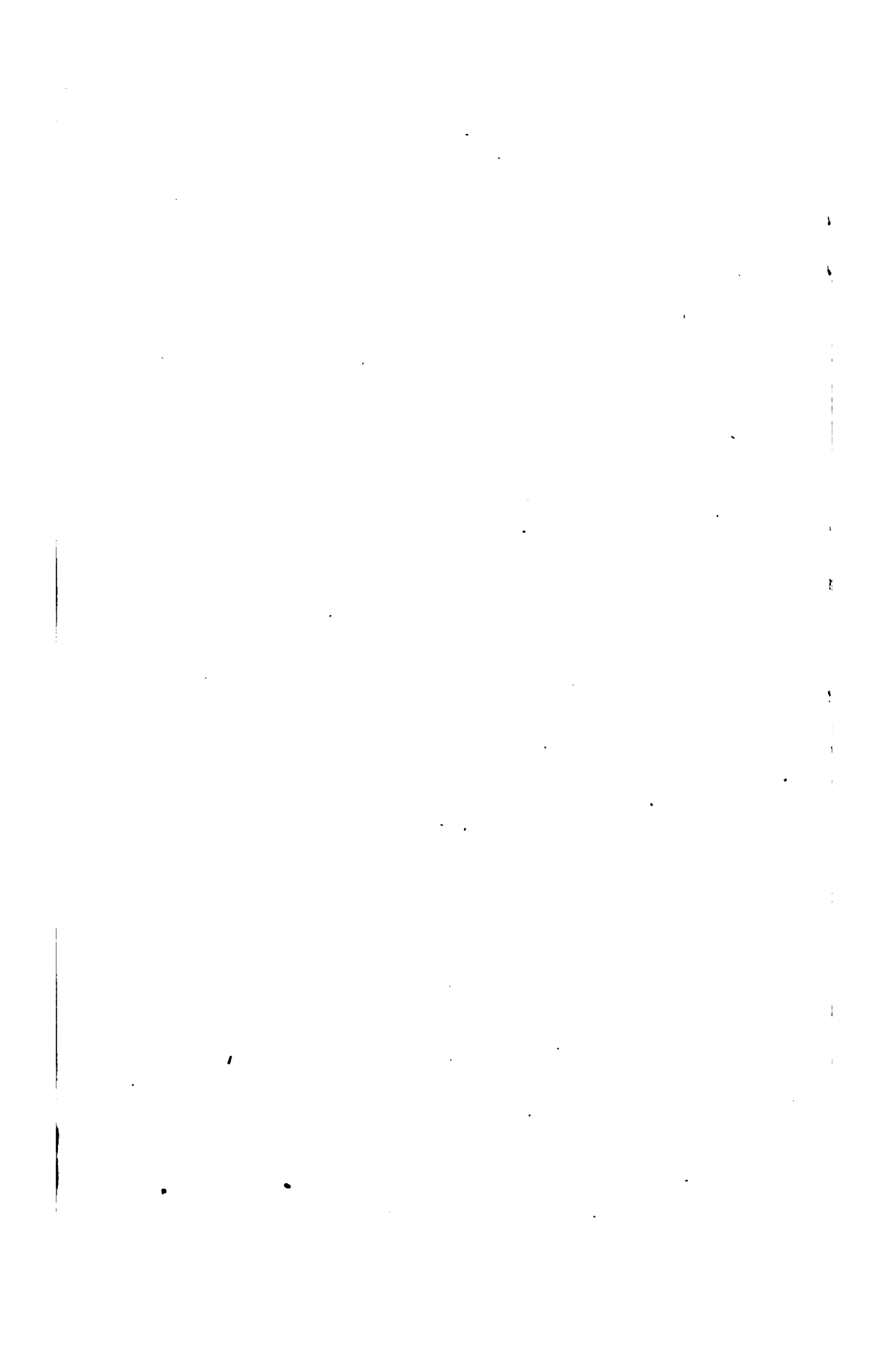
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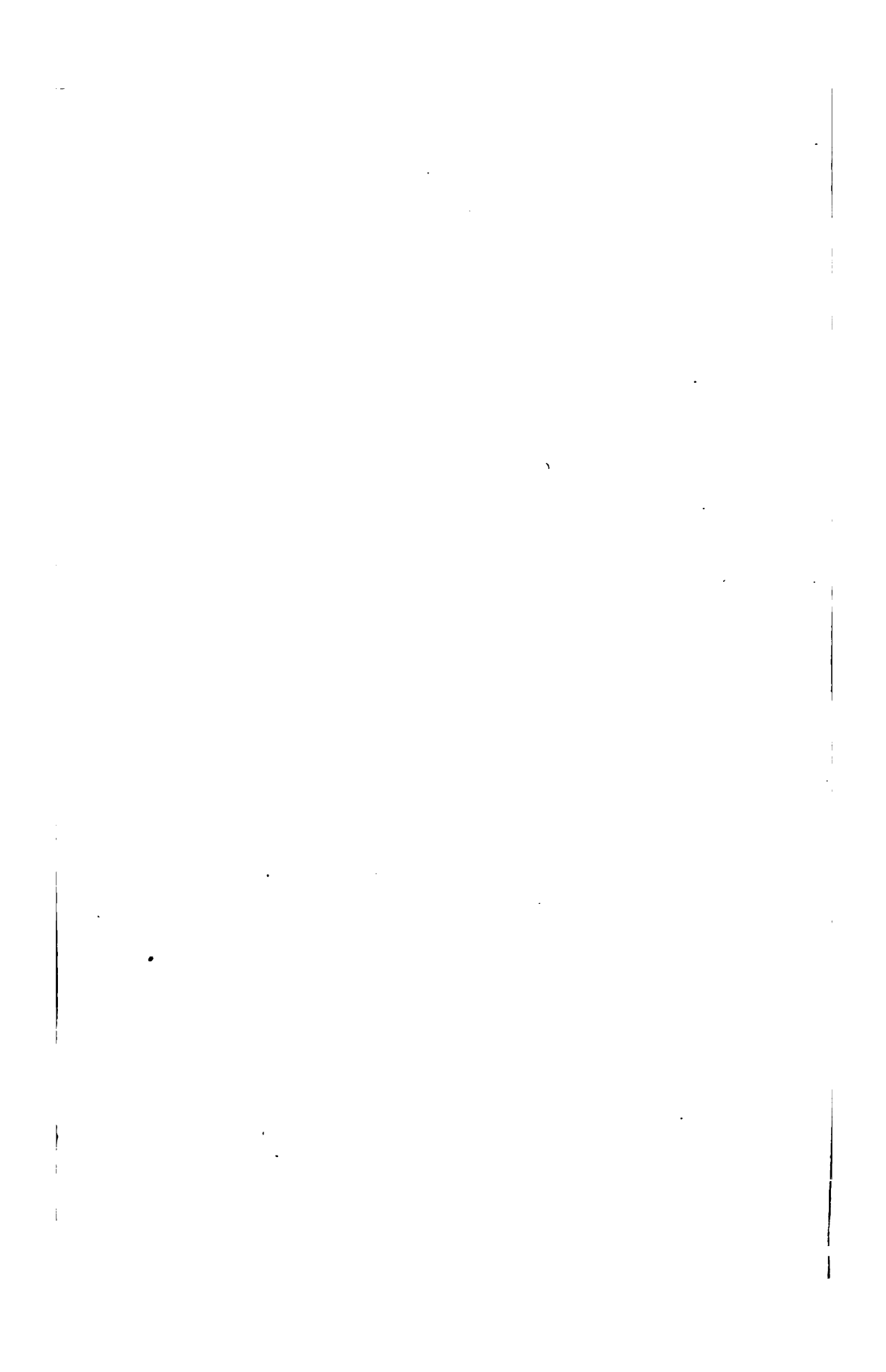
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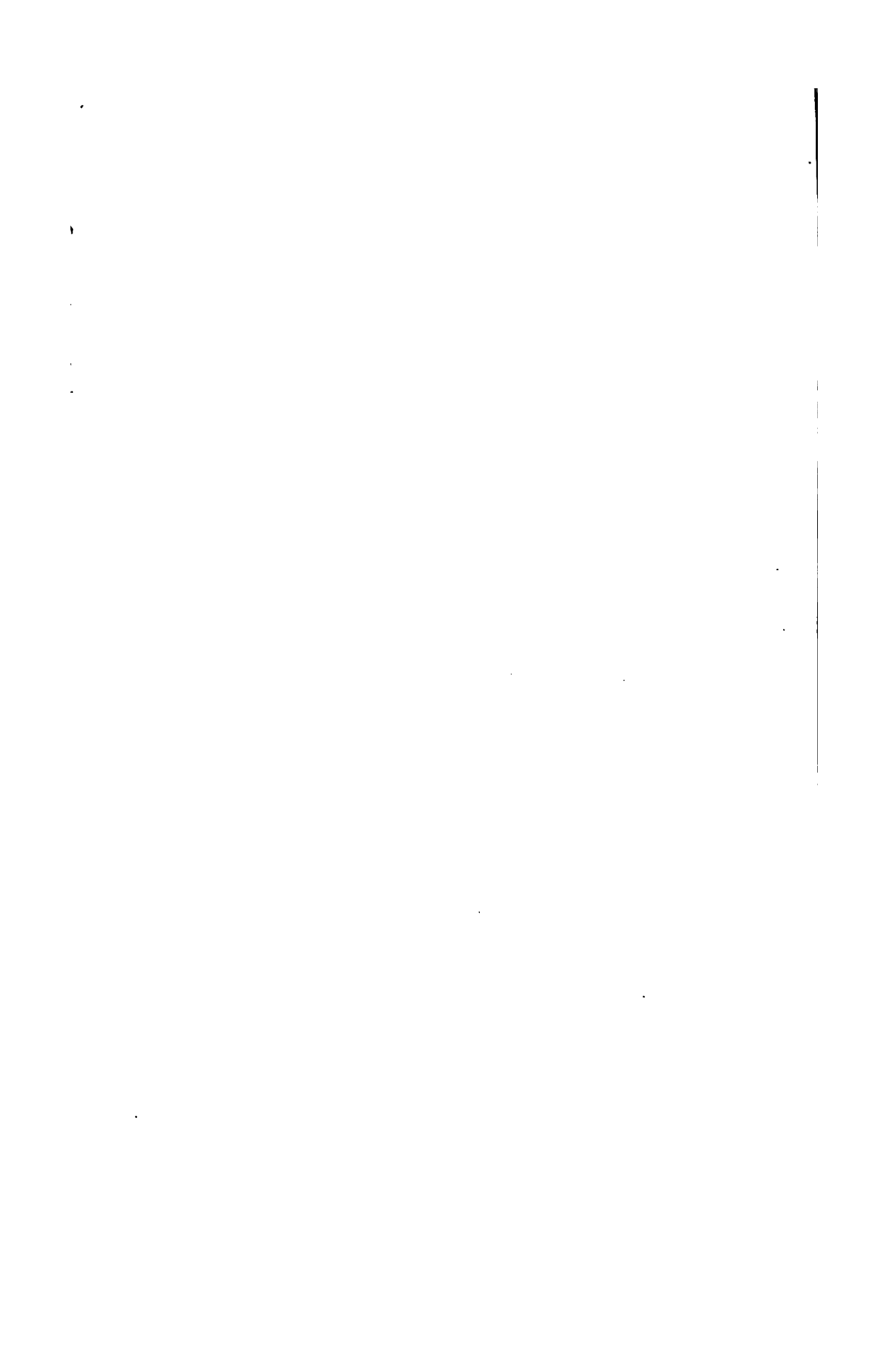
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THE
BARONESS DE BODE

1775—1803





MARY KYNNERSLEY, BARONESS DE BOFF

THE
RONESS DE BODE

1775-1803

BY
WILLIAM S. CHILDE-PEMBERTON

WITH PORTRAITS

WILLIAM GREEN, LONDON
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY
1900

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THE
BARONESS DE BODE

1775-1803



BY
WILLIAM S. ^{*Shakespeare*} CHILDE-PEMBERTON

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PREFACE

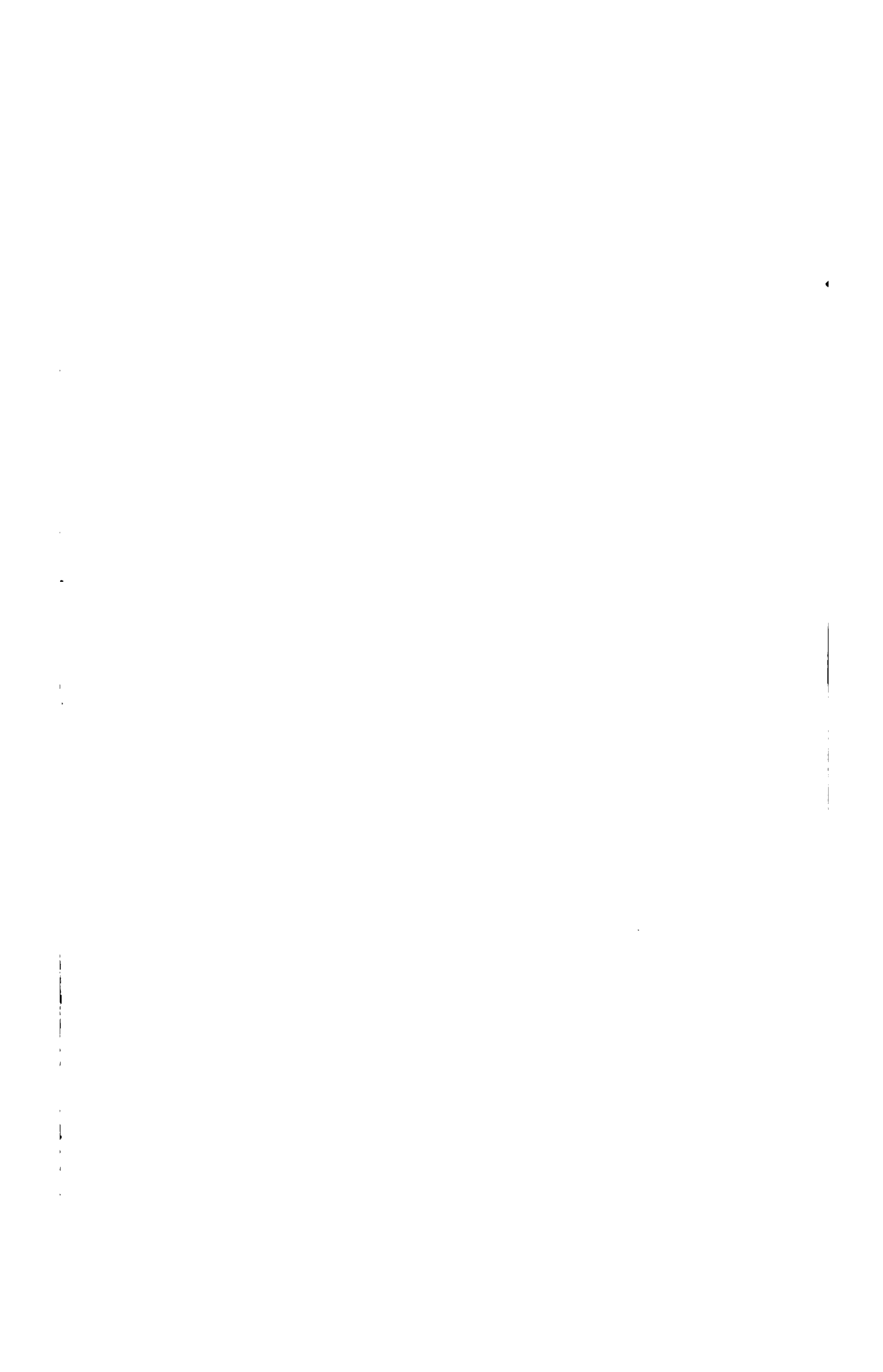
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If any apology be needed for adding one more to the list of memoirs bearing on the French Revolution, I trust it may be fairly claimed that this record breaks fresh ground. The Baron de Bode held in 1789 a fief in Alsace, one of the last relics of feudalism in France which the new *régime* swept away. After the catastrophe he and his family took refuge in Germany; the Baroness visited the numerous German courts and subsequently the Court of Petersburg. She and her family were eventually granted, by the Empress Catherine II., estates in the newly conquered territory in Southern Russia. The letters addressed by the Baroness to her English relatives afford striking glimpses of feudalism in provincial France, of the trials of an unhappy *émigré* family, and of the byways of the Russian world as ruled by the Empress in her last years.

WILLIAM S. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

12 PORTMAN STREET:
September 1900.

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THE BARONESS DE BODE

CHAPTER I

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

1775-1780

A squire's daughter—Falls in with a foreign suitor—Marries at Marylebone Church—The Baron's relations—Birth of an English-born son—Lady-in-waiting—Court of Saarbrück-Nassau—Duchess of Cumberland and Miss Luttrell—Wears rouge on and shyness wears off—A week of gaiety—A pathetic contrast—Court of Deux Ponts—War of Bavarian succession—Long silence—Want of money—Sister Kitty, 'I wish you durst cross the water'—Death of the Princess of Saarbrück-Nassau.

THE heroine of this chronicle, which is founded chiefly on her letters, was Mary fourth daughter of Thomas Kynnersley, of Loxley Park, Staffordshire, who had died in 1755, leaving his widow with a young family—namely, one son, Clement, his heir, and five daughters; of whom Penelope married John Sneyd, of Bishton and Belmont, Staffordshire, and was dead (leaving children) before these letters were written; Dorothy (to whom most of the letters are addressed) married, first, Thomas Byrche Savage, of Elmley Castle, Worcestershire, and was early left a widow, and marrying secondly, in 1778, Ralph Adderley, of Coton, Derbyshire, by him was grandmother of Lord Norton, the inheritor of the

letters;¹ Barbara died of consumption, unmarried, in 1782; and Catherine (the 'Kitty' or 'Kyttilini' of the letters), the youngest, never married, and was the other chief correspondent of her sister Mary.

The daughter of a Staffordshire Squire of good estate and ancient lineage,² Mary Kynnersley in the ordinary course might, like her sisters, have wedded some neighbouring squire had she not early showed a taste for travel and adventure, seized the opportunity of a tour abroad with her friend, Lady Ferrers,³ and accepted the addresses of a foreign suitor whom she fell in with in Flanders. Meeting with just sufficient opposition from her relations at home to add romance to the situation, and not so much as to be insuperable, she married, on October 21, 1775, at Marylebone Church, and at the French Embassy,⁴ the husband of her choice, Charles Auguste Louis Frederick, Baron de Bode.⁵

¹ The Editor is greatly indebted to Lord Norton for his kindness in giving him the letters.

² The family of Kynnersley is extinct in the male line.

³ Miss Anne Elliot married to Washington, fifth Earl Ferrers. (He had succeeded his brother, the fourth Earl, who was hanged at Tyburn, 1760, for the murder of his steward.) Lady Ferrers's party, which embarked at London Docks, consisted of Lord Ferrers; his nephew and heir, Mr. Shirley; Lord Byron (celebrated for having killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, and for being convicted of manslaughter by the House of Lords); Lord Bristol (till recently the Honourable Augustus Hervey, and celebrated as the husband of the notorious Miss Chudleigh, who had bigamously married the Duke of Kingston, and was now to be arraigned by the House of Lords for that crime); and Miss Horneck (one of the two fascinating sisters, both very popular in the Society of the day, to whom their friend and admirer, Oliver Goldsmith, had given the pet-names of 'Little Comedy' and 'The Jessamy Bride'). Miss Horneck, however, with some others of the party, suffered so terribly from sea-sickness that she landed at Margate and returned to town. Our heroine, undaunted by the winds and waves, started afresh with Lady Ferrers and some of the braver spirits, and proceeding to Dunkerque, met her fate.

⁴ The French Ambassador, the Comte de Guignes, gave a fête in honour of the bridal party.

⁵ Baron of the Holy Roman Empire.

Some years older than his wife, a soldier in the service of the King of France,¹ but of German birth,² grandson of a Privy Counsellor to the Emperor Charles VI., intimately associated with the princely family of Hesse Darmstadt, and having friends at more than one foreign court, the Baron de Bode amply atoned for the deficiencies of a somewhat slender purse by an ardent devotion to his wife, and a disposition the most excellent, affectionate, and faithful. Throughout the harassing vicissitudes and misfortunes of her subsequent career, our heroine had never cause to regret her marriage, and though, in a moment of impatience, perhaps, at the burden of an increasing family, we find her advising sister Kitty that 'the single state is ever preferable,' her letters constantly testify in warmest terms to the never-failing support of her husband, 'a model of perfection, tenderness, and goodness, joined to resolution and courage.'

After passing the winter with the bride's relations in England, the newly married pair proceeded in the spring of 1776 to Lille, where the Baron's regiment, the Royal Deux-Ponts, at this time was quartered. Thence, later in the year, they crossed the French border into Austrian Flanders in order to pay visits to the Baron's relations established in that country. Some delay had occurred before his relations extended a welcome to the young English lady of whose pedigree they knew nothing. Among these were the Marquis de Trazénies and the Marquis d'Yttres, who both possessed large estates, and the Marquise d'Herzelles 'who had held the first rank among the most beautiful ladies at the Court of Prince Charles of Lorraine,'³ and had been also the ornament of the Court

¹ Louis XVI.

² Born at Fulde, Hesse-Cassel.

³ Brother of the Emperor Francis, and Regent of the Netherlands (1750-1781). Madame de Bode had seen Prince Charles of Lorraine

of the Empress Maria Theresa, by whom she was exceedingly beloved.' The Marquise, who had brought up the Baron de Bode from his infancy, was now living retired from the world, 'although only fifty years of age and still what one would call a beauty.' Her portrait Madame de Bode mentions having seen in the Royal Palace at Brussels.

The pride of these relations of the Baron, who counted also among his family alliances those of the Princes of Creuz and of Gavres, did not allow them to receive the Baron's English bride without first making inquiries as to her pedigree, and, great opposition having been raised to her marriage by her own family, she was now, in retaliation as it were, to be subjected to a kind of inquisition on the part of her husband's relations. The Baron besought them to refer to the Heralds' College in London; and it was not until this had entirely satisfied them that the Kynnersley family was 'one of the most ancient in England, and nobly allied during eight hundred years,' that they accorded the young couple a most cordial and affectionate welcome, and invited the Baroness to stay with them two months, during her husband's absence with his regiment.

The Baroness, now 'expecting the joy of becoming a mother,' returned to her relations in England, the Baron remaining in France; and while staying with her brother

at Brussels, where he held his Court, in 1775, the year before her marriage, when she was travelling with Lady Ferrers. In writing to her mother, she then described him as 'very like the late Duke of Cumberland' (the hero of Culloden), 'that is, very fat, and pitted with the smallpox . . . a very pretty small palace, superbly fitted up, a pretty museum, aviary, &c., &c.' At last he became quite childish, but continued to say, as he had done before, even if things happened which he did not approve of: 'Eh bien, n'importe, je n'en serai pas moins le Prince Charles de Lorraine.'—*Vehse's Court of Austria.*

at Loxley Hall she gave birth to her eldest son Clement on April 23, 1777.

His being born in England led in the end to a remarkable result; for on this fact, years afterwards, was based his claim to be a British subject, and from it arose, half a century later, a *cause célèbre*, still remembered, which dragged on for forty years before the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

The Baron being informed of this joyful event, writes to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Savage (afterwards Mrs. Adderley):

Saarlouis: May 2, 1777.

Dear Sister Savage,—You have made me quite happy with the good account you have been so obliging as to give me of my dear Mary's safe delivery of a stout boy. I make two wishes to God now: the first is to preserve my dear Mary in health; and the second, if the dear boy should live, as I hope, that he may be an honest man with good morals. I give him entirely into the hands of the Almighty, that He may direct his heart during his whole life to our and to his family's happiness and satisfaction; if he should not turn out according to my heart's wishes, I should rather wish God would take him again, but I shall surely give myself all possible trouble and care for his good education. Receive my hearty thanks, dear sister, for your kindness to acquaint me so soon. I was sure my dear Mary would support her pains and labour with great patience and resolution. . . . You cannot imagine how easy I am now, neither how unhappy I have been the whole time. . . .'

Later in the year the Baroness joined her husband, traversing the dangerous forest of Ardennes to Saarlouis, where he was now quartered, he having exchanged into the regiment of the reigning Prince of Saarbrück-Nassau,

to whom he was 'Grand Maréchal de Voyages,' though still in the service of the King of France. At Saarbrück the Baroness made the acquaintance of the Princess of Saarbrück-Nassau,¹ which led to her becoming lady-in-waiting to the princess, a post which she filled until the premature death of that lady two years later.

Of her introduction she writes :

Saarlouis : ² November 20, 1777.

Yesterday we dined at Saarbrück, the road not over and above good ; and, one thing which I did not like at all, we crossed a river in a barge. They drove into it and out of it without our getting out of the carriage : after this I was in such a fright at first when I went in to the Princess that I could not say a word, but that soon went off, and the Princess was extremely affable. She had only one *dame d'honneur* with her, who was a very agreeable young lady. The Princess placed me at her table. She served several of the dishes herself, was cheerful, and kept up the conversation very well. The Prince, her husband, was not at home, but the young Prince, her son, who is a very pretty-behaved boy,³ dined at the table with us. She went out of the room first herself to go to dinner. Monsieur de Bode ran to give her the hand. She had two pages (gentlemen) to wait on her. Her knife and fork and spoon and salt-cellar were gold, but the rest of the table had only silver.

¹ Wilhelmina Sophie Eleanore, wife of Ludwig, reigning Prince of Saarbrück-Nassau, whom she married, at the age of fifteen, in 1766, was daughter of Prince Johann Friedrich von Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt.

² Saarlouis and Saarbrück on, what was then, the frontier of France and the Rhine provinces, and both situated on the river Saar, which flows northwards into the Moselle, near Trèves.

³ Prince Heinrich Ludwig Carl Albrecht was born March 9, 1768. He married at the age of eleven, but left no issue. On his death, in 1797, this branch of the House of Nassau became extinct.

After coffee she desired me to play upon the pianoforte, which was a very good one. She had it made at Deux-Ponts, and the cost but seven guineas. She liked my playing, said a thousand obliging things, and has asked me to come and spend some days there, which I believe I shall do some time, as I found it so agreeable. 'Tis a pretty palace in a charming situation. The river Saar sweeps along the side of the garden, and various hills diversify the view. The palace stands upon one of the hills. There was a few sentinels about, but not in the style of St. James's—two or three upon the stairs, and a few others in the courts. She is not fond of cards, which I am glad of, as I shall not be expected to play. She is not above six or seven and twenty, and is fond of dancing, therefore perhaps some day or other I may come in for a little of that amusement there. She is a young woman of unblemished character. I add that, as ladies of that high rank are not the most virtuous.

To her own extreme shyness at this time the Baroness further alludes; but it soon wore off, and in a few months she was already 'grown more hardy, or at least less timid, in the company of Princes and Princesses.' This she attributes in great measure to the very kind reception she met with from their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland during a ten days' visit to them that autumn at Metz.

The duchess (the celebrated Mrs. Horton¹) was related to Madame de Bode's family (the Kynnersleys) through her first husband, Mr. Horton, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire; the duke was the youngest brother of George III., and had caused that monarch great annoyance by his

¹ The Honourable Mrs. Horton, Anne, daughter of Simon Luttrell, Lord Irnham, created later Earl of Carhampton.

marriage with Mrs. Horton, coming as it did soon after the similar *mésalliance* of his brother the Duke of Gloucester with Lady Waldegrave. Both these ladies obtained royal rank, but the Royal Marriage Act was in consequence promptly passed at the express instigation of the king, to prohibit princes of the blood royal marrying without the consent of the Crown.

Meanwhile the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland had not yet been received into favour by King George, and were residing at Metz. The Duchess's conversation was remarkable more for freedom than decency,¹ and, unlike the Princess of Saarbrück, she was passionately addicted to cards, and an inveterate gambler, faro being her favourite game. Not liking to lose, and it being an advantage to hold the bank, she was among the first leaders of society to set up a bank in her own house, acting as banker herself—a somewhat dangerous friend for a lady with so empty a purse as young Madame de Bode. Still more so was the duchess's sister, Miss Luttrell (afterwards Lady Elizabeth Luttrell), who habitually took the lead in her sister's house. She was caricatured by Gillray as one of 'Faro's Daughters,' and was notorious for being 'dexterous with the cards,' on which account, it is said, she found it desirable to reside out of England for a time. We have a glimpse of her later as a guest of the De Bodes. Whilst in Germany she was discovered cheating at cards, and less respect being shown to her rank there than in England,² it is asserted that she was condemned to draw a barrow, to which she was chained,

¹ 'Lady Margaret Fordice said, very aptly, that after hearing the Duchess of Cumberland talk for half an hour, one ought to go home and wash one's ears.'—*Lady Louisa Stuart's Manuscripts, edited by Hon. James Home*. Cumberland House, however, became a *rendezvous* of the Opposition.

² Twenty years later a story was told of this lady, if not true, at least very characteristic of her career. There is the most comical

through the streets. It is due to the Duchess of Cumberland, however, to add that she proved a faithful friend; and, long afterwards, when Madame de Bode fell into adversity, the duchess gave her generous support.

To return to the Baroness's early married life. Another thing had lately given the shy young lady greater self-confidence in her new surroundings, namely, her lately acquired use of *rouge*—the absence of which on a fair cheek marked its owner as dowdy or provincial.

'The Baron's relations insisted upon it—they said I did not look like a woman of Fashion without it! So you must not be surprised when I come to England,' she writes to her sister, 'to see me quite French. I put on very little, but you can't think what an addition it is to me, and I should be quite *particular* without it.'¹

The following letter at this time gives a lively account of the frivolities of the little court of Saarbrück, which, however, was destined soon to mourn the loss of its youthful princess, and, in but a few years, to be totally extinguished in the flood of the Revolution. In the light of subsequent events the gay scene here depicted is not without a pathetic interest.

story in circulation respecting Lady E. Luttrell I have heard for a long time. You may remember, perhaps, she has been in the Fleet some time past. Being allowed one day to take a drive, which is usual, after going ten miles from town she stopped the chaise, asked the post-boy if he had ever seen two hundred guineas, and upon his answering in the negative she promised to put that sum into his hands if he would marry her directly, which he consented to do; and she immediately set off for Dover, and from thence to Calais, while the post-boy husband found himself in the Fleet on account of the lady's debts.'—*The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley.*

¹ The letter concludes with a postscript: 'When you write to Belmont, desire Mrs. Sneyd will be so good as to send me the recipe in Latin for the red powder.'

Saarlouis: January 27, 1778.

We arrived home last night, my dear Kitty, after having spent the week with the Princess of Saarbrück-Nassau. She is a charming, agreeable young princess, and the more one sees of her the more one must like her. She received me with all the good-nature imaginable. She says she was quite sorry for me for the fright I was in the first visit I made her. . . . Next day came the Countess Lalayen,¹ who is one of the richest countesses of the empire, and has a kind of little court. She is vastly cheerful and rather pretty. We got a fiddler in the evening, and I taught them an English country dance, and amongst us we made the figure of a Cotillion to a very pretty Presto—that was at the end of a lesson in order for the ball the next day. The masque on Thursday was vastly pretty. After supper we all went upstairs to dress and mask ourselves. I luckily had my Turkish dress left entire. The Princess had a beautiful fancy dress of white trimmed with silver and a great many diamonds—the Countess in a very fine white and gold dress—the two Princes, father and son, not masked at all. Thus we entered the room with some more ladies of the Court in dominoes. We danced minuets. For my part I'm sure I danced above a dozen, for there were not above six ladies that danced them at that end of the room, and we danced with all the gentlemen round. Some time after the Prince disappeared, and in a short time he re-entered as a dwarf woman with the headdress at least ten feet high, with two men with poles to support his *tuppée*, and a hairdresser following him with a ladder, which he mounted every now and then to powder the curls, &c. After followed a dwarf man with an immense *tuppée* and so enormous a club behind that it was supported after him in a wheelbarrow. Soon after they quitted the ball, and shortly

¹ Lalain. Her husband was the reigning Count of Lalain.

entered in a Venetian gondola. The young Prince, dressed as a noble Venetian, got out of the gondola and harangued the Princess upon the Occasion (for it was her birthday¹) in Italian, and then re-embarked and rowed off. The Prince Father, dressed as a gondolier, was the pilot. He danced a little in that dress, and then he and his son disappeared again, and in a little time the young Prince, dressed like Henri IV. of France, came and presented himself to the Princess as Henri IV.; and the father, dressed in the same manner, followed and presented himself as his first minister, Sully. 'Tis a most beautiful fine dress, and the Prince, who is a very fine handsome man,² was quite superb in it. The Princess then disappeared, and in a few minutes came back in an ice-house of straw, which she half opened and distributed of all kinds of ice to everybody. After that Countess Lalaye made several apparitions in different dresses, all which amused very much, more particularly as no one knew the others' intentions before hand. We danced till seven in the morning. The Friday, after dinner, the Prince left us to go to his country house in order to hunt. In the evening we played Proverbs. Saturday we accompanied the Countess to Sargomine, nine miles off. We dined all together at the Commandant's of the town. In the eve she returned home, and the rest of us returned to Saarbrück. Sunday evening we had a concert, and Monday (yesterday) we returned here. I must say I was vastly happy there, for nothing could be more kind than the Princess was with me, and all the gentlemen and ladies of her Court. The Prince was very civil, and we are invited there again the 9th of March to another masqued ball—the young Prince's birthday—but she insists on my coming two

¹ She was born January 22, 1751.

² He was aged thirty-three at this time—a Lieutenant-General in the French service.

or three days before, that I may repose myself, that the hurry may not be too much for me. She has invited me to come there whenever I will, and also to come and spend some part of the summer with her at her country house, which, however, I fear will not be in my power, as my lying-in and suckling will employ the best part of the summer. I believe one reason why we are so well received (besides their liking us) is that the Prince knows Monsieur de Bode's family, and was acquainted with his father, for I can see they are not so civil to every one. Was my explanation of the musical terms as you wished it? *Apropos* to Musick, don't be surprised if I should begin to fancy that I play well, as I charmed everybody at Saarbrück—they told me they never heard anybody play with so light a finger and so much expression—um! . . .'

But already a cloud was gathering over the principal participators in these festivities—and was to exclude all possibility of happiness for the poor princess. Before a month had passed since the birthday festivities the prince had given his left hand to another lady. From this moment the true consort silently pined and developed the symptoms of her fatal malady, externally, however, keeping up an appearance of cheerfulness and even gaiety with her friends.

Meanwhile the Ducal Court of Deux-Ponts (Zweibrücken) was another of the lesser German Courts within the reach of the De Bodes at Saarlouis :

Monsieur de Bode is going to pay his respects to the Duke of Deux-Ponts, as that is a necessary duty. The Countess La Layen has been so obliging as to insist upon my coming and spending that time with her and bringing my little boy with me. So we go there on Friday to Blis Castle (which is but two leagues from Deux-Ponts). On Saturday the Princess

of Saarbrück-Nassau is to come there. On Sunday they are to play a little play. Monsieur de Bode has a part in it that he has been very busy learning ; and on Wednesday there is to be a masked ball, but I suppose my Caro Sposo at that time will be at the Court of Deux-Ponts. . . . Very few ladies are admitted there—I don't know for why, as the Duchess is a very amiable young woman, but her husband is a capricious sort of man.

His Serene Highness Charles Augustus, reigning Duke of Deux-Ponts¹ (1775–1795), was of the Birkenfeld branch of the great house of Wittelsbach, and heir-presumptive to Bavaria. Of this family was the celebrated Landgravine Caroline of Hesse-Darmstadt, the friend and correspondent of the Empress Catherine II., and of whom Frederick the Great said that she was 'the ornament and the admiration of Europe,' and wrote her celebrated epitaph.² The Duke's strong-minded mother³ was also especially distinguished by the esteem of Frederick the Great, who, with her help, foiled the plans of the Austrian Cabinet for the acquisition of Bavaria. At this moment the Duke of Deux-Ponts's claim to Bavaria was threatening the peace of Europe. The Baroness concludes her letter by saying :

We should still be happier to live without the fear of war, which in all probability is not far off. The death of this Elector of Bavaria is expected by all will occasion one.

¹ Born in 1746.

² 'Femina sexu, ingenio vir.'

³ Maria Francisca Dorothea (born a Princess of Sulzbach), married in 1746 Duke Frederick Michael, younger brother of Christian IV., Duke of Deux-Ponts (Zweibrücken). The last-named died childless in 1775, and was succeeded by his nephew, the above Charles Augustus. The territory of Deux-Ponts is said to have been 'as large as England.'

The prognostications of war in Germany were realised. What is known in history as the war of the Bavarian Succession followed the death of the Elector Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, which had just occurred at the close of 1777. His dominions had fallen to the childless Charles Theodore, Elector Palatine, who thereupon threw Europe into a ferment by assigning most of Bavaria to the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria. The Duke of Deux-Ponts, as heir-presumptive to his cousin Charles Theodore, protested. Frederick the Great espoused his cause and declared war on Austria. It was not till the peace of Teschen was concluded in May 1779, under the mediation of France and Russia, that the war was ended, and the rights of the Duke of Deux-Ponts were respected. Years after his younger brother, Maximilian Joseph II., succeeded to Bavaria, and was made a king by Napoleon in 1805. From him descends the present reigning house.

The war in Germany probably interrupted the correspondence of the Baroness (which had to reach England *via* Cologne), as during the whole period there is a total absence of letters.

Later she informs us that during this interval great rejoicings had taken place at Saarbrück at the marriage of the child-heir, Prince Henri, with the Princess of Montbarri, aged seventeen, the bride being six years older than the bridegroom! The festivities lasted several days, on the conclusion of which the bride returned to Paris with her mother, and the bridegroom, accompanied by his tutor, started on a tour to 'complete his education.'

In the meantime the Baroness had given birth to a second son, Henry,¹ whose sponsors were the Duke of Cumberland, the Princess of Saarbrück-Nassau, Made-

¹ William Henry Charles Otto, usually called Henry, born June 21, 1778.

moiselle de Bode, and the Marquis d'Ittres (sometimes spelt d'Yttres).

The next letter, dated August 1779, is from the Baron to his sister-in-law, Miss Kynnersley, after the birth of a third son ¹ under sorrowful circumstances.

I feel myself inconsolable, and begin to be worn out because, since the lying in of my dear Mary I have been in a vast deal of distress for her life. Thank God she is now out of danger, but I don't leave her a moment, and am her nurse by day and night. I am obliged to hide my grief, and my sincere tears for our dear mother run from my eyes without that I dare make her partake my sorrow. I must wait till I can tell her this hard loss [the death of her mother, Mrs. Kynnersley] without danger to her, and have therefore taken the precaution that no letter is rendered into her hands before I have seen it. . . . The world, my dear Kytti, is full of pains—I daily prove it—but we must offer them to Him who sends them.

The Baroness recovered, but the infant did not live. 'The loss would have been a much greater affliction to me,' she wrote, 'if the child had not been attacked frequently by convulsive fits which made me fear he would not have had his senses if he had lived.'

Years afterwards, in looking back upon this early sorrow, she remarked :

Doubtless the Eye of Mercy was turned towards me in taking that dear infant away from me. I understood later, in the frequent and painful trials to which I was called, that God had thought good to prepare me by terrible sacrifices, and I learnt to submit myself quietly to every event.

¹ Louis Anne, born July 27, 1779.

What follows in the Baron's letter to his sister-in-law bespeaks such good feeling on his part that it should not pass unrecorded.

You, my dearest Kytty, have been named sole executor of the will of our dear mother, but you say that you fear to be the loser by it, as she has left very high bills to pay—therefore (as I enter into the intention of our dear Mother, and am sure that she would be hurt if she could feel it that the love she wanted to show you by naming you the executor should turn out a distress for you), I propose, if you find yourself a loser, for you to employ the interest of the Wheeler's estate¹ (which is now to be divided amongst us) for paying the bills; and I will not have anything of that till the debts of our dear Mother are paid. I am sure that will find approbation of my dear wife. I hope you will receive kindly my proposition, which I make with all my heart.

This proposition was the more to the Baron's credit because he was himself already in money embarrassments, while, in after life, assistance was frequently given him by his wife's relations, not only ungrudgingly, but with profuse generosity, especially by his brother-in-law, Mr. Adderley, of Coton.

Debts and difficulties soon began to accumulate. Nearly a year's pay was owing to the Baron, and at one time nothing was coming in except the Baroness's small salary at Court. Sister Kitty is pressed to come and live abroad and join in keeping house. But Kitty fears to pass the French fleet then at war with England in the Channel. Madame de Bode vainly tries to reassure her:

I wish you durst cross the water. I do assure you there is no more danger than if there was an entire

¹ Mrs. Kynnersley, the mother, was Penelope, only child of John Wheeler, Esq., of Wootton Lodge, co. Stafford.

peace. You may come without the least danger in the Ostende Pacquet boat, *as it is the Emperor's*; ¹ no nation molests it, and you may pass with the greatest security through the midst of the French fleet. . . . You will perhaps be two or three days in coming down the Thames to Ostende. I shall go into Flanders next spring, and if you will come over then I will come to Ostende to fetch you. On your debarking we will go in the barges by the canal to Brussels, where I will have a carriage to take us to Auguste's relations, three leagues off. We should often have fine fun together here, and the Princess would be monstrous glad. She often says she wishes you was here.

But there were other considerations which weighed with Kitty and could not be overcome :

About marrying ²—if you have anybody in view—well and good ; if not, 'tis not worth while waiting. Perhaps when you return a stranger amongst them, you will easier find one than being always in the way . . . and then if you are determined to marry, there are sometimes men of very good families and good fortunes to be met with in this country, though 'tis rare. But take my word for it, my dear Kitty, that even with the best of husbands the single life is ever preferable.

¹ Joseph II.'s, in right of the Austrian Netherlands.

² Sir Edward Littleton of Pillaton or Teddesley had begun to pay Kitty marked attentions, and continued to do so for years. Madame de Bode became impatient that nothing came of so suitable a match. Sir Edward, a widower, needed an heir, and Kitty would be sure to give him one. He had married Miss Horton, the sister-in-law of the Duchess of Cumberland, who had brought him no heir. Whether or no the Baronet at this time contemplated marrying a second time, in the end he did not do so ; with the result that, through his failure of male heirs, Lord Hatherton's ancestors, the Walhouses, succeeded to Teddesley.

To return to the Court of Saarbrück :

Saarbrück : June 24, 1780.

Alas ! how unstable are the pleasures of this world ! . . . My poor dear Princess, after a long and painful illness, died on Monday last—deep consumption. You cannot think, my dear Kitty, what a melancholy week we have had. She was so much beloved by her people. The lamentations of every one was inconceivable. I was obliged to be by when she was dressed (which she was in white satin, trimmed with gauze and blonde), and I and the Maid of Honour took it by turns to be in waiting by her two whole days that she lay in state, which was very fatiguing and hot, as I believe all the county came in to see her. Poor thing ! A week before she died she had a moment a little easier, and at two o'clock I received a paquet and a little note from her to let me know that she had just received a parcel of plants, and, amongst others, some mulberries, which she sent me for my silkworms, which she hoped I would accept with as much pleasure as she presented them. I opened the paquet to send them into the garden—*point de tout*—'twas a beautiful piece of lilac lutstring for a *Négligé* (a few branches of mulberry round about). I went to her immediately to thank her, but she was not able to speak with me till the next day at noon, when she was a little better again, when she amused herself with the *idée* how I had been caught, and pleased herself with the hope that I would make it up directly to put on, her first going out of her room. I was in her antechamber not ten minutes before her death, but the physician absolutely refused my entering the room on account of my situation—fear the shock should be too great for me. The Prince himself had also desired me not to hazard the fatal scene. . . . You can't think what grief her death caused me, for we had been so constantly

together every day for two years, 'twas like losing a sister, for we were upon that intimacy together. . . .

Me voilà donc again en flotte—I thought myself agreeably and comfortably settled, and now all my schemes are broke through, though the Prince has had the goodness to continue me a pension for my life, and I believe we shall stay on here the two years we have still in the house we are in.

The Prince further promised to continue a small pension to all her children, even 'to the longest liver.'

CHAPTER II

SOCIAL AMBITIONS

1780-1782

Prudence and Privilege—'I go on to have a Numerous Family'—A little 'Chevalier of Malta'—'A very pecuniary advantage'—Convenient institutions and pedigree-hunting—Empress Maria Theresa unfortunately 'quits the stage of life'—Royal sponsors—Visit to England—Presented at Court.

MADAME DE BODE had boundless resource with a view to the future advantage of an annually increasing family, and it must be confessed that she did not scruple to ask right and left for favours of her influential friends. These were the closing days of the old *régime*, when loaves and fishes were to be had for stretching out the hand, and this enterprising wife of an impoverished nobleman was not one to sit still without making an effort for the advancement of her children, especially when, as she says, 'I go on to have a numerous family.'

It would be hard to blame a provident mother for availing herself of a state of society where *privilege* was everything, and where only those who could boast high interest could hope for advancement in the world. The following extract gives a specimen of this system of privilege, and the begging to which it gave rise. The evils of it were deep-seated and of long standing, but were soon to meet with a fearful retribution in the coming Revolution.

Apropos we are going to put in execution, as soon as we can have the proofs arranged, to have Clem

[the eldest son, aged three] received as a *Chevalier de Malte*. Madame la Marquise d'Herzelles, our cousin, you know, was here about two months ago, and she promised, with her interest with the Empress of Germany, to get that for Clem, and the Empress's order for the Ladies for me. As the Empress is already much advanced in years¹ we are in a hurry to profit before she quits the stage of life. The thing for me is only an honour, but for Clem, very pecuniary—that is, in time. For which reason it is much better the younger one can get them into that order : as they get the Commanderies by seniority, and the Commanderies are worth from six or seven thousand livres a year to a hundred thousand livres a year. The first Colonel of the Regiment of Nassau Infanterie (where the Baron is second Colonel) has many years enjoyed a Commanderie of twelve thousand livres a year, and is actually but three off from having one of a hundred thousand ; and what makes it so delightful is that that does not hinder their serving at the same time in any service—therefore a double advantage, as this same gentleman is also a General in the French Service and has a Regiment. We shall try also to get a Commission as well for Clem—shall profit of our acquaintance with the German Princes who have Regiments in the French Service, for that purpose, in hopes, by protection, to push him forward in the world. I always think to make a *Chanoine* of my little Wilhelm,² he is such a quiet little animal. The proofs of Family once made, one can provide for as many children as God pleases to send us. How convenient such institutions would be also in England

¹ The Empress Maria Theresa was aged only sixty-five, but was in bad health.

² Called afterwards by his second name, Henry ; became eventually *General Henry de Bode*, and, after a distinguished career in the Russian service, died, under melancholy circumstances, in England. See *post*, p. 278.



THOMAS KYNNERSLEY

•Y* GREAT PRESERVER OF HIS FAMILY

ÆTAT^e 77, 1680

High Sheriff of Staffordshire, 1646; Shropshire, 1654

[Son of Francis Kynnersley by Lettice, daughter of Richard Bagot of Bilthfield]

(From the Original inherited by the late Mr. Child-Pemberton)

for younger children ! But in this Country, where the greatest part of the Noblesse are poor and not allowed to trade, it is absolutely necessary.

Before his being received a Chevalier of Malta, it was necessary, in order to furnish 'proofs of family,' to produce



ARMS OF KYNNERSLEY.

for the infant Clement not only his father's descents, but also his mother's; and further, it did not suffice that her family in the male line was one of antiquity and position, but it was also necessary to prove by documentary evidence the armorial gentility of the mothers and grandmothers of the Kynnersleys.

I shall be vastly obliged to you, therefore, if either you or Brother Adderley will be so kind as to write a letter to the Minister of the Parish of Watford in Northamptonshire. You will be so good as to ask him to search the Parish Register prior to the year 1650, for the marriage of Thomas Kynnersley of Loxley, with Sarah Clerke, of Watford.¹

Also prior to the year 1673 for the marriage of Sir Gilbert Clarke, of Chilcot, with Barbara Clarke. Also the Baptisms of those two ladies, and to send you a certificate of those two events signed in all the forms necessary to render them valid, and you will be so good as to send them to me. I should be vastly obliged also if it would be possible by any

¹ Daughter of Sir George Clerke and sister of Sir Clement Clerke of Launde Abbey. Her sister Dorcas married John Cotes of Woodcote, Salop.—See *Burke's Extinct Baronetage: Clerke of Watford*.



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ÆTAT^e 77, 1680

High Sheriff of Staffordshire, 1646; Shropshire, 1654

[Son of Francis Kynnersley by Lettloe, daughter of Richard Bagot of Blithfield]

(From the Original inherited by the late Mr. Childe-Pemberton)



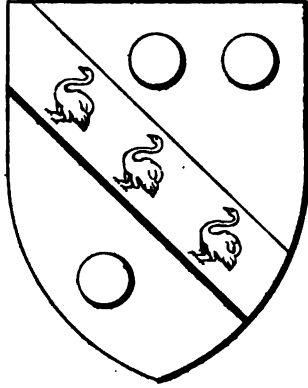
ELIZABETH KYNNERSLEY

ÆTAT^e 74, JULII 1680

[Wife of Thomas Kynnersley of Loxley and Badger; daughter of Floyer of Hints]

(From the Original inherited by the late Mr. Child-Pemberton)

means to procure me the pedigree of that family of Clerke of Watford down to the time of the marriage of Sarah Clerke with my Ancestor, Thomas Kynnersley,¹ and also to send me a drawing of that family's Crest; the Arms I have.



ARMS OF CLERKE OF WATFORD

The 'proofs of family' were all forthcoming, but unfortunately this scheme was already too late put into execution, in spite of extreme anxiety to avoid delay. The Empress Queen, Maria Theresa, 'quitted the stage of life' but two months later (November 1780), and with her life ended the promise of success.

To secure future protection for her numerous children this prudent matron before the birth of each one solicited at least two princely personages as sponsors for the coming infant, and a great deal more was expected of august sponsors in those days than would be in our own.

The Duchess of Cumberland was Godmother to my last poor little boy with the Prince Regnant of

¹ Portraits (dated 1680) of the aged father and mother of this Thomas Kynnersley, namely another Thomas Kynnersley of Loxley and Badger (styled 'ye Great Preserver of his family') and of Elizabeth Floyer his wife, were inherited (with Millichope) by the late Mr. Childe-Pemberton, father of the editor. The portrait of this venerable ancestress of Madame de Bode more particularly impressed the imagination of the editor when a child, on account of the tradition handed down with it that 'Oliver Cromwell stole her cows,' which she is said never to have forgiven. With these portraits was another (also dated 1680) and bearing the arms of Kynnersley, namely *Azure, semée of crosses-croislett a lion rampant argent*. It represents their grandson, Anthony Kynnersley, aged 17.

Nassau for Godfather, and the Sponsors for the little creature that is coming will be the Duke of Deux-Ponts, the Prince Hereditaire of Nassau, the Countess von Daun [widow of the Austrian field-marshal, the opponent of Frederick the Great], and the Countess of Ferrers.

I shall give my little child to a Nurse as soon as it is christened, for in this Country they christen the children the second day.

My Bed : Oct. 30, 1780.

I was brought to bed at five in the afternoon of the 20th of a fine pretty boy. I had been a little creachy all day, but when one great pain and little master in the world, I could hardly believe it myself nor those about me. I have been charming well ever since, but in order to avoid all the accidents I had last year they kept me a prisoner to my bed the whole nine days. My little boy was christened Charles Auguste Marie Henri Christian. My Mother¹ [in-law] says I must only call him Charles Auguste on the long days in Summer, for in the short days there will not be time to call him more than Charles. To say the truth, I did not think of the Duchess of Deux-Ponts as Sponsor, as I only asked the Duke, thinking to save her for another time, but she sent me one of her Maids of Honour to represent her as well, so it could not be otherwise, and 'twas very kind of her. She wrote me a very pretty kind letter on the occasion. Both she and the Duke are very fond of Auguste and me.

During the summer of 1781 the Baroness paid a four months' visit to her native country, crossing from Ostend

¹ Amelia Baroness Dowager de Bode, *née* Baroness von Adlerstein, resided at Fulde. Her son's wife says of her, ' 'Tis certain the Polonaise I gave her was young for a woman of her age, but, *entre nous*, she is much younger than me in everything but years.'

to Dover in the packet 'bearing the *Imperial* Pavillion,' thus passing in security through the fleets of France and England, mutually hostile during the American war. In London she was presented to good King George and Queen Charlotte, and paid a visit of several days to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who had now been forgiven by their Sovereign brother.

The Baroness lost no opportunity of cultivating the friendship of such personages as were likely to prove useful to herself or her children. Besides

I have always found that good and great Company is less expensive than your trumpery people, and certainly more agreeable.

But it must not be concluded that the Baroness was of a grasping disposition; the leaven of worldliness in her was rather the outcome of a businesslike and practical habit of turning everything and every one to account. With this was combined a capacity for throwing herself ardently into the simplest interests and pleasures, whether derived from her keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, the cultivation of her garden (to which she devotes pages of description), the management of her vineyards, or the education of her children—the zest with which she entered into the routine of her daily life animates every line of her letters.

CHAPTER III

A DELIGHTFUL HOME

1782-1784.

Bergzabern—A wine and cider country on the borders of France—
 A very spacious garden, the Zig-zag—An Earthly Paradise—
 English hounds for his Serene Highness—He waits with the
 impatience of a child—Sir Edward Littleton's, Mr. Meynell's, and
 Mr. Talbot's packs—A particular favour to the Baron—The Duke
 'vastly inquisitive'—A terrible winter—Innumerable wolves—
 Floods—Influenza.

IN 1782 the family removed to Bergzabern,¹ in Germany, on the borders of France, some leagues to the south-west of Saarbrück and somewhat nearer to the Court of Deux-Ponts.

With characteristic energy the Baroness packed with her own hand each article of furniture, with the result that when the numerous wagon-loads arrived at their destination 'nothing was rubbed, broke, or spoilt.' It took many months to settle down in the new home, and there were improvements and repairs to be effected in the house before it was rendered wholly habitable.

The Baroness, however, was 'vastly' pleased with the many advantages which the place presented, and was enchanted with the beauty of the situation. A fine stream ran close to the house, which was a large one in the castle style with a great court, towers for the spiral

¹ Or Berg Zabern.

staircases, some very good rooms and plenty of them. Outside, on one side, was the pretty little town of Bergzabern, on the other were hills of chestnuts, vineyards, and orchards.

This is a wine and cyder country—great quantity of fine wall-fruit—in short, delightful for beauty and convenience.

What further, and above all, was to make the 'pleasure of her life,' was a very spacious garden at some distance from the house, approached by a beautiful long dry walk half a mile in length through vineyards. In this garden was a temple with an immense 'orangerie,' under which was a large 'dining-parlour,' and beyond, a good kitchen, all vaulted with stone and very high. Above and outside was a kind of *loggia*, supported by pillars, and entered by a broad flight of some fifty steps on each side. Inside the *loggia* was a charming large square room, 'with a fire ablaze,' two small rooms, all furnished, &c. &c., and—what was to make into three or four more rooms—a large parterre full of flowers. This delightful retreat, named the 'Zig-zag,' the Baron gave his wife leave to arrange, during the winter, as a summer-house, in the literal sense of the word—namely, a house where she was to pass the summer months with her children and a couple of maids. Prudence, too, was to be combined with pleasure :

It is so near I can go from thence every day, if I will, to see how things are going on at home, and being lodged at the Zig-zag 'twill hinder the fruits being stole out of the garden.

From here some of her letters were subsequently written.

In this earthly paradise rose a hill, which was all a wood of cherry-trees and Spanish chestnuts to an immense quantity, with innumerable winding walks—

in the English style but not the most modern, as there is a small slight hedge each side the walks, on espaliers of roses, jassemine, honeysuckles or curious low shrubs or vines; we don't allow this hedge to grow more than three feet high, and as the walks are all on the side of a hill it appears much less dangerous than it would be without.

From the top a most delightful view, and on the tip-top of all, another temple or platform encompassed with a show of horse-chestnuts. Descending, we have a vineyard and a temple enough for a thousand bottles of wine—chiefly of muscat grapes. In the whole place more than fifty bowers to sit down in, so we have plenty of shade.

Pending the arrangements, the family resided in a part of the great house at Bergzabern.

July 27, 1782.—My Hub has had a *Congé d'été*—leave from the King [of France] to stay at home this summer. It arrived just as he was setting out with his regiment for Geneva, which affair has ended as everybody thought it would, without a single gun being fired—[the French troops entering Geneva had put an end to a period of internal dissensions there]—and I have now the happiness to have him stay with me and take care of me in my lying-in, and seeing to not being cheated in our alterations. We find it vastly necessary not being absent from the workmen half an hour.

A few days later a child (the fifth in five years) was born.¹

The letters of September and October 1782 are full of

¹ Marie, the eldest daughter, born August 4, 1782.

comments on her sisters' home chat and gossip from the Midlands. Such items as the following occur :

I am glad Molly Davenport¹ is agreeably married. My and Auguste's compliments and congratulations to her on the subject when you write, though 'tis so late 'tis like the accounts of the rejoicings for the birth of the Dauphin that one hears of still from one part or other of the world—he has been born this twelve months. [The elder Dauphin, whose fortunate early death spared him the miserable fate of his younger brother, the martyr-child of the Temple.]

¹ The editor has a picture of the beautiful Molly Davenport, his great-grandmother. She had been 'agreeably married' to his great-grandfather, Mr. John Shakespear (a Member of Warren Hastings's Supreme Council of India), on May 9, 1782. [Molly Davenport's mother, Martha Talbot, had become the heiress of Lacock Abbey, Wiltshire, on the death of her elder brother, her younger brother being Mr. Talbot of Margam. Molly's brother, William Davenport, assumed the name of Talbot on succeeding his mother at Lacock.] On their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Shakespear proceeded to Calcutta, where a strange and supernatural incident soon afterwards befell Mr. Shakespear, which was witnessed by the Governor-General (Warren Hastings) and the other Members of the Supreme Council. While sitting in conclave in the Council Chamber, Mr. Shakespear suddenly looked up, exclaiming, 'Good God! there's my father!' The whole Council then saw the figure of a person, unknown to them, glide through the Chamber, which had no outlet, and disappear. What, moreover, attracted the attention of the Council was the fact that the figure appeared wearing a *hat* of a then unusual shape, commonly known in our day as a 'chimney-pot.' The Governor-General was so struck by the apparition that he ordered a minute to be made of the matter and placed in the record-chest with the official documents, where it is said to have remained ever since. In course of time a ship from England arrived, bringing the news of the death of Mr. Shakespear's father and likewise a cargo of 'chimney-pot' hats, the first ever brought to India. This incident is further attested by the tradition of it being handed down by five successive generations of the family of the Catons of Woodbastwick—the original Mr. Cator having been one of the witnesses of the mysterious apparition in the Council Chamber, where he was present as Secretary to Warren Hastings. [Mrs. Shakespear, *née* Davenport, was buried at Lacock in 1798.]

About this time the Baroness was intent on assisting the Duke of Deux-Ponts to procure a pack of English hounds on which he had set his heart. With this view much correspondence passed between her and her brother-in-law, Ralph Adderley; and her sister Kitty's admirer, Sir Edward Littleton, was brought into the scheme on being invited to be a godfather to the newly born infant.

I have wrote to Sir Edward Littleton to thank him for being a Godfather to my little girl, and at the same time desired, if possible, he would give me several couples of his hounds what he would draft off, young or old, good or bad; they will be always English hounds, and as such an acceptable present for me to make to the Duke, who, I hear, is much disappointed at not yet having any English hounds, and fully thinks that we shall get him some this winter. We want two or three favours from him, and if we could begin by procuring him some hounds, and particularly some as a present, he would not refuse us anything we ask him, as his Serene Highness is one of those that spares nothing for his pleasures. If Sir Edward would give me some couples of his hounds, do pray try and buy a few couples out of Mr. Meynel's and Mr. Talbot's packs; don't stick so much to price if there are some as a present *with*, it will make them appear less dear. . . . You must know he is absolutely wild to have some . . . and I do assure you that he waits with the impatience of a child for a plaything.

It was at first suggested that Ralph Adderley should find a man in London, who could speak French, who should ride with the hounds from the Midlands to Dover, cross with his horse to Ostend, and thence on horseback find his way *viâ* Bruges or Brussels to Namur; then follow 'the waggons that go to Metz (as the road across

the Ardennes would be difficult for a stranger to find), from Metz by St. Avold to Saarbrück, and so to Deux-Ponts ;' or, if he chose to come without a horse, he might go the whole way by water—through Holland by the canals, and up the Rhine and land in the Duke's territories. But in the end the Duke sent two men all the way to Staffordshire, a *piqueur* and a *valet de chiens* (or dog-feeder), to bring the hounds and horses with them. Others were despatched to help them on the way back. The *piqueur* and *valet de chiens* were enjoined to learn the English manner of feeding the hounds :

The Baron would take it a particular favour, done to himself, if Ralph would give them a bed at Coton and let them eat with his servants during the time. For the eating—the same that your servants have will do vastly well, as in this Country servants do not live so well as in England. And also contrive to let them see some hunting if possible.

He was also to send the Duke

any bright bay mares for to add to his set of short sixes of that colour; the man shall bring the measure to be able to udge if they match, the price about thirty-six guineas each; also Ralph could find a pair of grey geldings to add to the Duke's set of greys, at about thirty guineas apiece,' &c. . . .

The Duke has recently sold out of his Stables between seven and eight hundred horses to make room for the young horses that are coming in, as he has a great breed of horses, and chiefly in this part of the world. He comes to this place [Bergzabern] in a month's time to choose out of them, and has let us know that he will dine with us. . . .

Madame de Bode is careful to add a shrewd hint with her usual candour :

You must know that I am sure the Duke will be *vastly inquisitive* when they come back to hear how and where they have been, and *what sort of relations I have*, whether trumpery or smart, and it may be of great consequence to me in the future. . . . Let the Piqueur therefore see Loxley, the house, park, and gardens there; tell him that it is my Brother's. Let him also go to Sir Edward Littleton's—tell him he is a cousin of ours. Let him also go to Lord Paget's;¹ tell him he is also a cousin, &c. . . . We are very glad to be able to assist the Duke, as perhaps the time may come when he may assist *our children*.

This episode was at length concluded to the satisfaction of all concerned. But the next winter, 1783–84, was so terribly severe, that there was little sport at Deux-Ponts, and at Bergzabern 'innumerable wolves in droves' frequently appeared. Later the violence of the floods at the thaw proved 'very fatal in all parts,' and kept the roads so impracticable that the Baron was detained from home six weeks at Saarbrück.

Bridges, houses, and castles were washed away in all directions. The Baron himself had a narrow escape, being on the great stone bridge at Saarbrück, over the Saar, shortly before three out of its seventeen arches were carried away at one stroke by the height of the water. Meanwhile at Bergzabern, the Baroness and her children went about the town in boats.²

¹ Henry Bayly had assumed the surname and arms of Paget on succeeding his cousin as Lord Paget, and was created Earl of Uxbridge in 1784.

² This winter (1783–84) the Baroness writes that she 'was three weeks in bed with a fever and *Influenza*, and for a long time very indifferent, which rendered me very stupid and unfit for writing.' It would be interesting to trace how early the word 'influenza' came in vogue. Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley, writing in 1808, alludes to an epidemic of influenza in England twenty-two years earlier, also to an attack in 1795—'total loss of strength after pains in bones,' &c.—*The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley*, p. 254.

CHAPTER IV

AN ABUNDANT SUMMER

1784

A Trip to Switzerland—Meeting with old friends at Strasburg—The Zig-zag—Prodigious quantity of fruits and flowers—Loneliness and reflections—Pros and cons of married life—‘How fortunate do I find myself!’—‘Except for want of money’—Duchess of Deux-Ponts—An insatiable dancer—Death of the Heir of Deux-Ponts and Bavaria—Frederick the Great’s League of the German Princes against Austria—Prince Max must marry.

IN the following spring (1784), Madame de Bode made a journey into Switzerland. The costume of the peasants in that country is now so rarely to be met with that it is worth while to record :

The common people (Swiss) look always in masquerade—’twould make a beautiful masquerade dress to be dressed literally as the country girls are. The men wear breeches that have fifty or sixty yards of cloth in, as thick of little quilted pleats as ever can be. So are the women’s petticoats and the tops of their aprons for a quarter of a yard deep. And the very girls that pick the stones and weeds out of the corn have two long pleats of their hair behind assisted with ribands that hang down to the bottom of their petticoats.

Going and coming back she stopped at Strasburg to see the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Miss Luttrell, and Lady Ferrers; ‘all very glad to see me—the two last have promised to come and see me here.’

D

The expected visits of these ladies to Bergzabern took place shortly afterwards—whether before or after Miss Luttrell's card-sharpping and wheelbarrow adventures does not appear.

In the summer of 1784 the French regiment of which the Baron was colonel was ordered from Geneva to Metz, where he was long detained—

so many great personages being expected there. The King of France's two brothers [the Comte de Provence¹ and the Comte d'Artois¹], Prince Henri of Prussia² [brother of Frederick the Great], and the King of Sweden, and the Inspecteur to make the review of the regiment in garrison there. One hears of nothing but Emperours, Kings, and Princes travelling about.

The Baroness had to remain at home, expecting her annual confinement. This summer is noted in the annals of history for the most abundant harvest ever known :

You can't think anything more agreeable than the Zig-zag is at present. . . . Every step some fruit or other—Standard apricots, peaches, almonds, mulberries, pears, plumbs. The figs come on charmingly, and our Indian (American) figs bloom every year, and produce later a pretty little red fig. The officers of the Royal Regiment of Deux-Ponts (in the

¹ Eventually Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

² Prince Henry of Prussia, younger son of Frederick William I. of Prussia and Princess Sophia Dorothea of England, daughter of George I., had made his first campaign in his sixteenth year, was greatly distinguished in the Seven Years' War, and was besides much consulted as a statesman. 'His character was not only ennobled and exalted by warlike virtues and political penetration, but by a taste for science and the fine arts, and the hero, dreaded in the field, was admired in the society of genius and learning as the most polished and cheerful companion.'—*Character in Annual Register* 1802. Died in 1802, aged 76.

King of France's service), returned from America,¹ tell me they are much esteemed there, and the leaves split through the middle applied to fresh wounds is a certain cure——'tis like a liquid gum. They tell me 'tis what they make the balsam of. . . . Several of our aloes have flowered this summer, also the Indian Cane, a scarlet flower with fine broad light green leaf, from the seeds you sent me three years ago; and a fine stem, five or six feet high, all feathered to the top with large white bells.

She had reared the Egyptian poppy (*Lavatera*), plants from Lord Vernon's hothouse at Sudbury, and seedlings from Sir William Wolseley's famous great cedar at Wolseley.

In her husband's absence she meditates on the advantages and disadvantages of her own marriage when compared with those of her English contemporaries. The former are especially brought home to her by the thought of how many that have been considered good matches, yet without love, have failed of happiness: for instance, Ned Foley of Stoke Edith's² with Lady Anne Coventry,³ whose divorce was only to be expected; Mrs. Cecil's⁴

¹ Where they had fought for the Americans against the English in the War of Independence. Peace had been concluded the year before.

² Father by his second wife of the late Mr. E. Foley, of Stoke Edith Park, whose widow, Lady Emily, died as recently as January 1, 1900, aged 95.

³ From Gilly Williams's account of her girlhood, in his letters to George Selwyn, 'Lady Nanny' was not likely to turn out a good wife. At Croome she domineered over her elder sister, browbeat her step-mother into silence, reduced her excellent father to reading moral passages from books, and utterly vanquished Gilly Williams, the shrewd man about town. 'Her spirit,' he declares, 'was even beyond that of her late mama's!' (the beautiful Maria Gunning). Of her sister Madame de Bode remarks, 'Lady Maria is the *happier*.' She was just *dead* (in 1784).

⁴ Mrs. Cecil was a Worcestershire heiress, daughter of Thomas Vernon, of Hanbury; divorced in 1791.

marriage, too, with Lord Exeter's heir¹ (afterwards 'The Lord of Burleigh' and hero of Sally Hoggins) had proved unhappy, while another friend had been lately hastened out of this world by her husband's conduct.²

How fortunate do I feel myself when I come to reflect how happily my life has fallen. . . . 'Tis true we are not rich, but no one necessary of life fails us, and without our being ridiculously fond—which state too often passes—so perfect a harmony and union is ours, that nothing can equal it. I assure you I find less time for writing when Auguste is at home than when he is not; for he likes to have me always with him. We walk together—we go our little *Chasses* together; in the evening I read to him, and we play *Jackey* together. You may be sure I never refuse to render myself as agreeable to him as I can, since he is so good as to be contented to pass his time happily with me without searching amusement elsewhere. . . . Nor am I ever in the case to be ashamed of my choice. . . . How great a pleasure is it to see him always so esteemed and caressed wherever he goes. . . . We are treated everywhere here with all the deference of one of your first Lord's families in England.³

¹ Henry Cecil, afterwards tenth Earl of Exeter.

² 'Poor Car Grey that was, she neither enjoyed her fortune nor her husband. . . . Had she been content with her fortune she had probably enjoyed it longer. . . . As to Mrs. John Parsons, I should imagine good riddance of bad rubbish. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are *modish*, and probably have not heart enough to grieve their bad choice. . . . Mr. Thomas Drake has made a profitable traffick of marriage, but Mr. R. Vyse is not so lucky. . . . Lady Mus—we had a most infamous character when I was last in London. . . . The English Spirit of Scotch marriage seems as hot as ever' (September 1784 to Mrs. Adderley).

³ During a visit to England, on the other hand, a certain Baronet's wife in Staffordshire, 'Bell Broughton,' quite pushed me on one side lest I might go before her! When later the lady's husband, Sir Thomas, becomes a parson, Madame de Bode inquires 'How does that agree with Bell's pride?'

I take no other advantage of this than not to make myself a slave to visiting. I let them all come and pay their court to me, and only go to them when inclination prompts, and when I am with them treat them with all the civility and friendship possible, and when I can be of use to them never lose the occasion, so that I may truly say I believe I am much beloved by all ranks here. At this Court I am treated with friendship hardly to be believed. All this compensates a little for my change of country—except my own family—other Societies are much the same, and when one has once the language of a country the conversation of German and French ladies is often full as amusing as that of a circle of English. . . .

I must say, except for want of money, I have no fault to find . . . and you may easily think, my dear Kitty, how anxious we are to pay off our debts and increase our income a little. 'Tis a pity my Husband had not more money. As to his relations—'tis true they are in very good, I may say in very great circumstances; but if ever it is a question of money they plead poverty. The Marquis d'Ittres has just had another fortune left to him; he is always very kind in wishing to have us with him, but there will not be a farthing of money for us. The Marquise d'Herzelles is always very friendly, but all her money will be for D'Ittres' children, who will be all immensely rich—but so it goes in this world!

I will now tell you what has happened good to us, and also what mortifications we have had. . . . Auguste has solicited the Minister of France for a pension on his *Croix de St. Louis*, which was refused, but he gave him a gratification of 1,200 livres. To be sure it was not much, but one must accept all presents which the King of France makes, lest another time he should give nothing. One sees every day pensions given to those that teeze for them, and those who ask nothing get nothing.

While I was with the Duke of Deux-Ponts I

solicited from him a fief, which he has been gracious enough to promise to give me—the first that becomes vacant in his gift that shall be worth my acceptance. 'Tis a kind of tythe that remains hereditary to my family as long as there is a male descendant from my sons. If I am lucky enough to get one of them 'twill be a nice thing for my children. We have one in view in this neighbourhood. If the old gentleman who now has it outlives the Elector of Bavaria, who is old and infirm, I shall certainly have it, as it will then be in the gift of the Duke. [Unfortunately the Elector of Bavaria lived many years, in spite of his infirmities, and outlived the Duke of Deux-Ponts.] . . . Reports are very strong that the Duke will be made a King¹—how it will be, time must show. The Duchess and I correspond in Italian. She has a particular confidence in me, and she may be sure I shall not abuse it.

The duchess² was an insatiable dancer. Earlier in this year (1784) the Baroness had written :

I was at a grand ball last week at the Duke of Deux-Ponts. . . . We dined with the Duke and Duchess in the country. After dinner went to Deux-Ponts, which was about six miles off. Went to the opera, and at ten o'clock to the Masked Ball, *which lasted till eleven o'clock the next morning, all which time the Duchess never sat down a single dance.* At twelve we dined, and returned here in the evening—about twenty-four miles. It would be looked upon as a journey in England at this time of year, but here it is nothing.

The Countess La Leyn,³ who lives about six

¹ If he succeeded to Bavaria.

² Marie Amalie, daughter of Prince Frederick Christian Leopold of Saxony, born 1757, married 1774.

³ We shall meet this spirited lady again ten years later, after her experiences in the Revolution.

miles off, came in about eleven o'clock at night, with people with her masked in Orpheus and Uridice. It was vastly pretty—a grand procession of Shades—men and women all dressed in white and ivy garlands. She herself as Uridice, in white and silver and very rich diamonds, followed by Orphée and Cupid and a long train of devils, and Pluto in a car drawn by black horses. Lord! Kitty, I am sure you would amuse yourself vastly if you were in this country, and I should be the happiest creature in the world if you was with me! . . .

But the poor duchess was not to enjoy any more dancing. She and the duke had to mourn the loss of their only child—a boy of nine years—who died the following August 21, 1784, and with him their hopes of an heir. This event had great political significance in Europe, the boy being also heir to Bavaria. It revived the schemes of Joseph of Austria for possessing himself of Bavaria.

The childless Charles Theodore, Elector Palatine, who had inherited Bavaria, entertained a deeply rooted dislike to his newly acquired country, and was ready to dispose of it in accordance with the Emperor's proposals. In consequence of the young heir of Deux-Ponts's death there only remained in the succession to Bavaria the Duke of Deux-Ponts (now childless also) and the duke's younger brother, Prince Maximilian Joseph, at that time unmarried. The duke was thereupon offered a million florins, and his brother half a million, if they would renounce their succession to Bavaria. But, notwithstanding all attempts at bribery and intimidation, the duke refused to comply with the Emperor Joseph's demands, and appealed to Frederick the Great as he had done on a former occasion. Frederick lost no time in forming the 'League of the German Princes,' and

thus frustrated the designs of Austria. Further, in order to secure the succession to Bavaria, Prince Max was to give up his gay bachelor-life in Paris, take a wife forthwith, and provide an heir. We shall find him doing so a year later.

CHAPTER V

DOMESTIC INTERESTS

1784-1785

Annual confinement—Neighbours—Dairy—Receipts—Occupations—Industry—Irons in the fire—Mr. Arkwright's spinning-jennies—Lace-making and philanthropy—A school for improving female morals—Incorrigible licentiousness of Bergzabern—Bad servants.

WE must now return to the Baroness who had given birth to a son on July 28, while the Baron was still detained at Metz. The babe was christened Æmilius, after his grandmother the Dowager de Bode, and Armand, after the Baron de Bousseck.

Among Madame de Bode's neighbours was Madame d'Eisbeck, the Duke of Deux-Ponts's *chère amie*, whom Mirabeau mentions in his Secret History of the Court of Berlin, together with her brother, the Baron de G. . . 'un bel imbécile' in the service of Prussia, chosen for a special mission on account of his sister's intimacy with the Duke of Deux-Ponts. Madame d'Eisbeck presented Madame de Bode 'with a prodigious fine Cow and Calf' of a Hungarian breed, 'of far larger size than the Holderness Cows Lord Coventry had at Croome;' and the calf was already bigger than any of Madame de Bode's cows,

which are pretty tight round cattle about the size of Alderneys, and give four or five Maas of Milk a day,

whereas Madame d'Eisbeck's huge cow gave 'nineteen maas a day.'

'A maas may measure three quarts!'

Much correspondence passed between the sisters on domestic subjects,¹ and with regard to cheese-making and the relative merits of English and foreign methods :

Here they would make you laugh, for they have neither rennet, vat, or press, or cheese-tub, but it does well enough.

Her industry and energy were indefatigable. She superintended the making of three thousand bottles of wine this autumn, 'more than enough for our own consumption during this year.' . . .

In time I shall become a good farmer as well as gardener. Not a seed was sown without my being present, and the prodigious quantity of all sorts of fruit and produce of the earth this year repays me all my trouble.

¹ 'I must tell you of a very pleasant sweetmeat we make in this country, without sugar, and which tastes very like fine preserved tamerins. 'Tis made of the wine the day that it is pressed, which you let boil for ten or twelve hours; then put in carrots, pears, apples, quinces, large gourds, all cut small and thin, whole grapes. Then boil three or four hours longer and your sweetmeat is ready. I should think you might make the same thing of cyder the day that the apples are pressed—all thick and muddy as it is—one keeps skimming the dust off as it rises—but never stir but once, when you put all the things in.'

Here is a recipe for making *pot-pourri* the Baron sends to Kitty-lini : 'Take a large stone jar, lay a layer of common salt at the bottom; lay a layer of all sorts of sweet-smelling flowers or leaves (picked from spring till autumn); the petals of the flowers should be carefully picked off from the middle (or it will take a sour smell); after that again a layer of salt and a layer of flowers, and so on till the jar is full, but the last layer always salt. You must not be surprised to see it always dissolve into water; but continue your layers. You must have a thick cover of wood, which *shuts close*. A couple of months after you have finished, you must take the following receipt, which is a powder . . . and mix it with the whole of the flowers, which you must spread upon a table. When it is a little dried, put it back in the same jar, and it is finished.'

Numerous were her schemes and irons in the fire. A 'copperous mine' on the property, it was hoped at this time, would prove a source of profit. With regard to this project, she corresponded with Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Boulton (of Boulton ware celebrity) in Staffordshire, who sent her patterns from their manufactories.

September, 1784.

We mean to go gently to work with our Copperous works. You ask how we reconcile that with our ideas of trade. You must know, then, that 'tis now not uncommon to see the very first Noblesse set up manufactories and profit of what the Earth produces and think themselves not demeaned by it. The Queen of France herself has a China Manufactory—the Prince Charles of Lorraine (Brother of the Emperor Francis) had a printed linen manufactory just by one of his Country houses, therefore why may not we as well as the great?

The newly invented carding-robins and spinning-jennies of Mr. Arkwright excited her admiration and envy. Her relations in England were to be sure to send her a model of the smaller sort without mentioning her name. A young Mr. Conway¹ (whose father was of Lord Hertford's family, his mother being French and residing in Paris) was to bring it with him secretly next time he arrived at Bergzabern (where he came to learn German). The larger machine of Mr. Arkwright's she unwillingly had to relinquish all idea of:

So much risk and difficulty to get it—not but I find Mr. Arkwright has lost his cause, and that it is no longer a secret in England; but I do suppose

¹ Probably a natural son of General the Right Honourable Henry Seymour Conway, who had commanded the British forces in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick in 1761.

that, though 'tis free for England, perhaps one would not willingly let a model of that great work go out of the country.

She set up an institution for lacemaking.

A philanthropic lady of our own enlightened age could not have hit upon a more useful scheme for the instruction and improvement of female morals than did this lady of the *ancien régime*, and it deserved a better success.

You must know that the morals are very loose in this town, and I verily believe 'tis owing to the great idleness, indolence, and poverty of the people. My enterprising genius makes me wish to reform the *rising* generation, and to begin by employing them. My idea has given me the occasion also of obliging a very deserving girl, a clergyman's daughter. Her Father and Mother being lately dead, she is left in distress. I have proposed to her to come and live with me in the style of a friend, and she is to second me and to sit the whole time with the young women, to keep order and to converse with them on proper subjects, or to lead them in the path of virtue. I shall choose the subject each day that she shall expatiate upon. I remember sufficiently, what with my own invention and narrow examining of other lace, to teach the girls myself. When I was at school in Marlborough Street I learnt a little from the good old French ladies. It seems to be a scheme that pleases here, for the first of the Tradespeople and schoolmasters give me their daughters to compose my manufactory. I hope in time to bring it to employ a hundred females.

The enterprise started badly.

My poor young friend, Miss Peterson, died in less than three weeks after she came into the house. Her younger sister, a girl of eighteen, we have taken

to live with us, has neither her agreeableness nor knowledge. But as she is a good-natured girl, and one I can trust for honesty, she assists me by sitting with my little lace-makers, keeping them in order, and furnishing them with bobbins, which is really a good deal of work, though I have a little wheel on purpose so that they are filled in a minute. . . . Some of my girls make strong good lace already.

I spent a few days lately with the Duke of Deux-Ponts. He is so pleased with my Institution that he promised me his assistance, if in anything he could contribute to the bringing it to perfection, and gave me some money to dispose of as I thought proper in rewards to those that worked best, and I should give it in his name. You can't think the emulation *that* gives among young people. He has promised also to patronise a cloth manufactory if I could bring it to succeed. But I have not been able to get the models . . . &c.

Sad to say, at the end of a year's trial, the morals of her *protégées* were so far from improving that they were found to be quite incorrigibly scandalous :

I was in hopes to have improved the morals of this place. When I undertook the thing I gave myself much trouble for that. However, about three months ago I undertook the thing in a more extensive way, maintaining and clothing the girls, and the Duchess of Deux-Ponts added 350 florins a year to the Institution. The girls grew so idle after they found they could eat whether they worked or no, and became so abandoned as soon as they were settled in a house I had hired for the purpose, that I found myself the mistress of a b—— house instead of a reputable institution. . . . I don't believe there is so licentious a place for the size in the whole world. They are all —— from one end of the town to the other. I have turned them all off, and I wrote

to the Duchess to tell her how ill-employed her and my good intentions had been.

That this character of the town of Bergzabern is not exaggerated we can well believe from the fact that it was in its neighbourhood that a Prince of the Church, the Cardinal de Rohan, long kept his immense and constantly replenished harem, the scandal of which became so notorious that he had fled to Paris, where, by the way, he was at this moment involved in the mysterious affair of the Diamond Necklace, which episode became such an important factor in the coming Revolution.

Nor was Madame de Bode better repaid for her kindness to her erring servants. A valued and trusted maid was condoned in the first instance of going astray, and her infant sent to the Foundling Hospital at Strasburg. A year later, having broken her promises of amendment, she was summarily dismissed.

The Baron, though a kind and long-suffering man, writing to Mrs. Adderley, paints in vigorous, if ungrammatical, English, a woeful picture of his experiences in regard to servants, which may surprise many of us who are apt to think that for our generation alone are reserved the worries of servant-keeping, and that the servants of a bygone age were paragons compared with those of our own. We suspect the cry of 'servants are not what they were' was as general a century ago as it is now.

November 11, 1785.

A thing which often gives me a great deal of trouble is the servants: they are generally now so bad everywhere that I really look upon them as our first enemies: they have most all vices—either they cannot bear one another or tittle-tattle, bad temper drinking and vicious, both men and maids.

CHAPTER VI

THE BARON'S VISITS

1785-1786

Courts of Würtemberg and Deux-Ponts—Prince Max's wedding—A bevy of princes and princesses—Court of Hesse-Darmstadt—A letter from Queen Frederica of Prussia—The Baron with his regiment—Hard-hearted M. de Ségur—The Baron sells out of the army and returns home—Education of sons—'To render them presentable everywhere'—Death of the Baron's brother.

IN the autumn and winter of 1785 the Baroness was occupied at home in nursing another newly born infant, and had in consequence to renounce an invitation from the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland to join them during a tour in Rome and Naples. She had also missed accompanying her husband, and making the acquaintance of the Duke of Würtemberg :

As he and his family make so great a figure in the *politique* of Europe I should have liked to have made his acquaintance, and you know his is one of the most elegant Courts in Europe,¹ and that one of

¹ *À propos* of the Court of Charles Eugene, Duke of Würtemberg (1787-1798), the *Edinburgh Review* for 1856 remarks: 'In Germany this was the age of Court luxury in the secondary capitals. France gave the tone, and every petty or great Elector must have his miniature Versailles, his geometrical garden, his *manège*, his mistress, and his mythological *ballet*. At these courts a crowd of greedy and polite adventurers were to be found, ready, at five minutes' notice, to fight a duel or marry a cast-off odalisque; while the court poet, the musical composer, and the scientific hairdresser made up the list of the household.'

At this Court, the eventual heir to the childless Charles Eugene

his nieces is Grande Duchesse of Russia,¹ and that another is married to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whom the Emperor wants to make King of the Romans.

The Baron again left her at home in December, 1785, to go to the Duke of Deux-Ponts at Carlesberg—

was his nephew, Frederick William of Würtemberg—now thirty years of age—a prince who, with a reputation for sagacity and military prowess, possessed an ambitious and intriguing spirit in his huge body, and was, later on, to make a considerable 'figure in the politique of Europe,' by leaving his comrade German princes in the lurch and throwing in his lot with Napoleon. As a reward for his subservience Napoleon made him a King, and he was thereafter known as 'the biggest King of the smallest kingdom in Europe.' At the time when Madame de Bode writes (that is, twenty years before he attained the kingly dignity), he was unhappily married to the ill-fated Princess Charlotte Augusta of Brunswick (elder sister to another ill-fated princess, Caroline, afterwards Princess of Wales). The Prince of Würtemberg was now separated from his wife, whom he had left in Russia to the tender mercies, it was whispered, of the Empress, Catherine II. In justice to him, it should be said that the suspicion of his conniving at her death, which took place suddenly two years later, has long been proved to be without foundation, notwithstanding the insinuations of that agreeable but scandal-loving *gobe-mouche*, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. As to the sensational and oft-repeated but improbable story told by Miss Rigby (*Letters from the Baltic*), accusing the Empress Catherine II.—that most tolerant of Empresses where her ambitions were not involved—of having caused the death of the Princess of Würtemberg, we will not discuss it here. But sufficient proof of the husband's innocence, even if no other proof existed, is the fact that he cleared his reputation to the complete satisfaction of good King George III. and Queen Charlotte, before being permitted to marry their daughter, the Princess Royal of England, as his second wife. (By the way, the caricature of this corpulent bridegroom and his mature and radiant bride, with the bridal party assembled, is one of Gillray's wittiest productions.)—*Edinburgh Review*, 1856; *Sir Nathaniel Wraxall*; *Vehse's Court of Würtemberg*; *Nouvelle Revue Universelle*.

¹ Marie of Würtemberg, second wife of the Grand Duke Paul, afterwards Empress Marie, and protectress of Madame de Bode in Russia.

being invited to partake of a Fête that his Serene Highness gives to Prince Max, his Brother, who is just married to a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Prince Max, urged on by the League of the German Princes, had risen to his responsibilities, as heir of Bavaria, and renounced his bachelor-life. We must here anticipate, and state that a son and heir, so eagerly desired, was born to this marriage in the following year, who eventually succeeded his father as King (Louis) of Bavaria, and was the builder of the Walhalla and the admirer of Lola Montez.

There was an illumination for nine miles in honour of the bride and bridegroom, and seventeen or eighteen princes and princesses present,

most of them the old acquaintances of the Baron's, with whom he used to be so much in his youth, and whom he has not seen for these twenty years.

The bride was the youngest of the charming daughters of the Prince and Princess George of Hesse-Darmstadt, all of whom, with their parents, may be seen represented in a picture in the palace of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Her mother, Princess George, was another of the many contemporary princesses in Europe remarkable for ability and cultivation at an epoch when the men of the reigning families of Europe would seem, on the contrary, to have been (with one or two brilliant exceptions) almost destitute of intellectual qualities.

Princess George, on the death, some years earlier, of her illustrious sister-in-law, the reigning Landgravine (Caroline) of Hesse-Darmstadt, had taken the vacant position as a central figure at that court,¹ and surrounded

¹ Where her brother-in-law, the Landgrave (Ludwig IX.), was never to be seen, being entirely engrossed with his tall Grenadiers at Pirmasens.

herself by the distinguished and gifted personages which had formerly flocked around the Landgravine. There she became the centre of her family of beautiful daughters and granddaughters. Among the latter the most noted in history was Louisa of Mecklenburg, destined to become the admirable and surpassingly lovely Queen of Prussia.

It was among the *entourage* of the court of Hesse-Darmstadt that the Baron had been thrown in his youth. That he was well remembered there is evidenced by the following letter, addressed to him by another Queen of Prussia, a contemporary of the Baron's, she being of an earlier generation, and mother-in-law to the Queen Louisa, to whom we have just alluded. This was Frederica (a daughter of the Landgravine Caroline of Hesse-Darmstadt), whose husband, the unworthy Frederick William II.,¹ had just succeeded to the throne of Prussia, in the autumn of 1786, on the death of Frederick the Great.

The Baron had written to congratulate her on the event.

Queen Frederica was not generally popular, and did not aim at being so. Mirabeau, who was ambassador from France to the Court of Berlin at this time, and who probably disliked her, accuses her of want of tact, and of being 'la Princesse la plus gauche qu'il y ait en Europe.'² Frederick the Great had disparaged her as much as he had extolled her mother the Landgravine. But she was noted for her great and even lavish generosity to those who were in need, which caused her to be constantly in money difficulties, the more so as her lumpish husband squandered everything he could lay hands on, on his mistresses and his 'spiritualists,' while the Queen was

¹ 'Le successeur que le grand Frédéric a eu le malheur de laisser après lui.'—*Walissowski*.

² *Mirabeau: Lettres secrètes*.

kept at times actually short of the ordinary luxuries of life.¹ That she did not forget old friends is plain from her letter to the Baron, which is certainly sufficiently graceful in expression to exonerate her from the charge of *gaucherie*. The Queen wrote (in French) :

I received your letter by Monsieur de Heyman with true pleasure, seeing that you had not forgot an old acquaintance who interests herself always much for your welfare. Bergzabern is not so agreeable as it was twenty years ago—what could render it agreeable and comfortable does not exist more for us. Pray make my compliments and friendship from me to your wife. They say she is very amiable. She is English—reason more to render her interesting to me. And your children—are they as lively as their father? 'Tis in desiring you to remember an acquired friend, and to preserve her your friendship, that I shall ever be with the most sincere friendship and the sentiments of the most perfect distinction,

Your much devoted friend,

FREDERICA.

The Baroness adds :

I cannot render it so pretty in English as if I transcribed it in the original French. She was one of the old Duchess of Deux-Ponts's² granddaughters. Her father is Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt.³ Who

¹ The Queen is said to have had a 'forced smile' always at command, in order to conceal the discomforts of her situation.—*Vehse, Court of Prussia*.

² Caroline, daughter of Prince Louis Cratos of Nassau-Saarbrück, widow of the Elector Palatine Christian III., Duke of Deux-Ponts (Zweibrücken), Birkenfeld, born 1704, married 1719, died 1774; mother of the Landgravine Caroline of Hesse-Darmstadt.—*Lorenz, Handbuch der Genealogie*.

³ Ludwig IX., best described as the husband and widower of the Landgravine Caroline (*née* Deux-Ponts), whom he married at Deux-

knows perhaps in time and occasion she may be a powerful *protectrice* to us or our children !

The last words, written long before the faintest suspicion had arisen of all that a few years would bring forth in the coming Revolution, seem almost prophetic when viewed in the light of future events. Eight years later this expectation was to be realised in an unforeseen way, and the Queen of Prussia extended her support and protection to her early friend the Baron and his family in their time of need.

During the year 1786 Madame de Bode had been left much alone, owing to her husband's long absence with his regiment, and she began to wish he would leave the army after thirty years' service. She had been particularly exasperated by the refusal of Monsieur de Ségur, the French Minister of War, to grant the Baron a *congé d'été*, leave of absence, that summer.

He, as hard as a Stone, refused that, as he does every favour that is asked him. Poor old hard-hearted creature, I wish he had gone to Heaven ! I believe the whole army would agree.

To us a century later, who have seen the Franco-German war, it may appear a strange thing, at first sight,

Ponts, March 9, 1721. Goethe, in the tenth book of his 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' describes a little journey he undertook with some friends to Buchsweiler, where the newly married couple resided. The Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt had, in 1742, entered the French Army as Colonel of the 'Royal Allemands,' and took part in the Campaign in Bohemia, and was nearly frozen to death. In 1748 he left the French Army and entered the Prussian Army. The Prince's passion for soldiers made him create a sort of military colony at Firmasens, where he lived and died ; even when he succeeded his father (in 1768), and became Landgrave, he rarely stayed at Darmstadt, as he could not bear being separated from his Grenadiers—the tall Grenadiers were well known.—*Künzel, Geschichte von Hessen.*

that a German nobleman should have held a commission in the service of the King of France. The De Bodes, as yet, were not even naturalised as French subjects. From a remark of the Baroness two years later, it appears that it was not till they settled in Alsace that they became naturalised.

But it must be remembered that many of the lesser German Courts were formerly looked upon as the natural allies of France. Austria was the traditional foe. It is true that Kaunitz had induced Maria Theresa to ally herself with France, and that the two courts had been united in the ill-fated union of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette; but this alliance with the detested though innocent *Autrichienne* had but increased the hatred of the French towards Austria.

The Duke of Deux-Ponts, whose interests in Bavaria Austria had attempted to suppress, was amongst the nearest allies of France, and was himself colonel of the 'Royal Deux-Ponts,' a French regiment, which enjoyed the rare honour of being styled 'Royal' on account of its distinguished services, and as a special mark of favour from the King of France. Even after the outbreak of the Revolution, the duke, as an ally of France, was unwilling to take any part hostile to her interests, and long remained neutral in his sympathies. The Prince of Nassau-Saarbrück had made over to the King of France the regiment of which the Baron de Bode was second colonel, at the same time reserving to himself the right of nominating his own colonel. Thus when the Baron desired to sell out of the army the consent of the Prince of Nassau was necessary as well as that of the King of France.

The evils likely to result from this state of things appear conspicuously to us in the following letter, although they probably did not do so to the Baron.

The Baron writes to Mrs. Adderley :

I must tell you that I have sold out of the Army and that I have made such a good bargain as never has been made in the French service, because in the *Infanterie* it is not allowed to sell one's places ; but as I found a rich fellow who wished to be a Colonel, and the nomination depended on the Prince of Nassau, . . . I have been lucky enough to persuade the Prince to accept this young man in my place. But the consent of the French Court was necessary to it as well, and all this business, together with correspondence, has occasioned a great deal of trouble—at last I have fully succeeded. Monsieur de Thellusson is the name of this 'rich fellow' [a Swiss relation of Lord Rendlesham's family, whose branch had already emigrated to London].

I have got from him the sum of five thousand guineas, which will be a great comfort for my dear wife and children. I am now my own Master, near at hand to overlook our house and business, and the education of the children, and I have the pleasure to know that if I die my little family has that sum to be above want, and not entirely troublesome to others. I shall not, in the future, be so much employed upon journeys as I was with the regiment, and my expenses are therefore less. The sum of five thousand guineas¹ gives me every year the same interest as to make up the pay I had in the Army ; my pay was two hundred and fifty guineas, and now the principal sum will stay in the hands of my wife and children.

The Baroness, as usual, reviews the situation through her rose-coloured glasses with a view to the future advantage of her children :

As for placing our children—'tis certain that as long as he continued in that line [the Army] he was

¹ Or 120,000 livres.

more at hand for doing so—at least for those that he will place in France. But we shall probably try other Potentates for some, as he has so many high Protections in other Countries as well as many great friends in France, who, though he should not be present himself, would, I hope, assist him. . . .

Her two eldest sons were now aged nine and eight respectively :

In the meanwhile we must render our children presentable everywhere, for nothing to my mind is so much against a young man at first sight as being gawky and not being able to present himself—not that I approve at all a bold forwardness. I hope at last that we have got a young man for private tutor that will fulfil all that we wish for our children. He has them with him the whole day, so that they are fully employed. In their walks he teaches them natural History and botany, not dryly as a task, but practically, which amuses them much. In their hours of study come Drawing, writing, reading, and summing. Their lesson in writing consists in a theme given which they are to translate in all three Languages and sometimes in Latin, for they learn that a little also. . . . The boys learn Latin as a recreation, and not as a task, as is the custom in England—perhaps one or two hours a day is at most all that is given to that study. 'Tis certainly not so dry a study when learnt like the modern languages. (We have bought them the whole of the Classical Authors, so that they can instruct themselves if they will ; between ninety and a hundred volumes in large octavo—they are printed at Deux-Ponts, not much more than six guineas altogether.) You would be surprised—even Charles Auguste (who is only five years old) reads German well and tolerably in French. They all write very good hands both in the Roman and German texts. Clem and Harry shall write you a

letter in English, and send you a specimen of their drawing. Harry (the second) writes musick, too. He is a charming boy, improves very much in all his studies, plays very pretty indeed upon the Harpsichord, and plays, too, all tunes by ear. Clem will, I think, play well on the violin, but 'tis more difficult in the beginning than the harpsichord. His musick-master says he *strikes* vastly well with the fiddle-stick—in French one says *un bon coup d'archet*. . . . He is at this moment taking his lesson on the fiddle; the master accompanies him with the pianoforte, and when Harry plays that, then the Master accompanies on the Violin, which forms them both much and pleases them at the same time. In the evening their tutor generally raccounts them very minutely some anecdote from history, which imprints it on the memory, amuses them, and hurts no eyes. . . .

The close of 1786 brings the only mention of a brother of the Baron :

Auguste has just lost his brother. Last post brought an account of his death. I believe he had repented of his bad behaviour. He died at Varsovie. He was *Chambellan* to the King of Poland.¹

¹ Stanislaus Poniatowski.

CHAPTER VII

FEVERS AND SMALL-POX

1787

Little Æmilius dies—Children at death's door—A guest dies—A poor girl distracted—Tragic scenes—Small-pox gains ground—The Abbess of Altenberg comes to nurse—Madame de Bode visits her at Altenberg—Visits the Landgrave and Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg—A pretty little tour—Returns home.

THE year 1787 brought much sickness to the inmates at Bergzabern. Another son (Louis, to whom the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg was godmother) was born in January. Hardly had the Baroness recovered when the little Æmilius died of a fever.

Two days before he died he fixed me strongly with a look for some time, and at last said, 'Mama, heaven! Mama, heaven!' . . . His papa felt his pulse about a quarter of an hour before his last breath, and said, 'Tis true—Death is here.' He answered, 'Yes, papa.' Poor thing, he could say but a few words, but it was so *à propos* that it made it the more melancholy.

Several of the children lay at death's door of fever, but recovered. Then a friend of the De Bodes, who was staying with them, fell ill and died. The Baron had just gone to Saarbrück to visit the Prince of Nassau, 'who had sent an express begging him to come to him immediately on affairs of great consequence.' The Baroness writes:

I have had a vast deal of trouble and concern in his absence. Mr. Sundhall, an officer in the regi-

ment of Deux-Ponts—an old *camarade* of Auguste's—who spent the winter with us, and was to have set out to join his regiment in a day or two, fell ill . . . and died about a couple of hours after Auguste set out. He was buried last night, poor man! I was sorry on his own account; but yesterday morning I was witness to a most trying scene. A most charming, pretty girl came here with her father. 'Twas the girl Sundhall had an engagement to marry . . . but had taken the advance . . . *en attendant* their marriage, which was to be as soon as he had quitted the service, and would have been very soon. The poor girl lives about twelve miles from here, did not know he was dead, but came to see how he did, having been very unquiet in dreams about him for some time. She was like a distracted thing when she found he was dead—said, now that all her hopes, her honour, and all were lost, she had not the resolution to return to the town she belongs to, and that everybody will point at her because till now she was always looked upon as his wife, or that was to be, but which now she could be no more. After having long implored my assistance and offered to serve me in any capacity I would—so that I would not abandon her, for she had no hopes, save in me—she touched my compassion so much that I at last proposed to her to stay here till Auguste comes back; and she is in the house. But two such scenes as we had afterwards! that all the house was in tears the whole day!—when her father took leave of her and when the funeral went by. The father was, if possible, the more overcome of the two. 'Twas like a Romance, or rather a scene in a deep Tragedy. If I were ever to write a novel I should introduce this scene into it.

Following on this, small-pox broke out and raged in the town of Bergzabern.

I have just heard that the small-pox gains ground,

so shall prepare the children again (those that have not had it) and then send them in to a little child that has it very favourably. I should be glad they got through it.

Later :

July 30, 1787.—My four youngest children have had the small-pox. Thank God, they are got safe through it, have had it favourably, and will not be marked.

The Baron's youngest sister, who was Chanoinesse of the 'Chapitre Noble' of Altenberg, spent this summer with the De Bodes and helped to nurse the invalids.

Her Brother went to fetch her, and I shall take her home after the vintage. They had not seen one another for twenty-eight years, so you may think the joy they had to meet again. She and I are vastly well together, which makes her being here very agreeable to me.

In the following November Madame de Bode returned with her sister-in-law to the convent of Altenberg, near Wetzlar, through Frankfort, driving with her own horses.

December 10, 1787.

I was a long time very indifferent, with a Cough and Cold, since which I have made a journey of 300 miles, which took me about three weeks, and I am returned home a week. Conveyed my sister Bode, the Chanoinesse, to her Chapitre. . . . If you have a mind to trace my route upon the map of Germany, I will tell you the first day we got to Neustadt, having dined at Landau. The second day we dined at Oggersheim, where the Electrice of Bavaria has a fine Country house and a superb chapel, built after the plan of Nôtre Dame de Loretto. The evening

we got to Worms. The third day we got to Oppenheim, and the next morning passed the Rhine there, in a flying bridge, and in the evening got to Frankfurt, where we stayed the next day—dined with an acquaintance, and went with him in the evening to a fine Concert, where was a great assemblage of people of fashion, among whom was the Princess of Nassau-Usingen, who was a Princess of Waldeck. She and all the Ladies of high quality would have my Sister and me introduced to them (notwithstanding we were in our travelling dresses), and were exceedingly obliging. On the sixth day we got with great difficulty only to Friedberg,¹ having such terrible roads to pass, and the seventh to Altenberg. But such roads as I never passed in my life!—the very worst of Elmley² roads in the worst time was never a tenth part so bad as what we passed. To say the truth, I trusted much more to my feet than sitting in the carriage. I stayed a week at the Convent very agreeably. In returning I made the tour by Homburg, where I stayed two days with the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg. She was a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt,³ and, you know, Godmother to my little Louis. He, Monseigneur le Landgrave, a very sensible man, but rather reserved at first. They have eleven children living,⁴ and buried three, and she was with child again. Poor thing! she is quite a slave to breeding. She is a most charming Princess, and showed me a great deal of friendship. The second day I was there she took me with her to the Prince of Anhalt's,⁵ who is married to a Princess of Solms-Braunfels, and are settled in Homburg. The

¹ Near Nauheim.

² Worcestershire.

³ Caroline, eldest daughter of the Landgrave Louis IX. of Hesse-Darmstadt and the Landgravine Caroline; born 1746, married 1768 to the Landgrave Frederick V. of Hesse-Homburg, and became a widow in 1820, and died in 1821 at Homburg, where she is buried.

⁴ The eldest son married Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III.

⁵ Madame de Bode wrote years afterwards: 'Ce Prince d'Anhalt, tout estimé de tous ceux qui le connaissaient et adoré de sa femme,

Dowager Landgravine,¹ the mother of Monseigneur le Landgrave, is her Sister, and was also there. We had a very agreeable concert there. I passed again through Frankfort, and crossed the Rhine at Mentz in a boat, the bridge built of boats being taken down two days before on account of the Main being frozen, and the junction of the two rivers being at that place, one was afraid lest the great pieces of ice swimming down should carry away the boat. I was much afraid, but passed without accident . . . altogether a pretty little tour for this time of year.

était au service de la Russie. Après avoir échappé à de grands dangers dans la guerre que cet empire eut à soutenir contre la Turquie, il fut tué dans la campagne contre les Suédois. Sa veuve inconsolable fut un modèle de fidélité à la mémoire de son mari. Elle m'assura, dans une visite que je lui fis quelques années plus tard, que sa plus grande douceur était de soigner les arbres et les plantes que son mari avait cultivés dans son jardin de Hombourg, et qu'elle ne souffrait pas que quelqu'un les touchât : elle les coupait et les nettoyait elle-même.' *Mdme. de Bode's MS. Récit d'aventures.* Portraits of this Prince and Princess of Anhalt are at Braunfels Castle.

¹ Born 1731; died 1792.

CHAPTER VIII

A FIEF IN ALSACE

1788

Great expectations—Ambitions realised—Austrian influences—The Archduke—Elector-Bishop—The Fief of Soultz—Naturalisation in France—Sovereign rights—‘Our future subjects’—Taking possession—Ceremonies of investiture—A happy family.

THE year 1788 was that in which the fortunes of the De Bodes were at their greatest, and the ambitions of the Baroness were gratified in a high degree. She opens the subject of her schemes somewhat mysteriously in a letter to her sisters. Writing to announce the birth of a daughter (Frederica Louisa, whose sponsors were the Queen of Prussia and Monseigneur le Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg), she continues :

The affair which we have in agitation, and which I shall not explain to you at present, may render us very rich and powerful. We are mixed up with so many great personages that we shall be lucky to come out victorious. We have already had the luck to have it decided in our favour in preference to two Dukes, and a Prince supported by a Queen, but now there is a contest between a King and an Elector for the thing. We must now see which of these gains the prize. If the Elector, we remain still triumphant, as he is for us.

The affair in question was the possession of the Fief of Soultz (or Sulz), apparently the most important in Alsace, and far more so than the fief of which the Duke



CHARLES AUGUSTUS LOUIS FREDERICK EARL DE BOULE,
MONSEIGNEUR DE BOULE.

From the original miniature in the possession of Lord Boston

of Deux-Ponts had promised the Baroness the reversion. We hear no more mention of the duke. The fief of Soultz had become vacant by the death, in 1787, of the last of the Princes de Rohan Soubise without heirs male—that is to say, it had escheated to the Lord Paramount. It appears that at first there had been some dispute as to who was Lord Paramount, but that it was decided in favour of the Elector Bishop of Cologne. From him the Baron de Bode obtained the investiture of the fief.¹

May 10, 1788.—The affair I wrote Sister Adderley of will, in a few days, I hope, be happily terminated. Auguste went off yesterday morning for Bonn, to pay the sum required, to be invested, and to do homage for the Fief to the Elector—the Elector of Cologne—who you know is the Emperor's youngest Brother, the Archduke Maximilian [whose Court was at Bonn]. I suffered prodigiously from unquietness of mind for some hours yesterday evening on his account, for the first post he went alone, as far as Landau, where a gentleman was to accompany him. Five, six, seven, eight o'clock passed, and our horses did not return. I was in an anxiety not to be described, for he took with him between seven thousand and eight thousand guineas, which, notwithstanding all the caution we had used, was generally known, and he had been warned a couple of times to take care when he went off. . . . 'Tis true he was well armed and is uncommonly brave, but all the bravery in the world, if alone and attacked by numbers, must be overcome. To oblige me he took a double-barrelled gun and a pair of pistols, all charged, a small cutlass, and a sword; but thank God my anxiety was groundless! . . .

¹ The investiture being granted to the father and his son conjointly; the effect of which was to convey to the father the usufruct for life and an absolute vested remainder in the property in the son. These facts were elicited in the subsequent proceedings before the House of Commons.

Saturday the 17th.—I had a letter last night from Auguste, wherein I have the satisfaction to find he arrived safe at Bonn without the least accident of any kind. He had already been presented to the Elector. I will tell you in his own words how he found that Prince: 'The Prince received me with a goodness and affability without example, and I received from his own mouth a fresh assurance of the Fief. He had even the goodness to repeat to me several times that he was charmed to have been able to render me service. I had an audience with him quite alone. He is very amiable and very affable, . . . but you must know that all the Imperial family are reckoned very amiable—'tis their characteristic.

In order to obtain the Fief of Soultz in Alsace it was necessary to do homage in the first place to the Episcopal Elector of Cologne, and, afterwards, to the King of France. It was clearly important, therefore, for the candidate to be supported by altogether different interests and 'protections' than those of such German Courts as Prussia, Deux-Ponts, Hesse-Darmstadt, &c., with which we have seen the De Bodes were especially connected. These would avail nothing with the Austrian Court. The young Elector of Cologne¹ being the youngest brother of the Queen of France, and of the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, the support of Austria was essential to success. For this purpose the influence of the Marquise d'Herzelles, the Baron's relation who had brought him up, and who had been intimate with the late Empress Maria Theresa (the Elector's mother), was doubtless again put in requisition, as it had been on a former occasion, and brought to bear upon the Austrian Court. The aged Countess von

¹ Said to have been the 'mother's darling' of Maria Theresa.—*Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*.

Daun¹ (*née* Fuchs), too, had not been invited to be god-mother to one of the De Bode children without some substantial motive. Hers was another influence at Vienna.

But what turned the scale in our favour was the grandfather of Auguste having been Privy Councillor to Charles VI. (the Emperor's Grandfather), and of great service to him. Auguste luckily repeated these services on this occasion, which produced the effect we wished. . . . We are amazingly lucky to have got it. Every one is surprised—so many great people contending for it. . . . He was eight days at Bonn, the residence of the Elector of Cologne. His Royal Highness took quite a fancy to him, and was remarkably friendly, invited him to dinner at his own table every day; told him he (Auguste) might want him for what he would, he might always count on his protection. Finally he was invested with the fief of Soultz, which is reckoned one of the finest in Alsace.

The Baron enjoyed himself 'vastly' at Bonn during his week's visit to the jovial young Archduke Elector-Bishop, who doubtless feasted his guest right royally. The Elector was famous for his hospitality, and for his splendid appetite,² which he did not restrain on account of his prodigious fatness. Though only thirty-two, he was already too bulky to get in through the door of any ordinary carriage, and one sufficiently wide had to be specially constructed for him. It is said that later even the horrors of the Revolution and the tragic death of his sister Marie Antoinette did not affect him or his appetite.³

¹ The countess was the daughter of Countess Fuchs, the all-powerful ex-Governess of the Empress Maria Theresa.

² 'Ass er immer sehr reichlich.'

³ It may interest the advocates of 'temperance' to know that he 'drank nothing but water.' The *Annual Register*, recording the death of the Elector in 1801, states that he weighed four hundred-weight, or thirty-two stone.

The Baron's digestion, however, was evidently not so robust as his host's, for he returned home on the verge of a bilious fever, suffering much in his 'stomach,' which we suspect was accustomed at home to more frugal and plainer living than the profusion of good things provided at the Elector's table.

Besides paying homage to the Elector :

As Alsace belongs to France he is obliged to pay homage to the King of France before he can take possession. That homage must be paid to the King's Counsel at Colmar.

But already Louis XVI. was at variance with his Parliaments, and the first tremor of the coming upheaval was in motion, though as yet little discerned—least of all by the family at Bergzabern :

But as all seats of Justice are suspended in France at this moment on account of the dispute of power between the King and his Parliaments, we must wait for that last ceremony till the Counsel of Colmar is again in function.

It was now necessary for the De Bodes to be naturalised as French subjects, and the homage being duly paid, they in their turn were to receive the homage of their future 'subjects.' The following account gives a curious picture of a feudal territory and its privileges :

Soultz is our capital, besides which we have six villages. We are entirely Master.¹ We place all the civil Jurisdiction. We have at least a dozen employments that are in our gift ; indeed, I must say we have been bombarded by Solicitors [persons soliciting for favours] since the Investiture. I hope 'twill soon be at an end, as we have given away almost all the

¹ Over this territory the lord exercised sovereign rights, including the power of life and death.

places. I can hardly give you an *idée* of them, as the form of Government is so different from the English Government. The first place is *Bailli*, which the Dictionary calls Magistrate. 'Tis a place of great weight, and though not occupied by a person of rank, yet a person that often keeps his own carriage, and as good a table as you would meet with at an English lord's. The Second place is *Greffier*, which is the head of the Register office, also a person of Society. Then come the Mayor, the Steward, the Fiscal, the Bailiffs, Sergeants, Gaoler, Keeper, &c. &c. —all entirely at our choice and gift. You must know that Sultz is a sweet pretty situation and a charming rich spot. There is a Cathedral and a Protestant Church and a Jewish Synagogue. We have twenty-four Jewish families there that are obliged to pay us for the permission to live there. The tenths, both great and small, belong to us. Our subjects are obliged to furnish us with a quantity of hens, chickens, and capons, and more corn and hay and potatoes than it will be possible for us to consume. 'Tis impossible to tell you all the rights we have. We hardly know them ourselves yet. Every wife is obliged to spin me two pounds of flax or hemp every year, and every male and female is obliged to work ten days for us. Every cart and waggon to work ten days every year for us. Every innkeeper is obliged to pay a certain sum for the leave to have a sign, and every gallon of wine that enters our manour to pay us a certain sum. All the forfeits belong to us. We have the hariots also, and a great deal of fine land, both arable and pasture. The Saline is an Allodial, and belonged to us, you know, before. On the fief we have, as I believe I told you before, a coal mine that we are going to exploit, and which gives the fairest prospect of a very great affair. Then the tar mine—which is a vein of fifteen foot thick. The coals are very necessary, as both the Salt and the Tar works are fabricated by fire, and wood very dear and scarce, and no coals

anywhere in the neighbourhood, so that the debit of that article will be immense. We have reason to think there is also a copperous or a Vitriol mine. . . . Now for above ground. 'Tis a land flowing with Corn and oil and wine. . . . If God has sent us a quantity of children, He has also sent us plentifully to provide for them !

It was not till the following December, 'in most dreadful frost and cold,' that the De Bodes took possession of Soultz in full state among the acclamations of their 'subjects.' The civil officers gave a fête on the occasion. This winter is chronicled in history as the severest ever known in France.

On Tuesday we sallied forth from Bergzabern, about three leagues from Soultz. The Subjects of Soultz came with six horses, which they put to our chariot, in which was Auguste, Maryanne [Sneyd, her niece], Mary [her eldest little girl], and I, with thirteen men on horseback to convey us. We had also of our suite four other carriages with four horses each to bring up the rear. One of the men went directly before our carriage with a drawn sword. Two others, of each side the carriage, and the rest, two and two after—all dressed in blue, with blue and red cockades, and the whips all with blue and red streamers. When we came to the frontiers of our territory, there met us another party of the Subjects, who made us a short harangue with devoted services and submission. They went two and two behind us, which altogether made a very long cavalcade. On our arrival at the town we found all the *Bourgeoisie* dressed as Soldiers in our livery, blue and red, all under arms, lined on both sides the whole street, and on one part the Company of Jews, dressed in green and scarlet regimentals as Dragoons. The bells began to ring, the Cannons to fire, which two things never ceased the rest of the day. We were

received by the first people who came out to the carriage; we drove into the Court, got out, were handed into the Drawing-room, presented to about a hundred people present, after which we were all led through the town to the Council Chamber, where on one side was a table with a plate on which was a lapped up Napkin, on which was posed a clod of grass. Behind the table was placed four large green damask *Fauteuils*. On one sat the Commissioner (who was President of the Conseil of Colmar, and was deputed in the King's name to put Auguste into possession, and which joke cost Auguste upwards of sixty guineas); on his right hand was placed Auguste, and then me. On his left hand the Bailiff in robes of Ceremony. On my right hand was placed another table, at which stood a *Huissier*, who read aloud the investiture first from the Elector of Cologne, the *arrêt* of Naturalization, and the investiture from the King of France. All the rest of the room was arranged like a theatre, with benches one above another for the spectators. On the side of the Bailiff (Mr. Rothjacob) were placed Clem and Harry. Mary was by me. After the *Huissier* had done, the Commissioner made a very fine, long, and pathetic discourse, in which were introduced Auguste, myself and children, the Clergy, the different officers, and the people, instancing the duties of each respectively to each other; then in the King's name presented Auguste with the Clod of Grass as a token of the possession of the Earth. Auguste answered in a short speech. Then the Bailiff made a speech. Three *Bouquets* were brought in by young girls and presented to the Commissioner, Auguste, and me. A Jew girl presented Auguste with a fine painted Vellum, on which was wrote on one side in German, and the other in Hebrew, a prayer for him, me, and all our Family, which they say every day in their Synagogue. Another girl presented a Copy of verses in Latin on the occasion. After which we went to Church, where he was installed, the Prayer for him and the family

read, the Holy Water presented as acknowledging him seigneur, and a mass said. The Church was full from top to bottom—you could not have put another person in. After the mass they waved the flag three times before us—I could hardly help laughing—it put me so much in mind of the Castle of Otranto. After that the Catholic Priest and the Lutheran Priest both made harangues, and we went out of Church. In the middle of the Great Street we halted, and . . . the head of every family in the Seigneurie to the number of upwards of four hundred were placed rank and file before us and took the oath of allegiance to us. That ended, we returned to the Drawing-room, where we received the congratulations. After we went to dinner . . . a very fine band of wind musick playing all the time at dinner. The following healths were given, accompanied with trumpets and cannons : Madame La Baronne de Bode, Le Roi de France, L'Electeur de Cologne, Le Conseil Souverain d'Alsace, Monseigneur de Soultz et le Commissaire. That finished, we retired, and soon after the Ball begun. In the evening were fine illuminations of our names and arms in the whole town. At night we supped, and then danced till 3 in the morning. Little Mary surprised every one ; she danced a great many Valses and one difficult Cotillion without ever being out or making any confusion. . . . The next morning every one came to pay their court to me, and about twelve o'clock every one went home. The Subjects took us home again with six horses to our Chariot and four horses to every carriage of our *suite*. A party of horse escorted us to the Confines of the Seigneurie, where they bid us Adieu. . . . The young Marquis de Trazeynis d'Yttres came to us from Heidleburg, where he is at College, to accompany us to the taking possession of Soultz. There were some thousand spectators assembled on the occasion. You must know it was the first publick act of the kind since the Province of Alsace was ceded to the French King.

The last Possessor of the Fief (the Prince of Soubise) left no descendants of the male line. I don't know whether it had been given to him or his Father. Before it had been possessed by the Counts of Hainau (now Landgraves of Hesse), and the family of Fleckenstein (Barons). It belonged to the Fleckensteins as long ago as in 1400, as I find by the old writings, but held in that time as a fief from the Emperor. The Landgraves of Hesse pretend still the presentation of the Lutheran Minister, but if we don't find sufficient cause why they still do that, we shall dispute that with them. By some old papers we find that Soultz was a Country. When we have time to examine further into that (but there is such an immense quantity of writings 'twill take an immense time to read them) . . . if we find that to be the case it gives the title of Count to the Possessor, and we shall claim it . . . but say nothing of this till we are certain of it—it would look ridiculous to mention it. Alsace was ceded to the French in Louis the XIV.'s time at the treaty of Munster in 1648.

The family have now returned to reside in their quiet German home at Bergzabern, making frequent excursions to their new Alsatian domain. In the evenings, when the children have gone to bed, the elders read aloud in turns, by candlelight, Goldsmith's History of England or the Memoirs of Baron von Trenck.¹

¹ She writes to Sister Kitty :

'I am very glad you are so pleased with [reading] Trenck. I thought you would be. No—I never was acquainted with him. William Sneyd [the Baroness's eldest nephew, who was, through her interest, aide-de-camp to the Queen of Prussia] said he had seen him at Berlin. His story is true, but he has a great many enemies, and many don't speak so well of him as he seems to deserve. He certainly was very illused in the old King's time, but now he lives at his ease, though he has lost much of his estates by the [late] Empress's [Maria Theresa's] weakness.' [Trenck's extraordinary talents had introduced him in early youth to the notice of Frederick the Great,

Thus closes the year 1788, and the Christmas season falls upon a highly contented and joyous family. We can picture the parents in all the satisfaction of ambition realised, and prosperity seemingly assured, and the children in a state of gleeful excitement, their little feet tripping to the rhythm of this merry tune transcribed by 'Clem' (aged eleven) in a letter to his Aunt Kitty :



Surely an index of the high spirits of this festive party, destined, alas ! never again to experience similar happiness.

who, however, imprisoned him on his discovery of Trenck's amour with the Princess Amelia, the King's sister. Trenck contrived to escape, but was seized at Danzig loaded with irons, and incarcerated for many years at Magdeburg. On his release he resided at Vienna. Soon after these allusions to his memoirs he settled in France, where he closed his eventful career under the guillotine.]

CHAPTER IX

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES

1789

An unlucky start—A loan required—Generous relations—Help through the storms—The Lords of Alsace—Les Etats Généraux—Privileges threatened—Abolished—‘One hardly dare say one’s opinion of the Revolution’—‘Tolerably quiet here—thanks to Auguste’—Commercial enterprises—‘Very difficult to weather through’—‘Glad I am not in Paris.’

WE have said that the year 1788 was that in which the fortune of the family had reached, so to speak, its highest water-line. Thenceforth its tide was on the ebb. As early as January in the following year the letters of the Baroness indicate signs of the coming trouble; and though the lady is ever hopeful that she and hers will triumph over every obstacle, it is already evident that from the first the glamour of the newly acquired dignity barely concealed a state of affairs likely to cause much care and anxiety. It has been seen that five thousand guineas was the sum received by the Baron from the rich M. Thellusson for his colonelcy in the Nassau Regiment, whereas about eight thousand guineas was the sum carried to the Elector of Cologne. This may not appear a large sum to have paid for a brilliant prospect of wealth and power, although, by the way, the Elector, for one, no doubt did not despise this ready money in times when money was becoming scarce, and congratulated himself on the ‘Contest’ for the presentation of this desirable piece of patronage having been determined in his favour. But to the poor Baron this sum of eight thousand guineas was

at least three thousand guineas more than he possessed in the world.¹ This latter sum could not therefore be produced without borrowing. And the difficulty of borrowing was great. With rumours of revolution in the air, these were not days to weather pecuniary embarrassments.

The Margrave of Baden, the person I said lent so much money, lends it at four per cent., but then it is upon mortgage.

It was impossible to raise money by mortgaging a fief. At least :

It is absolutely against the feudal laws. . . . It cannot be done but by the especial leave of the Elector, and then, whatever we take up, he is entitled to a fourth part of the sum, and looked upon as a great favour into the bargain.

The Baron's relations in Austrian Flanders could not be expected to lend :

They are in greater confusion there than we are in France. They have great estates, but never any money. We have often lent to them. They are in continual lawsuits which drain them quite dry.

There was no hope then except from Madame de Bode's English relations. Her only brother, Clement Kynnersley, the rich and childless Squire of Loxley, she had long ago offended. She does not mention him or his habits in complimentary terms, and seems to have taken sides against him with his wife in their domestic differences when the latter finally separated from him. But to her affectionate 'Sister Adderley,' and that lady's generous-minded husband, she could and did turn in all her money

¹ Add to this the Baron had recently purchased the salt mines at Soultz-sous-Forêt.

embarrassments, and they were willing to lend, never pressed for interest when it was not forthcoming, and in the end lost heavily without a word of reproach.

Bergzabern, March 19, 1789.—I cannot express the satisfaction, my dear Brother Adderley, your very kind letter gave me. It has taken a load away from my heart—more than I can tell you. Your indefatigable kindness in procuring the sum saves our credit perhaps from ruin at this moment, and enables us, I hope, to become rich and powerful in a short time . . . we played a high game when we ventured to offer for the fief a sum more than we had, but the prize will be so great when we are helped through this storm that it must make its own excuse. . . . I must explain to you what takes up all his [Auguste's] time. 'Tis publick affairs, as he is called upon as one of the Lords of Alsace to attend *Les Etats Généraux* for the Province. The great meeting begins the 24th of this month, to be held at Haggenau—there are at least 1,400 people summoned there, the Cardinal (the famous Cardinal) Prince de Rohan at the head. 'Tis a kind of Parliament, and will last I suppose a fortnight. It seems as if the French wanted to adopt the English laws and customs without their knowing much of the matter or how to set about it.

March 22, 1789.—What a charming thing the King's [George III.] being got so well—how sweet, dear Mr. Pitt will triumph! I verily believe I am a good patriot, for I read of the restoration of the King's health with a joy that caused my tears to flow, and my tears are much sooner moved by pleasure than by pain.

One of the first steps was to build a large house for the family to inhabit. There was no suitable house at Soultz :

We have at last decided to build. . . . We have the stones of the old Château which was destroyed at the end of the last century, which will do better than fresh stone; and the people are obliged to work for Auguste twelve days (a year) each man, four hundred of them, and the teams, which are also obliged to work for us for nothing, will bring all material upon the spot. Therefore we shall only have to pay for the builders. Seven or eight hundred pounds will go a great way for that.

The laying the first stone of the new house was the occasion of a great feast for the workmen, at which 'more than 130 bottles of wine were drunk. The Carpenters are to have their feast when the last beams are laid.' But a long time was to elapse, and many untoward events to happen, before the 'last beams were laid.' The workmen, having enjoyed their feast at the expense of their feudal lord, were not going to give him their services for nothing any longer.

It will be seen from the next letter that these feudal rights and privileges were immediately threatened, and indeed already practically abolished.¹ The Baroness writes from Soultz (where the family chiefly resided in three small houses while the building was in progress), but is careful to post letters at Bergzabern, as by that route (*via* Germany

¹ The National Assembly abolished Feudalism on August 4. Carlyle comments thus:

'A memorable night, this Fourth of August. Dignitaries, temporal and Spiritual, Peers, Archbishops, Parlement-Presidents, each outdoing the other in patriotic devotedness, come successively to throw their now untenable possessions on the "altar of the fatherland." With louder and louder vivats—for indeed it is after dinner too—they abolish Tithes, Seignorial Dues, Gabelle, Excessive Preservation of Game; nay, Privilege, Immunity, Feudalism, root and branch; then appoint a *Te Deum* for it; and so, finally, disperse about three in the morning, striking their stars with their sublime heads. Such night, unforeseen but for ever memorable, was this of the Fourth of August 1789.'—*French Revolution, Book VI. chap. 2.*

and Cologne) letters would be less likely to be opened than if they travelled through France :

Sulz, August 23, 1789.—I do assure you, as publick affairs are, one does not much care to write, for I believe most letters are opened. One hardly dare say what one's opinion of the Revolution is. God knows how it will end. But one thing is certain, that nothing is less unanimous than the approbation of the plan formed,¹ notwithstanding what the papers may inform you, and nothing less just than the idea of pillaging the nobles of the greatest part of their incomes—not for the use of the Monarch and the State, but to give to the people—and afterwards to put the Taxes on all equal. Though the nobles before were exempt from taxes, I think the taxes being equal to all is but just. But the taking away all the Rights and six-sevenths of the incomes is very unjust, and puts it out of the Nobles' power to help the State, which they would be willing to do; and so little is gained to each particular by this great sacrifice. . . . You cannot conceive the insolence of the Common people. I fear the liberty of shooting to every individual will be attended by the most dreadful consequences. One will never be sure anywhere. The losses by the rising of the People and riots is almost irreparable. We have been tolerably quiet here, thanks to Auguste's great cleverness, steadiness, and courage. If it had not been for him, most probably this whole place had been destroyed, and many lives lost. He has some very hard heads to deal with. But he never either loses his temper nor is the least disconcerted. He has gained such a con-

¹ 'The National Assembly in abolishing Feudalism promised that compensation should be given, and did endeavour to give it. Nevertheless the Austrian Kaiser answers that his German Princes for their part *cannot be unfeudalised*; that they have Possessions in French Alsace, and Feudal Rights secured to them for which no conceivable compensation will suffice.'—*Carlyle*.

fidence that he has been solicited to be the Arbiter in the whole neighbourhood. He hardly ever has a moment to himself.

During the Baron's absences from home, and indeed at all times, the Baroness was busily engaged in superintending the various mines and works, salt, coal, and tar, which the Baron had acquired, all of which needed repairs and enlargement, and a great outlay in order to bring them to their full productiveness. In less calamitous times these works, it is evident, would have given a reasonable prospect of very considerable wealth—and, as it was, already yielded a sufficient income. Without these resources the family must have been soon reduced to penury.

The salt was especially productive, and there was great demand for it.

M. Rosentritt (the Manager) offers to stake his head that we shall make two thousand bags of salt, which will at present sell at a guinea a bag.

October 28, 1789.— . . . There is an ordinance come out to sell the Royal salt at 6 sous, that is 3d. a pound. We don't know whether we shall be obliged to sell ours at the same price in order not to undersell the Government salt. If that is the case we shall not be sorry, as our salt will bring us in six thousand guineas a year.

The Coals are all ready money, for they go at a guinea and a half a load.

We support constantly about seventy people. . . . Besides extra builders, Carpenters, &c., we have three carpenters and three locksmiths in yearly pay which the works keep in constant employ. We have built a house, too, where we lodge five families in a superb smithy, an aqueduct, a magazine for coals, &c. 'Tis very astonishing we find money to go on with, for we pay constantly everything; but our house is like the receipt of Custom, the money comes in and

goes out hourly. Sometimes we have been almost put to it when outgoings have been more than the incomings. Then the next day has come in a good sum and put all to rights again. I think upon the whole 'tis very amusing this busy commercial life.

It was fortunate for Madame de Bode's peace of mind that she was able to extract this passing amusement from her surroundings, while her hopeful spirit did not allow her to fear the storm which was gradually approaching, and which was already raging in Paris. The same letter (dated October 28, 1789) concludes :

In regard to political affairs, they seem to be at a stand, though they still are for cutting off of heads and carrying them in procession in the streets of Paris.¹ I am glad I am not there. It appears that the King is not inclined to oppress his people if the *Etats Généraux* would let him act, but they are for ruining all the Nobles and Clergy. However, most probably if the *Etats Généraux* should persist against this Province, a War will decide our rights, as our rights are too clearly guaranteed by the greatest part of Europe to submit to lose them quietly. It appears though that even if things go on quietly that we shall all have to advance a great sum of money to Government. If that should be the case, we are entirely, at this minute, with all our expenses, incapacitated from paying the least thing.

Soultz, November 7, 1789.—Yesterday is come out the ordinance signed by the King and National Assembly to oblige every one to pay into the National Coffers the fourth of their revenues. 'Tis a hard call. But what to do? Every one is in the same dilemma. The money must be paid, and nobody has any! It comes very unfortunately for us, for had it been only a

¹ The riots of October 5 and 6, which resulted in the removal of the King, Royal Family, and Assembly to Paris and in the Second Emigration.

year or two hence we should have our things free and all payed, and should be in the case to have assisted Government without its being a distress.

Soultz, December 23, 1789.—'Tis very difficult to weather out till the change, and if in the meanwhile we do not carry on our works our loss would be immense and ruin us, because our works must pay our interest, and also pay off the capital. If they should be left in inaction, what should we do? and also to see our vessel arrive with full sail into the harbour and yet sink in the port would be a dismal thing.

May 9, 1790.—'Tis an age, my dear Sister, since I wrote to any of you, but I have not heart to write. I always hope for better news. Sometimes our hopes are raised, and then again—nothing but despair! . . . We were flattered that this Province will be considered apart. If it is not, we, for our share, shall lose 12,000 livres a year clear, without indemnity. And this is called Justice, and this is called Liberty. Auguste has served the King thirty years, and now for reward they would strip him naked, nay, even rob him of his Titles and honours.¹ They count all the Noblesse below the poorest Countrymen. Nothing can equal the execrable things that happen—Roasting people alive—a thousand infernal deaths for the only fault of being noble. In the National Assembly there are a half a dozen that carry the day, and make what laws they please by force. If any of the other members oppose, either they are not allowed to speak or they are threatened to be delivered up to the Mob. All religion seems to be turned out of doors—the Clergy entirely ruined. No one doubts the King is imprisoned and is forced to sign all they will. . . . They began by disaffecting the troops against their officers, and raising other troops at their own disposal, and by throwing a little gold dust into the Common

¹ Titles were formally abolished on June 20, 1790.

people's eyes, they have all the Mob at their will. The Clergy, the Noblesse, the *Commerçants*, Manufacturers, what they call *haut tiers*, workmen of all trades, are all oppressed, annihilated; and the *Paysan*, alone honoured, only gets drunk so much the oftener and ruins himself the sooner, while he thinks himself a—Gentleman, and in the meanwhile leaves his farming work undone.

CHAPTER X

A PLEASANT RESPITE

1790

Back at the Zig-zag—'We Alsations still hope'—Trust in German Princes—Foregone privileges—'Our subjects owe us 10,000 livres'—But 'salt works go on well'—A little patience wanted—Vastly jolly here—A barn of strolling players—Visit to Baden—Taking the waters—The Margrave—The hereditary prince and princess—Return to Soultz—New house finished at last.

It must have been a refreshment to the poor lady to betake herself with her children this summer to her summer-house residence in the beautiful Zig-zag garden near Bergzabern. The Baron remained at Soultz with his sons and their tutor.

Zig-zag, June 25, 1790.—We have been settled at this place a month. One reason was for change of air for the children, for 'tis a charming situation on a hill, but the greatest reason was to be out of France, for things go such lengths God knows where they may end. The destruction of the Clergy seems thoroughly determined. As for the Noblesse, they try all they can to exterminate them. We Alsations still hope, for there are so many foreign Princes implicated in the losses that it is not supposed they will suffer patiently that we shall all lose our feudal rights.¹

¹ 'This [matter] of the Possessed Princes is banded from Court to Court; covers acres of diplomatic paper at this day; a weariness to the world. Kaunitz argues from Vienna, Delessart responds from Paris, though perhaps not sharply enough. The Kaiser and his Possessed Princes will too evidently come and *take* compensation—so much as they can get.'—*Carlyle*.

I believe we shall, but then we shall expect to be indemnified for them, which the decree of the National Assembly does not grant us. This is very hard, as many people had nothing else to live on. The rights we shall lose consist of Ohm-gelt, as it is called, which is the eighth Pot of Wine of all the wine sold on 'the Seigneurie,' which alone to us was worth more than 200 guineas a year.

Another right which brought us in at least 100 more was the ten days' work for each person and horse or ox. Then the great and small tithes, the exclusive right of Pidgeons, besides which we lose the Manor for Fishing and shooting, our right of sheep and pigs, the first of which we had a right to 300 and the other to 60, also the spinning. Every mistress of a family was obliged to spin me 2 lb. of flax a year. In all we had about 4,000 Subjects. About 700 fowls we lose yearly. The tax on the Butchers' shops. In short, many other things I don't recollect. In all we shall lose at least 10,000 livres a year. . . . If the Nation will not indemnify us the Elector of Cologne must do so, for he received our Money. Therefore, upon the whole we personally shall not lose much. Our case is a very particular one. The uncommon difficulties we surmounted to get possession—and hardly in possession three months were we before all these troubles begun! . . . Our Subjects owe us more than 10,000 livres which they refuse to pay us, and we dare not go to force them in this moment of fermentation for fear they should murder us all or destroy all we had. No one but those who are unfortunately settled among them, know to what excesses the Common people allow themselves to go. . . . Auguste has several hundred pounds out that he cannot at this moment get in—I believe much money has gone out of the Kingdom, and many have hid theirs for fear of consequences. . . . I must tell you one oppression at present: they send into your houses to search what ready money

you have in the house. After they have forced you to give either all your silver plate or a great present in money in what they call *free gift*, one quarter of your income and all the taxes raised, they make you pay 2 per cent. for all the ready money they find, though you may only chance to have it in the house to pay away the next day. And this is what they call Liberty. But enough of all these disagreeable things. . . . Our Salt goes on very well—'tis a thing in Constant want, and Durkheim [the Prince of Durkheim's] and Dieux, the Salt works the nearest to ours . . . both falling into decadence . . . ours will be to furnish far and near. You will be surprised to see what undertakings we have had. A little patience and notwithstanding the difficulties and the National Assembly I hope you will see us in a flourishing way.

Auguste and Clem spent four days with us here (the Zig-zag), and vastly jolly we were—like a barn of strolling-players. Nothing can be more delightful than the place is now, all is grown up so beautiful. The house itself, though small, is extremely pretty—more like an Indian Temple than a house. Our Kitchen is the Orangery, which is a charming place like a Church all under the *Logie*. In front of the house one goes down into the garden a flight of thirty-four steps on each side the *Logie*; and as there is a balustrade the whole breadth of the garden before the house, 'tis quite a gallery and beautiful to look down on. I have weaned Clementina since I have been here, and also had a pretty smart rheumatism—I get uncommonly fat and heavy. Clem [the eldest boy] and I are to go in August for three weeks to Baden-Baden, which are hot baths, and I hope will set me up. . . .

Baden, September 21, 1790.—Maryanne [Sneyd] and Clem and I have been here three weeks. 'Tis very late in the Season, but still some Company. The Waters are exceeding hot, but I don't go into

them more than milk warm. The *Douge*, which is nearly what being pumped on in England is, is much warmer. Those two operations take me up nearly two hours every morning, after which near an hour in bed, then get up to take a Vapour bath at the Source for half an hour—again in bed, which takes up so much time that one has hardly time to be dressed for dinner, which is ready precisely at twelve. Sometimes in the Evening I repeat the same ceremonies. Other days we walk, 'tis a most beautiful romantic Country—old Castles and remains of Roman Monuments and Deitys to serve as inducements to the Curious to walk. Last week we were at Carlsruhe, the Margrave of Baden's,¹ where we were very graciously received. The Margrave is upwards of sixty, speaks English as well as an Englishman. The Prince² and Princess Hereditaire (she is Sister to the Queen of Prussia), and seven of their children (six daughters³ and a son), and the Prince Frederick, the Margrave's second son, were what of the family we made acquaintance with. 'Tis a very numerous and brilliant Court for one of the small German Courts. Some Etiquette, but not troublesome, and nothing could be more obliging and civil than they and everybody we met with there were to us. Maryanne was quite delighted. We met with many English, many French, and some Polonais there. Among the English a family of the Burdetts (Cousins of Sir Robert's) and a family of Gibbs, who remembered my Mother and some of my Sisters in former times at the Bridgemans. . . . They (the Prince and

¹ Carl Frederick; born 1728; died 1811.

² Carl Ludwig; born 1755. Married his first cousin, a daughter of Ludwig IX. and Landgravine Caroline of Hessen-Darmstadt.

³ Of these one was afterwards the young Grand Duchess Elizabeth (and future Empress of Russia) who protected Madame de Bode in Russia. Married 1798 the Grand Duke, afterwards Emperor. Another daughter became Queen of Gustavus IV. of Sweden. Her marriage was unhappy, and she was divorced in 1812. Died in 1826.

Princess) wanted to have kept us longer, but I did not choose to interrupt my Baths more than three days. They made me promise to return there as soon as I have done with Baden and to spend a longer time, so I think of going there again to-morrow se'n-night, if nothing happens to prevent us. All the towns about here are full of French families that save themselves from the Confusions that reign in France. If any disasters should happen in our part of the world I should be for saving myself and family here too. In three or four hours from us at home we can already be in safety in this Country.

Madame de Bode returned with the children to join the Baron at Soultz at a period of comparative tranquillity there.

At the end of this year (1790) the new house at Soultz, after many delays, was sufficiently finished for the family to inhabit it partially. A very ugly house it must have been, but to Madame de Bode's taste (or rather want of it), which was in accordance with that of the age, it was 'charming' and 'handsomer than Loxley,' her own ancestral home, which is a large and beautiful building of Elizabethan date. Writing years afterwards, in allusion to the size of the new house, she admits, 'It certainly cost us a great deal, but my husband would build a great house—we all dissuaded him from it, but he thought he was doing for the best, and that *in the future he could lodge all his family when married.*'¹

Continuing her description at the time of building :

It has a handsome front every way.

It was of stone, rough cast, and, by Madame's especial wish, *painted over stone colour* :

¹ The patriarchal custom—still prevalent among the Italian noblesse.

But I don't believe they know here how to make the colours proper. I wish, my dear Sister, you would be so good as to tell me exactly how they make it, of what ingredients, and whether mixed with oil. . . . '

Madame had a great dislike to oak doors, such as she says were usual in France, and expected her sisters to agree with her that 'painted deal is much nicer.' The windows were sash windows like the English, and such as were not to be seen in France for a hundred miles round. The locks were all sent from England, and were long delayed in coming. Finally, she superintended the fixing of each one 'for fear it should be done wrong.'

CHAPTER XI

HOPING AGAINST HOPE

Beginning of 1791

Miseries accumulate at Soultz—A parcel of low tyrants—France without justice or judges—Inquisitors upon the catch—War is inevitable—France must be covered deep in human blood—'Woe to those that are with child!'—'If we could have foreseen the Revolution!'—Daily humiliations—Intervention of foreign potentates to shake off the yoke of tyrants.

BUT—alas for the poor Baron's castle in the air!—the family were not destined to enjoy security in their new home. Even Madame de Bode's implicit trust in German princes was not proof against the miseries which daily became more and more harassing. Moreover—she was expecting an addition to her family under these unhappy circumstances.

To Mrs. Adderley

March 24, 1791.—We are all the innocent victims of a usurped power of a parcel of low tyrants which have seized the reins of Government. France, that was the happiest of Countries, is become a den of thieves, desolation, and misery. Read Mr. Burke's Book upon the Revolution. 'Tis exceedingly well written—a very true picture of what has really happened. I'm sure the Royal Family will meet with your compassion. Every order of men is ruined. One hears nothing but lamentations and tears wherever one goes. Many families, before in good circumstances, obliged at present to go begging.

What we possess is certainly worth five hundred thousand livres, notwithstanding which money is so rare, the credit in France so fallen, that even upon good mortgage one cannot get money, and to sell anything is still more difficult, no one having money hardly to buy the necessaries of life. France is still, and has been many months, without either Justice or Judges, by which all sorts of enormities, especially against the Gentlemen, go unpunished. At the same time, all over the Kingdom have been instituted Inquisitors that are upon the catch for every unguarded word of discontent that may fall from the unjustly ruined people, who are then immediately seized, dragged to prison, and kept there in the most inhuman manner; for they pretend that they have the power to put you into prison, but not to let you out. If a gentleman only complains of the law that has unjustly ruined him, he is immediately dragged to prison; and if the common people murder a gentleman in the most atrocious, barbarous manner, they are not even punished. If through fear of being murdered one saves oneself by flying the country, one's estates are seized and confiscated. . . . The war is inevitable, and it is thought, turn which way it will, the confusion is so great between intestine disputes, foreign quarrels, and religious enmity, that before all can be again at peace, France must be covered deep in human blood. I think with horror of my own situation, expecting, if I go my time out, to lie in in May—just the time, perhaps, when all the horrors will be in the height, for there is no doubt we shall be just in the seat of war; and one dares not leave home for fear of all being confiscated. I often think of that passage, 'Woe to those that are with child and give suck in those days.' . . . But to return to affairs a little. . . . We have, perhaps, in this moment 80,000 livres of our revenues owing to us that the peasants will not pay us; but the times must change, either we must be paid or receive the

indemnities for the whole. But we must await the event of the Crowned Heads to decide our fate. . . . We entirely stop every work but what is necessary towards bringing money immediately in. We have no cellar or washhouse, or Chamber for the Corn, or Bakehouse. We must do as well as we can. . . . We were to have built this year a boiling-house for the Saline, but we shall also desist from that. . . . We never get anything for our table, more than only just enough not to die of hunger. We make no single expense either for pleasure or dress—I dress my children in what I have, and wait for happier times to buy new. . . . We were obliged to finish the house not to sleep upon the street—in short, there is not an economy that we do not scrupulously do in order to be able to pay all we can. Your very kind letter, my dear Sister, which I received the other day, drew tears of tenderness from me. I was afraid of opening it. I feared to find it full of reproaches. But you are still kind and compassionate, and you don't add to our afflictions by heaping reproaches in our calamitous situation.

Be persuaded that though we are obliged to delay making honours to our affairs at the moment, that with patience we will acquit all. . . . Thank God, we are all well, which is a real blessing. I keep up my spirits as well as I can, but indeed we have a deal to fight against. If we could have foreseen the Revolution we should not have chosen France to have fixed ourselves in.

To Miss Kynnersley

Soultz: April 17, 1791.

My dear Kitty,—Although I have nothing new to say I can't help profiting of half an hour of leisure in conversing with you. In this country one has but one topic of conversation which makes one absorbed in melancholy, for one hears nothing but

ruin and desolation. Everything goes on worse and worse, you can have no idea of the excesses and abuses that happen. A few days ago the regiment of Beauvoisie, one of the four only regiments in the French service that till then had been quiet since the Revolution, begun a riot at Wiessembourg, three leagues from hence, and behaved so insolent to their officers, whom they threatened to Lantern, that the whole corps of officers have quitted the regiment, and the soldiers will now choose and elect their officers among themselves. Think what a charming regiment it will be! The whole French army is in a perfect state of indiscipline, therefore they will make pretty work in a war. In all probability they will soon be put to the trial. The preparations increase daily. In the course of these last three or four days we have seen go by here four waggons loaded with guns, and soldiers and recruits, every hour at least. As for the humiliating circumstances and the injustices to the Nobility and Clergy, they increase daily. If we are not assisted by foreign Potentates, so as to shake off the yoke of our Tyrants, and if the foreign Potentates permit this tyrannical constitution to consolidate, no King will be safe on his throne, no gentleman will be sure of his possessions in any country, however distant from France. 'Tis not only the very fatal example to the Common people to see that they have but to *will* to be masters, because in every country they are the most numerous, but also the French send their emissaries into all other Countries to instigate the people against their superiors and against the laws, in hopes of levelling the whole world (and by the confusion they make in other countries to hinder them from having the time to attack France), and to get rid entirely of every one wearing the appearance of a gentleman. Think what respect one can have for their new Bishops! He that they have elected in the room of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan to the See of Strasburg is one of our

Vassals, and whose father, before the Revolution, must have taken our muck in his waggon upon our fields whenever we had chose to have ordered him. The Judges, Justices, Lawyers, &c.—all are elected out of the last class and the most ignorant of the scum of the Earth, who do not stick to the laws, but judge after their own caprices and interests—so you may form an idea what Justice one is to expect. Nothing can equal the distress one is in for money. Every one's revenues entirely stopped, and the very people who ought to pay us what they justly owe us of our revenues will not pay us a farthing. And when one wants a pair of shoes, they have the insolence to say, 'We will do nothing for you nor sell you anything on credit.' And then all our rights which the Assembly have abolished the Municipality *exige* and take to themselves, and drink away the profits arising from that arbitrary power. I only wonder how we do to scramble on! The prodigious quantity of lands of the Clergy that they sell for half its value, and on twelve years' credit, causes that landed property is of hardly any value to sell. The greatest part of our plate and our English carriage we have sold in order to pay off most pressing things owing from the expenses of last year. For our daily expenses nothing saves us but what the Saline brings us in. Notwithstanding that all our revenues are stopped, one is obliged to pay all the heavy taxes and impositions they please to put on us, the same as if we were in full possession—even the land-tax for the very pieces of land that we have let out, and which *Justice* justifies the tenants not to pay us the rent of. . . . Nothing can be more unfortunate than we are to have fallen into so terrible a country as we have, to be robbed of everything, drawn into distress without any imprudence of our own, or even having enjoyed anything! . . . And *soon* nine children upon our hands—with the greatest difficulty in the world to procure them bread! . . . Maryanne will write to you as soon

as I shall be in my bed. My full time is out this day three weeks. We all sleep already in the new house, but go to the other still to eat, as there is not yet any parlour finished. We have laid aside all thoughts of going on with our buildings this year. . . . We all join in love to you all, and I am, my dear Sister,

Ever yours, most affectionately,

CHAPTER XII

CROSSES THE RHINE

1791—*continued*

The tide of the Revolution and effects of death of Mirabeau—Letters posted over the border—'Citizen Bode' stays at Soultz—May Alsace again become German—The Princes of Germany still dawdling—Birth of a 'Stout brat' at Soultz—Princess of Baden godmother—Serious illnesses of Madame de Bode—She and children cross the Rhine to Baden—Death of the baby-girl—A beautiful country—Primitive villages—Dining at Baden-Baden—A vast company of *émigrés*—Manifesto of the allies—Common cause of kings—League of the German Princes—Confident hopes—But 'twill take time to arrange so great an affair.

THE tide of the Revolution was now advancing unstemmed and gathering force and fury with every fresh current. The sudden death of Mirabeau¹ on April 2 had destroyed one of the last hopes of a peaceful solution of the difficulties in France, and the riot of April 18 (the day after the date of Madame de Bode's last letter), when the King was prevented from going to St. Cloud, proved that he and the Queen were in reality prisoners. The royal misfortunes reached a still more desperate pitch in the following June on the failure of the flight to Varennes, when the captured King was brought back to Paris and all chance of his regaining his authority was irre-

¹ 'One can say that, had Mirabeau lived, the history of France and of the World had been different. . . . The chosen man of France is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man!'—*Carlyle*.

coverably lost. During all this time the Baron de Bode, hoping, by great prudence and perfect neutrality, to resist the storm, took no part in politics, and, in spite of the daily humiliations and insults to which he was subjected, resigned himself to becoming plain 'Citizen Bode,' and remained as long as possible in Alsace, on or near his property at Soultz, ready in any emergency to fly over the border. His wife several times crossed the Rhine with some of her children, and sought security in Baden, returning to her husband from time to time in the more peaceful moments, while both long clung to the hope that an overthrow of the 'Patriots' by the Confederate armies would shortly restore them to the undisturbed enjoyment of their possessions. Earnestly did they pray that *Alsace might again become German*. Had the princes of Germany, in whom the De Bodes put their trust, not dawdled egregiously, and, when at length they took action, had they been undivided by private jealousies and selfish interests, it is likely that these hopes would have been realised. It is true that Madame de Bode habitually underrated the strength of the Patriot troops, but at this early stage they were less disciplined, armed, and consolidated than they afterwards became, and would probably not have been able to withstand the forces of a thoroughly concerted Europe. It was not till more than two years later (Christmas 1793-94)—when the allied armies, disunited and at variance among themselves, were completely routed by the Republicans, and when the Reign of Terror was at its height—that the De Bode family had totally and for ever to abandon their home, and seek an asylum a hundred miles within the German border.

An almost unique interest attaches to the following series of letters written before this final exodus, namely, during the thrilling episodes of 1791-92-93, for the letters of her more unfortunate contemporaries—those nearer

illness or the medicines I took, was quite ill, and entirely lost her voice. She got better, and I had already dined downstairs two days, when Auguste, anxious to have us gone, ordered the carriage . . . when I was again suddenly seized with the same disorder. My arms were this time the victims, but the attack was not so violent as the first. A Monday I was taken ill; the Saturday the weather was very fine, and all our friends pressing much for me to be gone, Auguste asked me if I had courage to set off. I did, in my bed gown, for I could not for my arms put on a gown. So after dinner Mary, my little Emily, a maid and I set off in a little carriage—such a one as I had last in England—for Seltz, twelve miles, with our own little dear horses, who are still very good. At Seltz I went to a friend's house, where I stayed all night. Sunday morning Auguste sent me by nine o'clock Felix, Louis, Frederica, and Clementina, and two more maids in the other carriage, and the rest of the way we all travelled together. The crossing the Rhine at any time I think a great undertaking; but with two carriages and so many small children 'tis a very serious affair. The stream is very strong, and the ferry is worked by a rudder and a couple of oars, which are sometimes at one side and sometimes another of the ferry. I never dare sit in the carriage for that operation; and this time, with so many children, I was afraid of being amongst the horses, and therefore (imprudently enough) persuaded one of the men to take us over in the little boat (which, by the bye, I never will do again). At that passage of the Rhine one is obliged to embark twice, as one passes over a long island that is just in the way. The first passage, which is the smallest, the little boat, which I never examined till we were half over, I found to be made only for six people and we were ten—the seats only bits of planks thrown across the top—and we were so heavy that the water was almost even with the top of the boat!

We got safe to the Island, walked in the heat across that (about half a mile). The second boat was something larger ; but I perceived, when too late, that the boards were split in several places and stuffed with bits of rag. I felt perfectly resigned, but I resolved, if I got safe over, never to run such a risque again. All were ignorant of the danger but me. The maids had never before been in a boat, and the children had never before seen such water. I told them they must all sit still. None said a word or stirred a finger, which was very extraordinary, as my children are very wild. I do not doubt that if any one had stirred we had all been drowned. The coachman told me he was very glad we had not gone over in the ferry, for that the horses had been so unruly with the flies he feared an accident every minute. We were near three hours in crossing the Rhine. By 8 in the evening we arrived here. 'Tis only eighteen miles from the Rhine, but so many delays made us late. We are but six miles from Baden. The day after I arrived here, a fatal Monday (for all my illnesses have begun on a Monday), I was seized with a third attack, slighter than the last, but it confines me to my room. 'Tis now Saturday—I am changing my skin for the third time within these five weeks. My hands have been so bad that this is the first day I can hold a pen. My poor little Emily,¹ from the finest child you ever saw, is become a skeleton and quite a rag. . . . (Later.) I don't know whether I dare hope she will be restored to us, she is so exceedingly reduced : one half-hour I have hopes, and the next I am quite in despair, thinking every breath will be her last. I have heard nothing from my dear Auguste since I left him. I am anxious for him. He promised me he would join me as soon as he could. 'Tis so very difficult to get passports to go out of the Kingdom since the unfortunate affair of the King and

¹ Amelia Caroline.

Queen.¹ You can't think the work we had to get one for me—notwithstanding it was so well known how ill I had been, and I took the pretext of going to the bath at Baden. Clem and Harry are gone a month ago to the Count of Wartemberg's, near Worms. In a fortnight's time now the great event will be begun, if not finished.² I hope it will not fail like the King's journey; but I think they will not run the risk of its failing. They pretend there are 380,000 good disciplined troops marching to our assistance. I fancy the twenty-five millions they [the Patriots] so much boast on will not do so much against them. But what are the twenty-five millions? Women and children are reckoned in the number, and besides they are dispersed all over France.

The regular Army is entirely spoiled—there is hardly an officer left in the Army, and the soldiers entirely undisciplined. . . . The Guard National a parcel of peasants who will run away at a first gunshot, besides that, a tenth perhaps are not armed. 'Tis generally thought that Alsace and Lorraine will again become German. You may easily believe we wish they may. . . . God bless you all. My children kiss your hands.

Ever your affectionate Sister.

Monday the 15th.—Alas! my dear Sister, my poor little Emily died this last night at twelve o'clock in my arms, laid across my lap in my bed. . . .

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*To Miss Kynnersley at Ralph Adderley's, Esq.,
Coton, near Derby, fro Cologne*

Gernsbach: October 7.

My dear Kitty,—I received my dear Sister Adderley's kind letter with the greatest pleasure.

¹ The flight to Varennes.

² The war did not begin till the following spring.

Her kind letters are always a balm to my heart. My health, thank God, is charmingly re-established. I begin to look like myself again, and shall begin in a day or two to take warm baths for a month or six weeks, which I hope will perfectly finish the cure. . . . I am in a most beautiful romantick country. The precipices (which are almost constant) are so immensely tremendous. The mountains, some of them, are for 400 feet perpendicular; the whole country is filled with them. The views are superb. In the valley we are now in runs a charming river, so clear that one might see to pick up a pin at the bottom. When you come to Soultz we must show you this country. I went a party about three leagues from hence to see a bridge of wood—a single arch thrown over the river between two rocks, in the style of that of Schaffhausen in Switzerland. 'Tis covered over and very curiously executed, built by an illiterate carpenter, but reckoned a masterpiece of art. My fear of the precipices makes me a very good walker, and I have several days walked four leagues in a day. There are whole villages in these dales that are built without a single chimney. Over the fireplace, at about a yard and a half from the fire, is a small wooden floor covered with plaster that the smoke runs along till it escapes out at the door, or a window without glass. In front of the fire the kitchen is boarded, and serves for a threshing-floor. In one house I saw three women threshing at half a yard from the fire. In a corner of the same kitchen is their provision of hay and straw, so when fire does break out it is not easily extinguished. We were the other day in a valley that had been burnt down the greater part, and where we saw great fruit trees quite curved down from the heat; and an old woman was burnt so to ashes that they never have found the least bit of a bone left. . . .

I have dined two or three times at Baden-Baden. There is a vast deal of company comes there on a

Sunday, mostly French nobility who have saved themselves out of France. Last Sunday we sat down fifty to dinner. Publick affairs go on well, and we hope to re-enter victorious into France; but I fear not before some months, as 'tis impossible to arrange so great an affair in a short space of time. We are assured by the Manifesto that is published and sent to the Assemblée Nationale that the Emperor, the Kings of Sweden, Prussia, Naples, Sardinia, Spain, the Republic of Switzerland, and the Empress of Russia all join the Princes.¹ And last Sunday they assured me that the English² had joined the great league. Therefore, when the Allies enter they will have nothing to encounter but soldiers without officers and a parcel of undisciplined peasants, the half of which are ready to join the Princely party the moment they appear, but dare not venture to declare themselves till they can be supported. Don't pay attention to what the newspapers say; 'tis ten to one 'tis all lies, and the Assemblée Nationale have the intrigue to pay all the news-writers, in order to make the world think as they please; but nothing is more false than many of the descriptions given by the newspapers of what has happened. My Auguste has been with me this last fortnight. He will go to Soultz sometime for a few days to see how things go on, but I hope he will be chiefly here till we dare go together in safety to stay in Soultz. About a fort-

¹ 'From south to north! For actually it is "the common cause of Kings." Swedish Gustave, sworn Knight of the Queen of France, will lead Coalised Armies;—had not Ankarström treasonously shot him, . . . Austria and Prussia speak at Pilnitz; all men intensely listening. Imperial Rescripts have gone out from Turin; there will be secret Convention at Vienna. Catherine of Russia beckons approvingly; will help, were she ready. Spanish Bourbon stirs amid his pillows; from him too, even from him, shall there come help.'—*Carlyle*.

² 'Lean Pitt, "the Minister of Preparatives," looks out from his watchtower in Saint James's in a suspicious manner . . . Europe is in travail; pang after pang. . . . The birth will be War.'—*Carlyle* (1791-1792).

night ago they sent over to invite our Catholick parson (who is since a couple of months about three or four miles from here) to return to Soultz, promising that he should not be interrupted in his parish duties, and that no one should do him the least thing. He returned, as he thought, in perfect security. Nothing less! 'Twas all a scheme to catch him. He had much ado to escape with his life; and, to prove the treachery complete, the Marichausées were after him to put him in prison in Strasbourg. He escaped by almost a miracle. I fancy he will not return in a hurry again. All the neighbouring persons were in the same case and all escaped together. I fancy that this fashion will not induce the Nobility and Officers to re-enter France, notwithstanding the Assemblée Nationale invite them to come back upon the same specious promises. I had letters from Clem and Harry yesterday. They are very well and happy. All the rest of my children, thank God, are very well. I have had quite a pleasure in reading the moral and religious sentiments of my dear Sister Adderley, for our modern law-givers and philosophers (false philosophers) have no religion at all—even deny any God whatever. Mr. K.¹ is one of them. We have often quarrelled upon the subject, as I dare say Maryanne has told you. I am very glad you have such an agreeable amusement as the Archery. Here we have nothing but Politicks, though since Auguste has come to Gernsbach he goes a Shooting, and we take also little birds. While it was warm I went sometimes a fishing, which made some little diversion. I hope in a few months we shall be a little more at our ease in our circumstances, as the Asphalt [at Soultz] will be in a short time in fabrication, and 'tis a thing constantly wanted, and of course of easy sale. Our salt goes on well, but is hardly sufficient to pay the expenses of housekeeping and the necessary expenses

¹ Mr. Kallner, tutor to her sons.

of the works. I hope before Christmas the gallery in the coal-mine will be really finished. Mr. Rosentritt has said for these two years it would be finished, but he talks moonshine sometimes. . . . At this time we have every disadvantage to struggle with . . . near three years of our revenues are owing.

CHAPTER XIII

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS

1792

All quiet at Soultz—Necessary to show ourselves—Armies moving—Astonishing quantities of lies—Meanwhile the salt and coal mines prosper—Large sums to pay away—An infidel tutor dismissed—A sleighing party at Gernsbach—Assassination of Gustavus of Sweden—Anonymous letters—The great *Cordon*—‘My hair is almost white’—The war begins well—Elasticity and industriousness—Botany and painting—Visit to the court of Carlsruhe—Margrave’s letter to Prince of Hohenlohe—Clem took it himself—A long and dangerous ride—Austrian Light Horse—Hungarian Infantry—Melancholy letter from the Baron—A model of tenderness and courage—Fatal *noblesse*.

To Mrs. Adderley

Gernsbach: January 9, 1792.

The first week in Christmas Auguste and I spent in Soultz. All was quiet while we were there. We thought it necessary, in the critical juncture of affairs, to show ourselves there a little, although we did not care to stay long among them. Think!—the National Guard were intended to enter Germany and attack the French princes,¹ to carry them off unexpectedly; and (by way of being sure of the secrecy of their intended invasion) they published at the sound of the drum in all towns in Alsace that the 15th of January 50,000 of the National Guards would depart for the attack. But upon mustering

¹ The brothers of Louis XVI., the Counts of Provence and Artois. They had arrived at Coblenz in the previous summer. That city was the chief centre of the French emigration.

the troops none of the National Guards would march, saying they were engaged to defend their homes, but not to go against the enemy. In the meantime the Prince Condé and his party have passed through this country a few days ago to join Mirabeau's¹ and the Cardinal de Rohan's party not far from Strasbourg, on German Ground, on this side the Rhine. 'Tis astonishing what great quantities of lies one hears from, and of, both parties. We who are so exactly between both parties hardly know what, or what not, to believe. We hope the moment is not distant when our fate will be decided. 'Tis time it should, or no one will be able to hold out much longer. The prodigious expenses of the Standing Armies on both sides, who do nothing but remain spectators, are such, as well as the expenses of every private person only to be able to live (as for what is either for luxury or pleasure I believe no one thinks of either). The Emperor and the King of Prussia have insisted, by their last declaration, that the treaties of peace shall be held (which would reinstate us in all our rights); and the Empress of Russia and the King of Sweden have declared that they will, with all their forces, joined by the King of Spain, set the King again upon his throne and the Nobility in their rights, the same as before the Revolution. God

¹ Younger brother of the statesman Mirabeau, namely the Vicomte, commonly called 'Barrel Mirabeau' from his shape and love of liquor. 'Barrel Mirabeau already gone across the Rhine, his Regiment of Emigrants will drive nigh desperate.'—*Carlyle, French Revolution*. Raised in 1792 the famous Legion of Mirabeau, better known under the name of 'Hussard à la mort,' who made against the Republicans a war of skirmishes as bloody as they were useless. During six months in the pay of the Prince of Hohenlohe, the formation and expense of this corps, which reached 8,000 men, had occasioned to its chief infinite fatigue and expense. Mirabeau succumbed shortly to an attack of apoplexy.—*Biographies Nouvelles*. Carlyle gives a different version of his death. 'Tonneau Mirabeau' said of himself: 'Dans toute autre famille je passerais pour un mauvais sujet et pour un homme d'esprit, dans la mienne je suis un sot et un honnête homme.' His granddaughter 'Gyp' has inherited his wit.

knows which way it will be decided; but great negotiations are on foot, and troops march.

We had the pleasure to see our works at Soultz go on prosperously. The Saline has given 1,100 saques of Salt in the year 1791, and we hope to drive it much higher this year. The subterraneous passage in the coal-pit is finished, and is made to convey the waters out without being obliged to draw them up either by wheels or horses, and is more sure. Our asphalt [tar] is in the greatest abundance. By spring we hope our buildings will suffice for making three or four guineas a day. We have quitted the old Castle, and made a boiling-house of it, as well as a Magazine for Asphalt, which has advanced us both as to time and expense. . . . We have in our coal-mine pitch-stones which we think we can mix in our tar to make a pitch for the use of the Navy; and as the mineral pitch is a preservative against the worm, while the vegetable pitch nourishes them, 'twill be an advantage that may make our pitch a very great article in commerce. 'Tis hardly possible to be believed what sums of money go constantly through our hands, and still how poor we constantly are and what plagues we have. . . . For Mr. Kallner—we have given him his dismissal the last time that we were at Soultz—I am glad *that* is finished. We have been promised another [tutor] that I hope we shall be more satisfied with. 'Tis certain Mr. K. was very clever, but false principles and libertine conduct were too dangerous for an instructor of young men—for really Clem will soon be a young man. I was in hopes I had finished my number of children, but alas! . . . I must submit to having my dozen complete. My eldest boys were all well the last time I heard from them. Charles was vastly happy to be with us at Soultz. We have a good snow upon the ground at present. Everybody driving about in *traineau*. Did you ever read 'Emily Montague'? She gives a very pretty description of a party in *traineau*

in Canada. . . . Since I wrote the above I have been a couple of days in *traineau*. The Baron de Draï drove his wife and me in one. 'Twas pleasant going enough, without any danger of being overturned; but as one is entirely exposed to the air, and it snowed the whole time, I have gained by it a very considerable cold. By way of giving you an idea how passionately fond people are of that: a large party went between three and four leagues from hence, and did not return till late—almost midnight; all open carriages, and by the river's side all the way.

April 20, 1792.

. . . I have been indisposed again since my last. . . . I am very well again at present, and capable of continuing my long walks, which I find of great use to me. I find my nerves have suffered the most in all these attacks; and I verily believe the constant uneasiness of mind and dread of all I see and hear attack much my nerves. I dare not commit to paper all I hear, for one does not know whether one's letters may not be opened; and however innocently one may have repeated what one may have heard, it might perhaps bring one into a distress. What is publicly known one may venture to repeat; for example, the great shock we have again sustained by the barbarous murder of the King of Sweden.¹ Alas! to what excess of wickedness are we come. . . . Several of the German Princes have received anonymous letters in the style of Mr. Lillienhorn's to the unfortunate heroic King of Sweden.

In the meantime the Jacobins menace the days of all our Sovereigns. . . . The troops march from all quarters. The Austrian troops, with the troops

¹ He was shot at a masquerade by Ankarström, a disbanded officer of the army, March 15, 1792, and died on the 29th. The assassination of the King of Sweden was not, as Madame de Bode and her friends at first supposed, the work of the Jacobins, but a conspiracy of his own nobles.

of the country, make the cord from Switzerland to the Palatinate. They will be joined by the Prussians, and from thence also again by the Austrians all through Flanders, who will be joined, most probably, by the Swedes¹ and Russians,¹ who come to the number of 30,000. Most probably Switzerland forms her troops in *cordon* on her side. From thence on the Savoyards and Spaniards form their *cordon*—by the Alps and Pyrenees. I believe they are assisted by the Neapolitan troops. Time must show what all this cord is to do. The respective Courts have pretended 'tis only to keep themselves in safety; but the French troops have received orders to attack the Austrian troops on the Flanders side.² The great *cordon* will do something more than look peacefully on. I must say I dread every rising sun what may happen before it sets, on the next rising! We are not more than four leagues from this cord. My dearest Husband and son are returned to our house, notwithstanding the menaces that some rogues made that they would hang him if they could catch him—'tis certain very unjustly, for he has never interfered in any one thing since the beginning of the troubles. But they wanted to make him pass for a spy, though he never was with any one of either party that he could spy anything out; but no one hears at this time either truth or reason. He was obliged to return, or perhaps they would have seized all his estates as a fugitif. You know they have seized on several on that pretence. One gentleman returned home one day and found them selling all his land. 'But,' he said, 'I am here; don't you see me?'

¹ On the death, however, of Gustavus III., Sweden, under the regency of the Duke of Sudermania, adopted a neutral position. As to Russia, the Empress Catherine was now engrossed in the subjugation of Poland, which had just lost her only friend by the death of the Emperor Leopold.

² On April 20, the very day this letter was written, France declared war on Austria.

‘Oh! it does not signify. We shall sell off what you have. You are a gentleman, and that is enough. We do not want any gentlemen.’ . . . Help us, good God, from the machinations of evil men! You can’t think how old anxiety makes me. My hands are quite shrivelled and my hair almost white, although, thank God, my strength is perfect yet; for Harry and I walked a good six miles yesterday without being tired. But the beauty of this country is, every way one turns, so varied and so pleasing as to make one forget the fatigue.

Adieu, my dear Sister. We all join in embracing you cordially.

May 20, 1792.

I am sorry you have not received all my letters. . . . That I had ventured to write too freely on the subject of the times has perhaps been the reason my letters may have been stopped. . . . Oh! my dear Sister, if I durst say all I have heard I could fill you a volume! Do not be alarmed if you do not hear so regularly from me, as letters may easily be lost in such confused times, notwithstanding all may be perfectly quiet where I am. . . . I have been in France since I wrote last to you, about three weeks ago—spent a week there. Everything very quiet in our neighbourhood, at least my Husband and two of my sons have been there more than six weeks. Our affairs go on well, but you have no idea the vexations we have had and the iniquitous things that have happened to us. But it does not signify, as we shall get the better after all . . . because I hope and trust it all will be settled and quiet before the Summer is out. *It begins well.* [The Austrian troops had defeated the French eight days after war had been declared.] The two great deaths¹ you mentioned caused us the sincerest grief and horror, but for the

¹ The deaths of Gustavus III. of Sweden and the Emperor Leopold. The latter had died March 1, and was succeeded by his son Francis II.

general Cause we hope they will not make much difference. It appears the followers adopt the same plan already fixed upon.

The elasticity of spirits and the industriousness of this remarkable lady appear in a notable degree in the following account she gives of the employment and interests which she made for herself in her new surroundings during this harassing time. When a hard fate had cut her off from her usual manifold occupations she was not one to pass her time idly in vain repining or despair, but found fresh channels for her indefatigable energies in botany and in painting.

Every step here presents a perfect landscape—Salvator Rosa would have found a continual exercise for his pencil. Nor are the bold aged half-perished oaks wanting to complete the scenes—if you remember, his taste was so partial to an old decayed trunk that he seldom omitted to place one at least in his landscapes. For a botanist this Country has also charms very attractive, for there is a profusion of plants unknown in other places, and many find I here that in England are known only to the gardens of the curious. I have been tempted to begin a little work, to make a collection of the plants, and, to be more sure, I paint them all off. I have already this Spring (April) forty-eight different pictures. Everybody tells me they never saw anything so natural. To each plant (as much as I can) I write all its names in all the languages I can, and its virtues, its class, &c. I do believe when finished it will be a collection precious to my children.

This simple record is not without pathos when we turn to the later pages of these letters. Alas for the fate which eventually befel this charming collection !

I am quite happy with the society here—a couple of friendly houses who make time pass very agree-

ably to me. 'Tis not to be expressed how much more desirable for friends the Germans are than the French—there is a frivolity and self-sufficiency in the French . . . but with all that, there is no rule without exception, for I know some French very deserving people.

August 14, 1792.

We are now far advanced in the month big with adventure. One hears no other term for the War now in hand than the Blood Bath. The last night's papers informed me that they had set the King aside and that the department of Marseilles had declared itself a free republick. If the other eighty-two departments will do as much we shall resemble the little wild hordes in America—only something more savage than they. The same newspaper informs me that Poland has submitted to the terms the Empress imposed—that is, set aside their new Constitution. Perhaps you will soon hear as much of France!

The week before last I passed four days at Carlsruhe. I was with my friend Madame de Vitzthum. You have heard me talk of her. She was a Lady Elizabeth Macarty, Lord Clancarty's daughter. We were every day at the Court; three days we dined there. The Margrave showed me great attention and kindness. I testified to him my uneasiness in regard to my husband in this critical situation, my alarms both for his person and possessions. He was kind enough to write a letter of recommendation himself for us to the Prince of Hohenlohe, the Austrian General, the Commandant of the troops in this quarter. I was distressed how to get it to him, when Clem undertook to take it to him himself. He hired a horse, was absent only three times twenty-four hours, spoke with the Prince himself, obtained all we desired, and had rode 135 miles, which I think was pretty well for his age—a first journey on horseback and quite alone, obliged twice to cross the Rhine, and pass within a league

of the French camp, through the midst of the Austrian Camp, without knowing the way he was to go. I was in a thousand fears during his absence, for fear he should fall into the hands of the National Guards, or robbers, of which there are enough generally in the neighbourhood of troops. Thank God he escaped all, and every one is pleased with his courage and resolution. The Prince of Hohenlohe himself showed him much attention, and told him he had good courage to venture alone there, but advised him not to fall into the other camp or he would certainly be lost. . . . What an advantage it is to know several languages for any one that is likely to be much in the world! He found himself in this little town, in the case to want all the three languages he speaks. He was within four leagues of a Prussian Camp which has taken possession of the hills on the side of Landau, which town is blocked. They could have taken that town, but they wish to take it by surrender, not by storm, as they would willingly do as little mischief as possible. While I was at Carlsruhe I had the pleasure of seeing a superb fine regiment of Austrian light horse, called the Emperor's regiment, and two regiments of Hungarian infantry. Did you ever see any drawings representing the Cossacks? Their dress and appearance are exactly the same. I must say I should not have liked to have met one alone in a wood; you have at least seen the pictures of Horja¹ and Glotska, the two rebels that were taken a few years ago in Hungary (after having committed a thousand abominations) and hanged² at Vienna in the Emperor

¹ In 1784 the Greek Wallachians in the Hunyad country, in Transylvania, broke out in a bloody rebellion.

² Horja was broken on the wheel at Carlsburg, January 8, 1785, '2,000 captive Wallachians being brought to the spot as forced spectators of their leader's execution. One hundred and fifty of the rebels were impaled according to the barbarous fashion of their country.' *Vehse*.

Joseph's time. Well, figure to yourself two whole regiments with such faces and with such dresses. I made acquaintance with several officers of all these Regiments who dined at the Margrave's table. I was vastly pleased with them—the simple but civil manners of the Hungarians. But the Austrians are charming men, polite, men of the world. They had all been at the taking of Belgrade.¹

I fear all communications are stopped between my dear Husband and us here. I had a letter from him last Friday, by a chance opportunity, which has made me very melancholy. He had not even time to finish it—'tis in the style almost of a will. He has put me the whole situation of affairs quite clear—how I must conduct myself in every situation that may happen to me, the conduct he would wish his sons to have—taking leave of us all, says he is perfectly resigned to everything that may happen, but is determined to stay firm there, as he thinks his presence the only thing to preserve our possessions. He therefore devotes his person for the good of his family. He is indeed a perfect good Husband, kind Father, sincere friend, real Christian, brave, courageous man—never on any occasion losing his presence of mind, sees the most fatal dangers with the utmost coolness—in short I must say he is a model of tenderness and goodness joined to resolution and courage. Pray God preserve his days and guard him in these moments of peril in the midst of contending armies, and in the midst of an enraged licentious republick, to whom the fault of being born noble is enough to be sacrificed by them. He has many friends among his people, few are really his enemies, but many cannot forgive his having been their Master, though he always showed himself more their friend than their Master. He is almost the only one (entirely the only one in our province) that has had the courage to stay

¹ From the Turks in 1789 (October 9) under General Loudon.

on in the Kingdom. He is not liked the better for that. They would wish him away that they might seize his possessions. They have done all they could to frighten him away, but his firmness intimidates them all. He tells me that our saline and our asphalt are now in great progress ; if they do not devastate them that the latter will be as good as a gold mine to us, as soon as it will please God for us to be once in peace and quiet.

I am rejoiced to hear you are all well and amuse yourselves so charmingly with your Archery parties. Indeed I was much surprised at Lady Cavendish's peerage.¹ I hope her *Noblesse* will never be so fatal to her as our French *Noblesse* has been to all us poor possessors of a title in France.

¹ Created Baroness Waterpark June 14, 1792, with remainder to her issue male by her husband the Right Honourable Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart., M.P. See page 129.

CHAPTER XIV

'THE WONDERFUL BARON'

1792

Attacked in his house—By eight of the National Guard—Defends himself—'Gentlemen, there must be some mistake'—'No, no, we will kill you'—Calmness and persuasion—Escapes to Haguenau—In hiding—Over the Rhine in time—Priests and people in the Capuchin church all murdered at Haguenau.

*From Maryanne Sneyd to her aunt, Miss
Kynnersley at Coton, Derby*

Belmont (Staffordshire) : September 9, 1792.

My dear Aunt,—I received a letter last week from my dear Aunt de Bode. The poor dear Baron has been in a most dreadful situation—indeed any one but him (who has such wonderful presence of mind) must have been killed. He was one day, at ten o'clock in the morning, by himself in his own room [at Soultz] when, all of a sudden, he heard a great noise in the passage, and on the staircase violent swearing—'Where is the rogue the master of the house? We will kill him! He shall die by our hands! He is a nobleman, he is an aristocrat, and a Catholic; he shall not live!' His first movement was to seize his arms, which were all prepared, and to defend himself; but on looking out at the window and seeing that there were a hundred more of the Guard National there, he judged that the first gun fired would be a signal for a general carnage, and perhaps burning and destroying all they had, therefore he preferred to meet them unarmed. On his

coming out of his room he was attacked by eight of the National Guard; one held a pistol at his breast, two others with uplifted sabres over his head and two taking aim at him with charged guns armed with bayonets, while two attacked him with picks, disputing with one another which should kill him. He, with his great coolness and firmness (which he has more of than anybody I ever heard of), defended himself with his hands, struck aside the different arms—after which he said—'Gentlemen, there must be some mistake. Where is the cause of this hostile treatment?' They said to him: 'You have said that all the Guard National should be murdered in twenty-four hours, and whoever has said that shall die by our hands.' He said, 'Do you know the person?' 'Yes, we do.' 'Look me well over then. Am I the person who has said this?' 'No, no! But that does not signify, and we will kill you!' He talked with them in his firm way for some time, never showing the least fear of them. Making all these eight go downstairs with him, he threw himself into the midst of all the other bloodthirsty devils below, in order to hinder their firing on him. At length, what with persuasion and the arrival of three of their officers, one of whom knew him by having perchance been one of the number of the troops that he regaled at the first federation (I believe I have told you that he gave a grand breakfast to a troop of the National Guard as they passed through Soultz. I remember he said then it would do him good some time), this scene had lasted near three-quarters of an hour, when with great difficulty they all went away. The wonderful Baron returned quietly upstairs and finished some letters he had begun, ate his dinner in great tranquillity, and at six in the evening ordered the carriage and went off to Haguenau to a friend of his, where he stayed also the next day. But the next evening another troop of *Gardes Nationales* passing by Haguenau threatened that that night they would murder all the

Aristocrats there, so that the Baron and his friends were obliged by prudence to sleep in another house, that they should not know where to find them. The next day he found means to get over the Rhine in a three-board boat, and got safe to Baden and sent for my poor dear Aunt.¹ [From Gernsbach.]

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She says she heard that the day after the Baron left Haguenau the National Guard went into the Capuchin's Church there in the time of Divine Service, and murdered all the priests and people in the Church where it was permitted for the Non-conformist priests to go to—that is those that would not take the oath the National Assembly would force upon them.

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¹ Madame de Bode says in the French copy of her *Récit d'Aventures*, that on receiving the news: 'J'étais comme une personne dépourvue d'intelligence. Le Grand Bailli, Monsieur Lassolez, qui ne voulait pas me laisser partir seule, monta en voiture avec moi. L'après-midi . . . tous les habitants qui avaient un cheval ou une voiture arrivèrent à Baden, inquiets de savoir ce qui était arrivé à mon mari, qui était aimé de tous ceux qui le connaissaient. . . . Comme on avait persuadé à mon mari d'aller faire une visite au Prince de Condé, qui était à trois lieues de Baden, il avait jugé nécessaire de me faire venir, mais réflexion faite, il y renonça, car comme tout ce qui se passait à Baden était su en France, il craignit d'offusquer le parti vainqueur. Il jugea alors prudent de rester quelques mois à Gernsbach.'

CHAPTER XV

HORRORS AND ALARMS

1792

Wagons with guillotines parade the streets in France—Passengers instantly beheaded if tolerably well dressed—Jourdan head of the criminal judges—The cut-throat of Avignon—King and queen hitherto wonderfully preserved—Rewards for murdering crowned heads—Husband and son take the baths at Baden—Winning a lawsuit—Asphalt works progress—Difficulties of living—News of September massacres in Paris—Princesse de Lamballe's head carried on a pike—The combined armies hitherto victorious—Duke of Brunswick and King of Prussia—Imprudence of French *émigrés*—Narrow escape of Harry—Victories and losses—Constant alarms.

Madame de Bode to Mrs. Adderley.

[Gernsbach, Baden] September 7, 1792.

Good God! My dear Sister, in what a time do we live! What scenes of horror, of inquiry, of cruelty! . . . When publick laws authorise murder, when, in the middle of the day, publicly in the streets of the great towns in France (authorised by their infernal laws), Waggon with Machines upon them for cutting off of heads parade through the streets, and the passengers, if tolerably dressed without it being known who they are, are adjudged aristocrats, thrown upon the machine, and, without any form or process, instantly beheaded, and those of the rabble that choose it allowed to wash their hands in the blood! . . . But the French at this time are like or even worse than mad dogs—the Churches profaned, rapes committed on the very altars, murders in the time of Divine Service in their Churches! Those that are of

their own party are not much more safe, for, if overpowered, they are obliged to surrender and are treated by their charming friends as traitors, their estates seized, their homes destroyed, and their names publicly branded with infamy. . . . Only think—they have put at the head of the Criminal Judges the very man that at a public meeting at Strasbourg had the audacity to propose to murder all the Nobility and Clergy, and have not allowed any appeal from his judgments which are to be executed on the spot; and that the same man Jourdain,¹ the cut-throat, who, in the South of France and Avignon, was guilty of so many atrocities, half-murdering innocent people and burying them alive by hundreds together,² is placed at the head of one of their troops, and is perhaps at this moment devastating Alsace: for he was expected hourly a week ago at Haguenau with his worthy followers. I fear very deeply for the King and Queen. Hitherto most wonderfully God has protected their precious days. All is possible with God, which appears the only support they can have in this dreadful

¹ 'Jourdan—coupe-tête, copper-faced carbuncled swollen Jourdan.'—*Carlyle*.

² 'Aristocrats male and female are haled to the Castle (Avignon); lie crowded in subterranean dungeons there, bemoaned by the hoarse rushing of the Rhone; cut out from help. So lie they; waiting inquest and perquisition. Alas, with a Jourdan Headsman for Generalissimo, with his copper-face grown black . . . the inquest is likely to be brief. . . . Close by is the dungeon of the *Glacière* or Ice Tower: there may be deeds done—for which language has no name! Darkness and the shadow of horrid cruelty envelopes these Castle Dungeons—that *Glacière* tower: clear only that many have entered, that few have returned. . . . Be the mystery of iniquity laid bare, then! A Hundred and Thirty Corpses of men, nay of women and even children (for the trembling mother, hastily seized, could not leave her infant), lie heaped in that *Glacière*, putrid under putridities: the horror of the world. For three days there is mournful lifting out, and recognition; amid the cries and movements of a passionate southern people, now kneeling in prayer, now storming in wild pity and rage: lastly, there is solemn sepulture with muffled drums, religious requiem, and all the people's wail and tears. Their Massacred rest now in holy ground; buried in one grave.'—*Carlyle*.

moment. . . . They have now decreed very great rewards to those who will murder the King of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, and most of the great Generals, with a particular sum for the head of each. Also they have sent out 1,200 banditi, giving to each man fifty guineas to murder all to whom they please to give the name of Tyrant in the whole world, so that no one is safe in any part of the world. . . . If we all fall, I fear, my dear Sister, England will soon be in the same dreadful case, for there are no means left untried to corrupt all other countries in the same manner. Prudence demands all other Governments to be on their guard.

'Tis now the 13th, and we have not yet heard a word from home. My good Husband and Clem are gone to bathe a fortnight in the warm bath at Baden. I hope it will be of service to them both, although 'tis late in the year for a warm bath. For my part, I have been so subject to coughs since I have been here, that my lungs are much weakened. I drink seltzer water for it, grow thin, sleep very little, but am not otherwise ill. . . .

We have got the better in the lawsuit we were unjustly drawn into about our Asphalt¹ (with *Madame La Bel*). We work it again at present, and when once quiet is re-established (if it please God that should ever be), one man alone undertakes to take off our hands of that commodity five thousand guineas; but these confused times tie our hands down, and, with such a charming prospect of prosperity, we find ourselves glad to live upon the produce of what we can sell of trifles that we brought with us. . . . Notwithstanding my very even temper and, in general, coolness for everything, the great disorders and the uncertainty how things will turn out—whether, if we escape with our lives, we shall escape with our property—make me sometimes almost

¹ At Soultz.

melancholy. . . . 'Tis very hard! But nothing appears so hard as my brother's unnatural unkindness to me, notwithstanding I do what I can to forget it. However, I will not dwell on that subject, which but too often escapes from my pen and from my thoughts. I do not care to talk of it to my children, as I wish them to be ignorant of his unjust unkindness, and as to my Husband I dare not mention my Brother's name before him. My dear Auguste's very kind attentions to me ought to make me forget all misfortunes, indeed, my dear Sister, yours and your dear husband's kind solicitude for us is a great consolation.

Think to what excesses they are got in Paris! The third of this month the populace were permitted (for Pethion, the Mayor, notwithstanding he pretends to put a stop to all excesses, underhand eggs them on) to enter all the prisons and murder all the prisoners on pretence of being under the sanction of the nation. 'Tis said eight thousand fell victims that night to the blind rage of the populace, among whom was the Princess of Lamballe, one of the Queen's ladies, who had had the resolution to continue still with her unfortunate mistress. They cut off her head, which they carried on a pike, and dragged her body through the street, and particularly before the prison where the Queen is confined.¹

Hitherto the arms of the combined Armies have been victorious, several towns taken.² But the King

¹ These awful details from Paris reached Madame de Bode in Baden very rapidly.

² The whole of the Allied Army, 118,000 strong, had entered France (July 20), and advanced against the line of fortresses which covers the Eastern frontier of the kingdom, unopposed by the French troops, who, though more than equally numerous, were ill-officered and ill-disciplined, and paralysed besides by the news of the events in Paris. Longwy surrendered (August 28). Verdun shared the same fate (September 2), and the campaign might have been at once decided either by a rapid march on Paris or an attack on the headquarters at Sedan (where Lafayette, on learning the Parisian massacres of August 10, had deserted his camp and taken refuge in the Austrian

of Prussia¹ and the Duke of Brunswick² are both of them too experienced generals to suffer their intentions to transpire—in which they do very right. If the whole party had been so prudent from the beginning, they would now have been much more advanced, for the French—all of them always imprudent—could not help talking beforehand of the schemes they intended to undertake, by which means all their intentions have ever failed—I mean the Emigrants.³ Nothing can be more imprudent than their behaviour wherever they are. Not all the terrible lesson this unfortunate Revolution has given them, it cannot get the better of their natural frivolity. . . .

Adieu, my dearest Sister. Ever yours most affectionately.

My children kiss your hands and desire their love to their cousins. I hope my Brother will have more

lines). But the unaccountable delays of the allied generals enabled the Republican forces under Dumouriez to make a stand. (See next letter.) (*Alison*.)

¹ Frederick William II., a king not deserving of many compliments.

² Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, had highly distinguished himself in the service of Frederick the Great. At the commencement of the French Revolution, he took the command of the Prussian and Austrian forces intended for the liberation of Louis XVI., but the violence of the imprudent manifesto which bore his name, and which, however, he is said to have regretted, seemed only to infuriate the French and stimulate the Republican army under Dumouriez. The ill-success of his expedition caused him to resign the command. He was the father of the imprudent Queen Caroline, wife of George IV. He was killed at the battle of Auerstädt in 1806.

³ 'These aristocratic refugees were at that time in very hopeful spirits. They looked forward with certainty to a triumphal march into France, and to regaining their family estates and privileges. This confidence rendered them arrogant, improvident and recklessly extravagant. The effects produced on the minds of the German people by the conduct of the Emigrants along the whole course of the Rhine should not be overlooked in the consideration of subsequent events; for it was one of the reasons why the Revolutionary Armies were so well received when they entered those countries.'—*Louisa, Queen of Prussia: and Varnhagen von Ense*.

comfort at Loxley than he used to have in former times. Notwithstanding his uncommon hard-heartedness against me, I can't help wishing him well.

To Miss Kynnersley

[Gernsbach] October 8, 1792.

I wrote to Sister Adderley the 13th of last month in which I acquainted you that Harry¹ was arrived safe to us [from Soultz] after some perils and difficulties. Some of the party that came over with him, but had taken another road (not to appear too many together), very narrowly escaped being hanged. The rabble that stopped them cried 'À la Lanterne,' and had already prepared ropes; but as 'twas only women and children they let them go at last, but forbidding them to cross the Rhine, and charging them to return to Haguenau, gave them a pass to return there, and took their other pass away that authorised them to cross the Rhine. Notwithstanding all which they found means to evade and pass over in the night. Since my last letter our coachman also very cleverly contrived to escape with a carriage and four horses that he brought safe to us here. To-day we have letters again from Soultz. Charles² is still there. They are tolerably quiet at present, but they threaten to treat us as Emigrants, and the Municipality to sell all our personality. I dare say thirty waggons would not be able to carry off what we have in that house. Think! All our household linen that we have been ever since we married a-gathering together, most of my husband's clothes, some of mine, and much of our linen is still there. All our charming collection of books—'tis grievous to think on!—I hope they will not do it; but if they do, and the Combined Army gets the better, according to the Duke's³ Manifesto they will be obliged to make it good to us again; but 'tis not the same thing.

¹ The second son.

² The third son.

³ Of Brunswick.

Gare to them that venture to *buy* such things after the declarations that have been made! But goods and chattels are not so easily found again. . . . The Duke of Brunswick has gained a great victory over the Patriots near Chalons,¹ and by this time must be on his way to Paris; but a troop of the Patriots² have been and plundered Spire, and are gone to plunder Worms and Mayence³—perfect *Banditi*; and wherever they come open all the prisons and let loose the culprits, which makes every one afraid almost of going out for fear of being robbed or murdered. We hope to be unmolested here in regard to the National Guard not venturing to cross the Rhine here at present, as we have now Austrian troops again to defend us, and hope we shall not again be abandoned. One hears from every quarter nothing but people flying from one place to another—nothing but night expeditions; tis shocking to think on this damp cold weather. A poor old priest of our

¹ 'Dumouriez was outflanked by the Austrians at Croix-au-bois (September 15), and a panic seized the French, 10,000 of whom were routed at Vaux; and it was with difficulty Dumouriez effected an orderly retreat to Sainte-Ménéhould, near Châlons-sur-Marne. He was followed by the Allies under the Duke of Brunswick, who, crossing the Aube, interposed themselves between the French Army and Paris. No decisive advantage, however, resulted in either side by the ensuing engagement at Valmi. The dilatory movements of the Allies at this juncture are partly to be explained by a secret negotiation which Dumouriez was carrying on with the King of Prussia, whom he contrived to amuse with delusive hopes of his espousing the Royal cause. In the meantime, in spite of repeated orders from the Convention to march for the protection of Paris, he maintained his post at Sainte-Ménéhould till the ravages of disease in the Allied ranks, and the refusal of the English and Dutch to join the coalition, determined the invaders to retreat. An Armistice was accordingly concluded (September 29), in virtue of which the Allied Armies restored Longwy and Verdun, and were allowed to retire unmolested, having suffered little by the sword, but having lost one-fourth of their number by fever and dysentery.'—*Alison*.

² Under General Custine, who captured Mayence, October 21. The 'Patriotes,' being afterwards dissatisfied with his failure to hold what he had won, recalled him to Paris, where he was guillotined.

acquaintance (Maryanne knows him, the Prior of Bibelsheim) was in such a fright a week ago he flew to a wood, where he passed the night up to his middle in a morass, into which in his hurry he fell. . . .

October 7.—Fresh alarms. [They proved to be false.] The news of this morning is that the Patriots have changed their plan, and, we fear, are going to fall upon this country (Baden). I have been packing up all the morning. But where to go? For almost everywhere they will not receive one. [The *émigrés* had made themselves disliked in Germany.] I begin to think sometimes that Death would be a consolation, and that we cannot but change for the better. But when reflection takes place I have a horrible idea of being murdered and mangled. Think! At Paris they have cut the flesh off some people while living, chopped and pounded it, and eat it. What a sensation to see people eating a part of one! . . . Our Court in this Country are again in flight. I hear 'tis the second time within this week. Auguste is going to Baden, and another gentleman to Raastadt, to see how things are going on. Within this half-hour are arrived three waggons full of *caisses*, which I believe our Prince (The Margrave) has sent here. Perhaps they think this place safer than another. Helas! What a confusion! . . . But to change the subject. I must tell you our two eldest boys have received their first Sacrament to-day. When they returned from church, they both came with tears in their eyes and begged my pardon for all they had ever done to disoblige me in their lives. I must own it touched me so much you will easily believe I could not help joining my tears of tenderness with theirs. Yes, my dear Kitty, what Clem obtained from the Prince of Hohenlohe was the safety of his father's person and of our possessions in case the Army came that way. We have got the same promise also from the Duke of Brunswick. Notwithstanding all the alarms we always hope to spend the winter in France.

CHAPTER XVI

A DECREE OF THE REPUBLIC

1792-1793

Husband and sons return to France precipitately—Dread of confiscation—Madame detained by illness—Fear of being caught out of the country—The day of grace already passed—Hopes of a passport to return—Case of Lady Elizabeth Vitzthum—The last of the Mac-Carthys—Enormous riches of the Earls of Clancarty—Confiscated in the Irish Rebellion—Application to Sir Henry Cavendish—Madame returns to France—Cautious letter—Commercial prospects—A lull in the storm.

[Gernsbach, Baden]: November 11, 1792.

My dear Sister,—Since my last letter everything has changed very much. A decree has been made that all who were out of the land must be in the Republic¹ again by such a day or forever banished and all their goods and estates seized and sold; which caused my Husband and two eldest sons to return precipitately. I was obliged to be left behind with my five youngest children, being so exceedingly ill in bed of a bilious and putrid fever that it was impossible to transport me. I was seized three weeks ago. A fortnight I kept my bed and have not yet been out of my room, but hope to-day, if the weather is tolerably friendly, to persuade one of my neighbours to take me out airing a little (for Auguste has the horses with him). I am in the greatest trance for the situation, I am tied by the leg. One expects the Patriots every day. They

¹ The King had been deposed in August 1792.

hang or cut in pieces every one they find out of their country wherever they find them. I fear for my person and for my children, and I fear to return, because every one who returns after the day allowed (which is already passed) is in the case to be hanged upon their setting foot in France—very hard and strict laws. But I have wrote to Auguste to send me if possible a *Sauvegard* from the General in case I should be found here, and a safe passport to return, in case I can return before they come here.

I fear all Europe is lost. They gain everywhere,¹ lay whole countries under the severest contributions, plant their Government and system, and make the People Master, which you may be sure pleases the class which is the most numerous. . . . The French Nobility are indeed much to be pitied; though they acted so inconsiderately everywhere that they have taken away the pity one would otherwise have had for them; and many—great many—so unwisely foisted themselves without necessity, into the Armies against their Country, and by that means have put it out of their power to reconcile themselves with their country. At present, happy those who have, prudently enough, acted so as not to have entered into anything, but kept neuter! We at present feel the good effects of Auguste's prudence and moderation. . . . I only wish that I was safe over the water (in France) for I believe at this moment France is the quietest place to be in, for one is sure no where else. . . . At present my letters must be more circumspect. The first most probably that you will have from me will be from Wiessembourg [France, about eight miles from Soultz], for Auguste will take a house there for the winter, as neither he nor I choose to expose ourselves to the same scene that passed at our house [at Soultz] three months ago. Direct your letters as

¹ Savoy and Nice had been occupied by the French in September, and Belgium had just been occupied (November 6) by Dumouriez.

you used to do to Bergzabern [Germany] and make use of no title, as we are to forget if possible that we ever had father or mother. . . . My poor Auguste—I think him much broke by these constant cares and distresses. . . . Harry went quite alone, and thirty miles round about to avoid dangers, rode his papa's mare and conducted a young filly with him—was to take care of both. . . . I was surprised to hear you speak of the Harvest still—all harvest has been in here at least three months. At Bergzabern if the good Patriots had not almost eat all our grapes we should have had a good vintage. . . .

My dear Sister, you see Sir Henry Cavendish often: will you be so good as to talk with him about Lady Elizabeth Vitzthum? She was the daughter of a Macarty, Earl of Clancarty, in Ireland, who was banished Ireland in the Rebellion,¹ and all his estates, which were immense, were confiscated. 'Tis a Roman Catholic family, and known to all the great Roman Catholics in England. Her mother, Lady Clancarty,² whom I knew very well, but who has been dead these two or three years, was intimate with the Cliffords, Giffards,³ Petres, &c., &c., &c. The Mother of Lady Cecilia Johnstone⁴ (Lady de la Warr) was sister to Lord Clancarty. I wrote to her and to Mrs. Lyel⁵ (whose daughter you know married the young Lord de la Warr). Lord de la

¹ Grand-daughter—her father was Robert MacCarthy, fifth Earl of Clancarty (peerage extinct), who, on Sir Robert Walpole's refusing to restore him to his father's earldom, deserted to France, and resided for many years at Boulogne-sur-Mer on a pension of 1,000*l.* per annum. He died in 1770. His father, Donogh, fourth Earl of Clancarty, had forfeited, on account of his adhesion to James II., the immense estates of the family equivalent at this day to 200,000*l.* per annum.

² Lady Clancarty was a Miss Plyer, of Gosport.

³ Giffards of Chillington.

⁴ Lady Cecilia Johnston, wife of General James Johnston, colonel of the Enniskillen Dragoons, was daughter of John, first Earl De la Warr, by Charlotte, daughter of Donogh, fourth earl of Clancarty.

⁵ Mrs. Lyel, wife of Henry Lyel, Esq., of Bourn Court, Cambridge

Warr and Lady Cecilia Johnstone own her for their relation, but don't know how to apply to get anything for her, and say that she ought to apply to some one who is well acquainted with Ireland to assist her—I thought perhaps Sir Henry Cavendish¹ could help her—he certainly knows everything that belongs to Ireland. Her father's estate was a hundred thousand pounds a year, for he was at the head of one of the clans in Ireland. She says she knows the estate is for ever lost, but she has been much persuaded to apply, since the laws in favour of the Catholics, in order to get something. She says she believes that if a proper application was made to the Court she would most likely be indemnified by a pension. At least such is the idea of several people who press her not to let slip this moment in which our misfortunes are such that the very French who fly to England for refuge are not only well received, but even subscriptions are made to support those who have nothing. Poor thing, her father, when he made his escape at the time of the Rebellion,² carried off with him to the value of two hundred thousand pound, but, foolishly living in a very extravagant way in France, lived to spend the greatest part of it, brought up his children in the greatest luxury, which makes the thing yet so much the harder. She married a Baron de Vitzthum, whom by this Revolution has lost all that he had in France.³ If it

¹ Receiver-General for Ireland.

² It was Lady Elizabeth Vitzthum's grandfather, not father, who forfeited his immense estates in the Rebellion. Her father lived extravagantly in France.

³ It was but a generation or two earlier in this family that an ancestress—another Madame de Vitzthum—had, by her acquisitive faculty and adroit management, amassed twelve large estates, on which she built magnificent palaces. She had immense influence at the Court of Augustus of Saxony, and 'had pushed her husband into the Great Chamberlainship of that principality, and even into the Cabinet itself.'—*Baron Haithausen and Edinburgh Review; Vohse's Court of Saxony.*

would be possible to procure her a pension on the Irish Establishment it would be a great act of charity . . . She is the last remaining of her family, for her two Brothers though young died a few years ago, and her sister only last year. She was Lady Cecilia Bayard, and was a god-daughter of Lady Cecilia Johnston's. Mary Anne Sneyd knows Madame de Vitzthum, and did also know Madame de Bayard. See what Sir Harry says about it.

Madame de Bode now succeeded in returning to France with her little children, and joined her husband and the rest of the family at Wiesenbourg, where the Baron had taken a house for the winter in order to be near his property without actually residing at Soultz. The following is the only letter preserved during this winter, spring, and summer of 1793, the whole of which time they were living at Wiesenbourg;¹ and it is clear that (as Madame suggests) the other letters written at this time did not reach the hands of those for whom they were intended. Meanwhile there seems to have been a lull in the troubles, on the eve of the 'Reign of Terror,' and of the final outburst which drove them from their home.

Wiesenbourg: January 8,² 1798.

. . . . We are in so very critical a moment that I dare not venture to say one word upon publick affairs, and in the present state it is possible my letters may not reach your hands. If that should be the case I beg of you not to alarm yourselves. . . . I will continue to write—perhaps some of my letters may have better luck than others. We have very cold weather—everything excessively dear—we rejoice that we have a good provision of potatoes which we hope will keep us from dying of hunger. . . . As for our

¹ Wiesenbourg, French; Weissenburg, German.

² The King was executed on the 21st of this month.

private affairs, when once peace and quiet are established, you will see us very flourishing. . . . Our tar is extremely fat, . . . and as we have gained our lawsuit at every Court I hope we shall soon sell a great deal of that. . . . For the salt—we have made 1,200 Malters this year. We should nearly have doubled it had we had money enough to buy iron for another pan. The iron necessary for that purpose being out of the limits of France—the difficulty of passing money out of France in the present circumstances has determined the forge not to deliver the iron. . . . We have now improved the source so much that we have water sufficient (for a larger undertaking). The building to place the pan in is already nearly finished. . . . Our coal work goes on very well. . . . My health has not yet been thoroughly established since my putrid fever, but I am much better since I changed the air. . . .

CHAPTER XVII

THE REIGN OF TERROR

1798

Iniquitous lawsuit—Ignorant judges—Liberty there is none—Every one forced to serve—Baron takes jalap—Ill five weeks—Plot to kill him—Friendly warning—Hides—Tribunal at Strasbourg—'N.B.—No one ever comes from there'—Escape—A fervent prayer—A long conflict—Madame decides to fly with Clem and Harry—For dear life—Safe at last.

THERE is now a gap of eight months in the letters, during which time the Reign of Terror¹ has begun, in June 1793. After hairbreadth escapes the Baron and his wife have fled for their lives, but have not as yet given up all hope of returning to their Alsatian home in better times. Such a prospect, however, must depend upon the successes or defeats of the Allied Armies. The Baroness has now taken refuge in Germany with an old friend, the Reigning Count of Wartemberg, from whose hunting-box at Fischbach she writes the following thrilling account of her recent adventures:—

Fischbach: September 29, 1798.

chez Monsieur le Comte Regnant de Wartemberg:
près de Neustadt an die Hardt,
Allemagne, fro Cologne.

I told you in one of my letters in the winter that they had insisted upon our returning into France if we would not be declared emigrants. We thought it our duty to our children to protect our property as long as possible, and which, but for this cruel revolu-

¹ The Reign of Terror dates from June 1793 to July 1794.

tion, was in a most prosperous state (we reckon that the losses we have had by one means or another, but particularly a great deal in *Assignats*, is at least 200,000 livres . . . our actual possessions being worth a million). Soon after our arrival our neighbour, Madame le Bel,¹ jealous of our tar-works, stirred heaven and earth against us to have us declared emigrants. The affair was so iniquitous that the district of Wiessembourg, the Minister of State, and the Commissaries of the Convention themselves gave it always in our favour; but by her intrigues and bribery she held the department of Strasbourg always without rhyme or reason against us; for you must not suppose that though they make laws they keep to them, for if they did we could never lose our cause. But all decisions go after the caprice of those that judge; and our judges for the most part are ignorant low fellows: cobblers, shoemakers, watchmakers, bakers. Many hardly know how to write or read. In this uncertain state our affairs have remained many months. We thought that, ashamed of the iniquity of the thing, they had let it drop. You must know that to defend ourselves the Baron and I had made two journeys to Strasbourg, and Clem at least half a dozen besides—twice we were obliged to send people to Paris on purpose, and keep them there a long time at great expense. The whole time we have suffered every humiliation, every vexation possible, degraded from our nobility, my husband disarmed, declared incapable of possessing any places, either in state, civil, or military (because he had been born noble), ordered out as a common soldier, as a guard of the vineyards and corn, and to attend and work the fire-engines; I, in the case to be called on hourly to serve the wounded in the hospitals, to make tents, and to make shirts for these delightful Guard National. We never durst speak but in a whisper,

¹ Who had tar works of her own in the neighbourhood.

never went out anywhere for fear of being suspected of some intrigue—not allowed to have a horse, or to have a sack of corn or flour in the house under pain of confiscation, and when we wanted bread, none to be had ! We were once four days without a bit of bread in the house—fourteen people of us ; and without the help of some good friends who assisted us with it, we must have died of hunger. Liberty there is none. Equality there is enough, for every one are beggars. About six weeks ago the mass of people were all obliged to rise and present themselves before the cannon of the Germans. They had no regard either to age, health, fathers of families, or any reason whatever—every one forced out. Some who made resistance were shot, others they seized all they had, burnt and destroyed their houses, and turned their wives and children naked on the wide world. My poor dear Auguste, determined not to go out with them, put himself to bed,¹ took jalap for two days together in order to make believe he had the dysentery ; but he overdid the thing—had almost ruined his health by it, and became so weak and ill for five weeks he hardly ate anything at all. He looks so old, what with grief and altogether, that you would not know him. I must say our spirits are

¹ Later she wrote : 'The doctors were obliged to give an account of their invalids, and our own doctor, knowing how painful it would be to my husband, who was convalescent (he had been ill), to submit to this rule, had placed him upon the list of serious illnesses as having the dysentery. He came in all haste to our house to make my husband go to bed immediately, and to send for the remedies suitable for this malady in order to avoid suspicion. In the afternoon the most strict search was made in every family. Three weeks afterwards I was sitting by the window, and I saw five armed men coming towards our house. My husband was then really ill. Scarcely had I made the room as dark as possible, when five men entered without ceremony. The man who was at the head of them approached the bed, and seeing the look of suffering on my husband's face, wished him a swift recovery, and retired promptly with the four others. This visit, however, had so terrified me, that the next day I found two great patches of white on each side of my head, which I have kept ever since !'

much broken under a continual rod of iron. They wanted to force Clem and Harry to take up arms, but we hid a year of their age. Clem we were glad notwithstanding to place in the *Etat Majeur* as *Géographe Dessinateur* to the Army, which was a pretty place and where he ran no risk, and as he draws very prettily and speaks the different languages he served them as interpreter, and they were very glad to have him. But about twelve or fourteen days ago the district wrote Auguste a letter, wherein he was ordered under the shortest delay to answer decisively as to his Emigration. He really quite ill, I ran about for him, to consult what was to be done. They told me he must answer, and see to get a favourable decision from Paris, and gave me hopes that we had a month's time to turn us in—*point de tout*. Wednesday, the 18th of this month, a friend let us know that we had not a moment to lose, that we must huddle on the Baron's things and get him out of the house as soon as we could. You may suppose we were nimble. We hid him first in a cellar, and afterwards in a garret full of hay at a poor man's. He was hardly half an hour out of the house and scarcely was I seated at the table with my family and our 'Patriot' Officers, when I heard a knocking at the door of the Court. On looking out of the window I saw it was two *Gendarmes*. . . . I summoned then all my courage and went down to meet them, without knowing what I should say. I had only time to raise a cry of agony to God, who had so often preserved us in other dangers, and I prayed Him to put into my mouth the words suitable to preserve the precious life of my dear husband. They greeted me with a 'Good morning, *Citoyenne*, and where is the *Citoyen* Bode?' I, with a great deal of resolution, composed my face and told them that, having a dispute with the department at Strasbourg, and by chance finding a waggon that was going there, he had profited of it, and was gone off in the morning

to manage his affairs himself. They told me they were very glad to hear it, as they were sorry to tell me they had orders to take him by force to Strasbourg to put him into the Criminal Tribunal there. N.B.—No one ever comes from there—in twenty-four hours the head is off. You may suppose the prodigious fright and uneasiness all this gave me. I durst not see him more, as the same friends that advertised us let me know to be monstrously on my guard, for that there were spies placed all about our house, to watch every movement that we should make. Besides which we had two of the Army lodged at our house, and who ate at our table with us. I returned to the dining-room without any one paying any attention to my absence, each one thought I had carried my husband's dinner as usual to him in bed. I even forced myself to eat with the rest. Our officers suspected nothing, and by the precaution I took to keep the door of my husband's room locked, on the pretence that he was asleep, I was able to keep the thing concealed another day and a half. However, as I feared that in prolonging this error our patriot officers would accuse us of hiding him in our house, I announced to the children that their father had gone to Strasbourg. My husband remained two days in the hay. As a window of the mason's house looked on to a little garden opposite one of our own, I profited by this opportunity to establish a correspondence with my husband through the mason. Great precautions were necessary, as the windows of several other masons looked on to the same garden. Seeing the danger increase every day I entreated my dear husband to fly, and to put aside all affection for me and the children, and to think only of his own safety, promising him that as soon as I knew him out of danger I would save all I could. At last he yielded to my entreaties, and with the assistance of the good mason, who procured him a guide to traverse the forest and the Vosges mountains, he went off on the

Friday morning, the 20th September. Disguised in a night-cap, and on the top a great round hat which almost covered his face, he passed out of the town with a troop of cows, as if he was their keeper, with a great stick in hand, which the mason had given him.¹ Having thus passed the sentinels unperceived, he crept into the vineyards, and then soon saw his guide, who walked on in front, pretending not to see him. His guide left him as soon as he had seen him safe beyond the French outposts, and came back the same day to Wiessembourg, bringing me some lines from my dear Husband written in pencil. He was so fatigued he was near fainting twenty times, but, thank God, he has escaped and his health gets better. As soon as I knew him out of danger I then began to think for myself and children. The two eldest and I were in the case also to have been declared Emigrants, whenever they would, much more so than Auguste—and the head is the price of that—also they might declare us accomplices of Auguste's flight. I did not know what to resolve on. Should I stay—we should all most probably be guillotined. Should I go—I must abandon my poor dear little children; and if I was taken in my flight—instant death! The guide absolutely refused to take my young children, declaring that none of us could carry them, and that if any of them cried or spoke we should be discovered and lost.

I prayed fervently to our good God to guide me in the path I ought to choose. After a long conflict I determined to follow the fate and footsteps of my dear Husband with my two eldest sons, and leave the five little ones to the care of their maid. Charles is at Soultz. After the resolution taken I became quite calm. I hid everything I could. The furniture I was obliged to abandon. I left what money I could

¹ Years afterwards she wrote: 'I always keep this stick out of remembrance.'

to the girl to take care of the children. She has promised me never to leave them. I did not embrace my dear little children. I had not the courage to take leave of them, nor tell them the step I was going to take, for fear of this discovering us. I saw death before us if we were discovered. And thus on Sunday, the 22nd, I, Clem, Harry, and a trusty servant (Jacob)¹ and a guide, by different gates of the town, and different ways, began our pilgrimage. We had twenty-seven miles to go, over at least six mountains which were so steep I was obliged to stop every six or seven minutes to take breath, and to slip down the mountain places where nothing but goats could think of going. By this means, leaving the town where the headquarters of the French Army were, we passed all the foreposts at the hazard of our lives. The thick woody mountains hid us, but we heard the guns go off perpetually right and left, which lightened from time to time my weary steps. Nothing could be more romantic and wild than the way we went—amazing rocks, woods, valleys and hills. . . . Not one of us dared to say a word, hardly to breathe for fear of being heard . . . a deadly cold and sweat came over me. Several times I did not think I should have been able to have gone through with it, and had not our good trusty Jacob been with us I don't believe I ever should. At the end of twenty-one miles I got a cart, and the way becoming passable I got into it and thought myself in Heaven. I was then also out of danger of the French, and already in the foreposts of the Prussians, who were very kind and civil to us. To come over the hills we kept no path, as in all the paths we run risk of meeting foreposts. We were very near at one place being at the same time with the French Patrole.

¹ Jacob was miserable at being separated from his good master, and, being determined to follow, left his wife, whom he called 'une patriote dangereuse,' behind without regret.—*Récit d'aventures MSS.*

The next day I took another cart and came to Neustadt, where we found my dear Auguste quite rejoiced to see us arrive. Thank God we are now in safety.

The Count de Wartembourg, with whom Clem and Harry were so long last year, came to Neustadt the other day and insisted on our coming here to him. They have clothed me ; and the Baron waits at Neustadt to get things made for himself and boys, and to receive some money from General Heyman¹ (our friend that is with the King of Prussia), who, hearing of our miraculous escape, wrote to Auguste to tell him he would divide his purse with him, and would send him what he could by a friend that was going to Neustadt. When he has received that he comes to me here ; and from Hanau we intend going to Altenberg, where we think of spending the winter months with my Husband's sister, who is Lady Abbess there. We are not without hopes of having our little children. We have given the commission to the same man, if by any means he can get them off for us. If not, I hope the Barbarous Devils will do nothing to such poor little innocent creatures. All our friends that have not made their escape are imprisoned on one pretence or another. There are perhaps at this moment near a hundred thousand prisoners in France.

¹ 'Le Général Heyman, brillant officier de cavalerie' (française), had offered himself two years before (in 1791) to the Empress Catherine with the Marquis de Bouillé and other emigrants to join her army. But the Empress did not send a cordial answer (*Waliszewski*). It was Monsieur de Heyman who had conveyed Monsieur de Bode's letter of congratulation to Queen Frederica of Prussia in 1786.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHILDREN RESCUED BY ALLIED ARMIES

1798

Lines of Wissembourg taken—Prince Royal of Prussia—Prince of Condé—Prince of Waldeck—Würmer—Salm, Mirabeau, and Michaelivitz—Duke of Brunswick—Good kind Prince of Salm-Kirburg—Guards the children—Princess of Salm-Kirburg—Complete rout of Republicans—Prince of Salm-Salm—Will the Emperor take Alsace?—Hopes raised—Narrow escape of little Mary—M. Rosentritt and Madame Le Bel in chains—Prince of Leiningen—Guillotining at Strasbourg—Death of Queen of France—Whole families destroyed—Every one taking care for themselves.

Fischbach : October 17, 1798.

My dear Kitty,—Last Sunday the 13th, by God's assistance, the famous lines of Wissembourg were taken.¹ We heard here a violent cannonade the whole day, though ten leagues from Landau. 'Twas the Prince Royal of Prussia,² by a false attack,

¹ On the Rhine the Prussians had remained wholly inactive for two months after regaining Mayence, contenting themselves with watching the French in their lines at Wissembourg. Wearied at length by the torpor of his opponents, Moreau assumed the initiative, and attacked the Prussian corps at Permasin. This bold attempt was repulsed (September 14) with the loss of 4,000 men ; but it was not till a month later (October 18) that the Allies resumed the offensive, when the Wissembourg lines were stormed by a mingled force of Austrians and Prussians, and the French fled in confusion to Strasbourg. But this important advantage led to no permanent result, owing to disunion in the policy of the Allies, though the defeat of the Republicans was hailed by a Royalist movement in Alsace, which proved abortive.

² Afterwards the admirable and unfortunate King Frederick William III., father (by his beautiful and equally admirable Queen Louisa) of the Emperor William I. of Germany. Carlyle calls Frederick William III. 'a much enduring, excellent, though inarticulate, man.'

employed the garrison of Landau in order that they should not make a sally out of the town to fall on the back of the combined troops, which would have spoiled the whole attack. He therefore warmed them the whole time with a most violent bombardment. At the same time the Prince of Condé's army passed through the vineyards on the right of the hill by Bergzabern, came round by Berkenheit, and by that means (as well as I can learn of the affair) passed by the valley of Weiler behind Wissembourg and attacked the *armée patriote* in the flank. The Prince of Waldeck, who had passed the Rhine, re-passed it again at Seltz, and attacked the *armée patriote* in flank at the left end of the lines. At the same time Würmer's Army and the Corps of Salm and Mirabeau and Michaelivitz attacked in front, the Duke of Brunswick with the Prussians (who had already defeated the Patriots of the Moselle Army by Saarbruck, Deuxponts and Bliscastle) took Bitsche, and passed the mountains and came out somewhere by Soultz, all behind the Patriots of the Rhine Army at Wissembourg. The Prince of Salm wrote us word that they were already on horseback at one o'clock in the morning, had a most fatiguing day; at three o'clock in the afternoon he was still fasting; at six in the afternoon they entered victorious in Wissembourg. The people of Wissembourg cried out immediately 'Vive le roi! Vive l'Empereur!' Notwithstanding that there was a pillage, but not general. The good kind Prince of Salm, fatigued and harassed as he was, notwithstanding went himself to our house to see if our children were safe, and gave them a guard to take care of them and all that belonged to us. The Princess, his wife, is here with her brother, our kind benefactor. The Prince sent her an *estafette* immediately to quiet her alarms for him, and ours for our children. The Princess and I think of going, perhaps to-morrow or next day, together to see all that's going forward, if the Prince

does not come here. . . . Yesterday we heard that the Quarter General was at Soultz. I don't know where the Patriot Army is, whether at Brombt or Strasbourg. The Avant-garde of the Germans was, as we heard yesterday, either before or in the town of Haguenau—Haguenau is three leagues from Brombt. They claim that they have taken 136 cannons, much baggage, &c. &c., and many killed, many prisoners. The *déroute* has been complete. My Hub and Clem went off yesterday after dinner on horseback to see whether we may venture to return or no. If 'tis likely to be quiet for the winter we shall return. If not we shall continue on to Altenberg and pass the winter with my sister [in-law], for we have really need of quiet for our health and for our senses. 'Tis not to say what we have suffered! Such continual alarms, such dangers—but God has protected us and ordered all for the best. Had it not pleased God to alarm us (by that arrestation threatened on my dear Auguste) to take our flight we had certainly been massacred. Had not God, preserved us in that flight, we never could have got through all the dangers then menaced us. To Him is all the glory, all the praise. How happy have we been since to fall into hands of such kind consoling friends. I must say we have been the admiration of every one, having courage to put into execution so hazardous an enterprise. I always put my trust in God. He suffers the trials sometimes to be very great, but He can bring all back again, and more, as we see in the history of Job. We had lost all—even our children; we get all again, our children are well and in safety. The day after my departure the Nation sent to take me and to put the seals on all. I was gone, but everything else was sealed, even to the children's little pocket-handkerchiefs, and all would have been sold but for the report I had invented that we had gone to Paris. Therefore they waited to see whether I would come and lay my

claim or no. The German Army have laid the best claim for me, from which I trust there will be no appeal. I dare say the Duke of Brunswick is lodged in our house at Soultz. Charles Auguste is there. The Prince Louis Ferdinand¹ of Prussia has been here twice since we have been here. Perhaps he is also at Soultz, for he belongs to the Duke of Brunswick's Army. We had the Prince of Salm-Salm here for five days. He left us only yesterday. He is cousin of the Prince of Salm-Coburg,² who was our kind Protector at Wiessembourg. The King of Prussia left this part of the world but about a fortnight ago. They say that the Emperor takes Alsace in his own name, therefore we shall have the pleasure to become German again. If that is the case we shall be better than ever. Adieu.

Well may Madame de Bode have been jubilant at this prospect; but it was just this grasping policy on the part of Austria which excited the jealousy of Prussia and occasioned coolness and disunion among the Allies.

To her Niece Mary Anne Sneyd

Fischbach: October 31, 1798.

Since I wrote to Coton, my Good Man and Clem have been at Soultz and Wiessembourg and found everything in good order, and (what is very extraordinary) neither by the retreat of the Patriots nor the entry of the combined troops we lost sixpence value. Some trainers of the German troops in passing through Bergzabern broke our windows and doors there; but the Zig-zag has not suffered so much as one might expect, as it was just in the middle of the Combating Batteries. Poor dear little Mary was very near being shot by a Cannon ball. She was

¹ Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, brother of Frederick William II., the reigning King of Prussia.

² Salm-Kirburg.

standing at the window amusing herself with seeing the balls fly about. Harriet (the maid) begged her to come away from the window, which she had scarcely done when a ball entered at the very window and fell in the room by her. Harriet immediately took all the children to the other part of the house, where she thought she had them in great safety. Thank God no accident happened. The reason of the town being shot at and plundered was, the Commandant of the town had locked the doors and run away with the keys, and the Germans thought that they would not open the doors, so entered by an Escalade, which gives a town prize to the troops. Ah! my dear Maryanne, what a terrible thing is War. . . . My ears are become so accustomed to the Cannon that it seems to be always in them. For more than three months there have been few days that I have not heard them. While I was at Wiessembourg I was often so near as to hear the guns as well as the Cannon. These last four days the Prussians commanded Landau night and day. 'Tis twenty-eight miles from hence, but as the bird flies about eighteen, and though there are quantities of mountains between us, when the wind is not contrary we can distinguish every shot, and last night several times I perceived from that point faint lightning—as we suppose the firing of red-hot balls. I am afraid they will go to extremities, as one who commands therein was one of the garrison at Mayence and Metz, and was under the engagement of not serving against the combined troops for a year, but (against his honour) now finds himself engaged again against those very Prussians that took Mayence.¹ I am sorry

¹ The Prussians had recovered Mayence from the Patriots on July 22, after a prolonged siege. The survivors of the garrison to the number of 17,000 were released on condition of not again serving against the Allies. It was thereupon that Custine and Beauharnais, husband of Josephine (afterwards Napoleon's Empress), were recalled from their respective commands for want of success, and guillotined.

for Harriet's Father and Mother who live there. Else for everything that is Patriot I wish they may be utterly destroyed. If not all Europe must become as wild as Asia or Africa.

Mr. Rosentritt¹ and *Madame La Bel* were taken and put in chains by the Germans. The Prince Leiningen told me the other day that most probably Rosentritt would be hanged, but that he had well recommended him. 'Twill be what he deserves, for he has acted infamously by us²—an unparalleled insolence—and quite a ringleader among the Patriots. As for *Madame La Bel*, she is a violent Patriot also, and has been the cause of all our misfortunes, and (as one of the Generals assured Auguste the other day) had worked so hard to extinguish our family (I suppose for fear that when they grew up they might avenge our loss), that she had obtained leave to have all our children guillotined. I shudder when I think of it. The Nation had already seized all we had and had allowed about the value of thirteen or fourteen shillings a year for each child, which they call dividing with those that stay behind. . . . On the Sunday God had mercy on several poor victims, for the next day 200 more good people at Wiessembourg, and 300 at Haguenau, were to have been seized and dragged to Strasbourg, which town is full of poor people unjustly seized. 'Tis said that one day last week they guillotined fifty-three, perfectly innocent. . . .

Our good friend the Count of Wartemberg is vastly kind to us, and as we hope that Alsace will soon be safe for us, we wait patiently here till that moment.

¹ The De Bodes' agent at Soultz.

² Madame de Bode some years afterwards wished any remarks prejudicial to Mr. Rosentritt to be expunged from her letters.

You have doubtless heard the tragical end of the poor Queen of France. The Imperial troops are furious about it, and declare they will give no quarter to any Patriot. The rancour is terrible on both sides, and frightful horrors are committed every day, to which one unfortunately becomes so accustomed that one hears of whole families being destroyed, even one's friends and acquaintances murdered, almost with unconcern, so absorbed is every one in taking care for themselves not to fall into the same calamities.

CHAPTER XIX

FURTHER FLIGHTS

1798

Illness of Count of Warttemberg and Princess of Salm-Coburg—Another battle expected—Doubtful result—Prince Louis of Baden—Prince de la Trémouille—Flight to Mettenheim—A most bloody battle—French drunk like devils—Duke of Orleans's merited death—Marquise d'Herzelles's death—Flight to Convent of Altenberg—Beautiful situation—Conventual rules.

A MONTH later Fischbach had to be abandoned for a securer retreat. The next letter is from another castle of the Count of Warttemberg's :

Mettenheim : December 1, 1798.

Près de Worms, Palatinat, Allemagne.

It seems as if I was doomed to spend my life in fears and flight. This last month and more we were in constant alarms on account of the health of our good friends the Count and his Sister, the Princess of Salm, who was with us near two months at Fischbach—they were both so ill of fever, sore-throat, and rheumatism that some days we despaired of them. . . . Auguste and Clem left us a fortnight—are at Wiessembourg and Soultz. At the last place, as you may suppose, they have enough to do, as our good *Subjects* conform themselves with very ill will, being always in hopes the Patriots will come again to their assistance. Meanwhile, about ten days ago, the Prussian Army that was in Deux-Ponts retired back to Lantern, only two leagues from Fischbach. The Patriots followed them closely. A great battle was expected every day—nothing less sure than that

the Prussians would win; for the Patriots, like mad dogs, were determined to pierce through to raise the siege of Landau. Every day, every hour, became more critical. If the Patriots got the better we were all ruined and murdered. Our two friends were so ill we durst not tell them the danger we were in; but Mademoiselle Nebenius (a young friend that had been brought up in the family, and who takes care of the Count's house always and lives with him—a very good young woman) sent to this place (which is twelve leagues further off, near Worms, and where the Count has a fine family seat), for Waggon, for in the neighbourhood of the Army it was not possible to have one. All the furniture was packed off. The Prince Louis of Baden came—he in a certain manner prepared the Count to see the necessity of retiring from that neighbourhood; and the Prince de la Trémouille, a charming, beautiful young man, nephew to the Princess of Salm, came and spent a couple of days with us. He persuaded his Aunt to go to Mannheim, which she did, with the fever still on her, last Tuesday. The alarms of the Army became so alarming that on Thursday after dinner we could not resist longer; and the Count, his two Uncles, Mademoiselle Nebenius, and myself went off in two carriages, and Friday noon we arrived here, thank God, without any accident. Harry came here on horseback with the Count's riding horses. The Count begs I will stay the winter here, and send for Mary and Clementina. I don't know whether Auguste will rather that I stay or return to Wiessembourg—that will depend upon the appearance of quiet winter quarters or no. To-day we have the agreeable news that the Prussians have beat the Patriots extremely, and drove them five leagues back—a most bloody battle; but I shall be able to give you an account of it, as the Count has sent his head-huntsman to bring an exact account of the affair. The man is returned. A most prodigious

battle which lasted three days. The Patriots were 150,000 men strong and the Prussians at most 15,000 men and some Saxons. The Patriots attacked like furies, but were always repulsed. They say the Patriots left 15,000 dead; but one cannot calculate their loss because the two first days they carried off all their dead and wounded. The Prussians and Saxons lost about 1,500 men. The Patriots begged for pardon, but no quarter was given. Not more than two or three hundred prisoners. There were so many balls of all sorts and sizes that one could take them up by handfulls, and the man brought us some back with him. Think how lucky it was we went off when we did! For at one time the Patriots were but a couple of miles from us, and between us the Prussians. This has been the most bloody battle there has been on this side the campaign. The French were, as they always are when they begin a battle, all drunk like Devils. We expect to hear every day now that Landau is taken. The Imperialists have also beat the French very thoroughly at Phalsbourg. . . . If Strasbourg was taken we might hope to be quite quiet. I suppose they will hardly attempt that this winter.¹ We have heard that the Princess of Salm arrived safe at Manheim and is better since.

'Tis time I should thank you a thousand times for your very kind letter. I have read it, I believe, twenty times, and always cried with joy and gratitude. I wrote an account of it to my dear Auguste, who answered me in the following terms: 'What you tell me of your dear Sister's letter drew tears of gratitude and tenderness from me. What affection!

¹ The fact was that Austria, bent on conquest for herself, refused to occupy Strasbourg in the name of the infant King (Louis XVII.), while the jealousy of the Prussians had now become so evident, that it was only by the most vehement remonstrances of the Austrian Cabinet that they were prevented from seceding altogether from the league. *Alison.*

What a noble manner of thinking and acting! Tell them from me all that is possible of tenderness and acknowledgement, but you will be very clever if you can explain fully to them all my sentiments.' No, dear Sister, we never can forget your noble manner of acting by us! No, we never will certainly abuse or misuse your kindness to us. I am very happy you are all so well and so joyous. Happy England! You are in the right to enjoy your happiness, and God grant you may long enjoy it, and not be tempted by false appearances in search of an inexistent Liberty, to lose the really solid Liberty you possess! What dreadful wicked savages are these French become! How ignominiously have they killed their poor captive Queen! She may have had her faults, but she has terribly expiated them. . . . They are now going to assuage their rage upon the poor innocent children and the poor King's faithful Sister. Will not God punish such unheard-of cruelties? . . . No one was sorry that the Duke of Orleans¹ met the death he merited. My dear, good husband has had an affliction. About three weeks ago he heard of the sad death of his cousin, the Marchioness de Herzelles.² You know he was very much attached to her—she had brought him up. . . .

Altenberg: December 20, 1793.

(Direct to me:—

Au noble Chapitre d'Altenberg,³
près Wetzlar, par Frankfort am Mayn,
Fro Cologne, Allemagne.)

My dear Kitty,—I wrote to Sister Adderley the 3rd of the month from Mettenheim, to which place we had flown precipitately in the great alarm the Patriots gave us at Fischbach. We thought ourselves safe and quiet for the winter, and monstrous snug and comfortable we were. 'Tis a fine house

¹ 'Egalité.'

² Guillotined.

³ It will be remembered that the Baron's sister was Abbess of Altenberg.

and charmingly situated. We were not a fortnight there before the alarms begun in that neighbourhood ; and as all depends on the winning or losing of a battle, and as we know the French are always at least four times as strong in numbers, and notwithstanding that they do not know their art, yet they fight like devils . . . these circumstances alarm every one in the neighbourhood where they are. Everywhere where one turns one's eyes one sees nothing but people a-flitting from one place to another, and all the roads covered with waggons loaded with goods. So I took my resolution and packed myself off with Harry, and came to this place, ninety miles from Wartemberg's—great part abominable roads. (If I mistake not, 'tis in Voltaire's 'General History,' where Charles the XIIth of Sweden says that the worst roads that he found between Stockholm and Constantinople were from Friedberg to Butzbach, which road we could not avoid in our journey here, and which I believe has never been mended since that time.) Notwithstanding all, thank God, we got safe here after dark on Monday last, the 16th, found my Mother [in-law] here (who is come to spend the winter with her Daughter), and my Sister and all the Ladies here, rejoiced to see us, have given us the most hearty welcome. Judge of their astonishment to see us arrive in their refectory where all the *Chanoinesses* were assembled for supper ! They all look on me as one of their Sisters and treat me as such, and beg my dear Auguste will come with all the children and stay at least a year with them. I did not know what had become of my dear Auguste and the children till the day before I left Mettenheim ; he sent a servant to tell me that in the great confusion and alarm about that great battle at Kaiserslautern (which had driven us from Fischbach) he had saved himself with Clem from Soultz, and Felix and Fritz, in a waggon of clothes, linen, and some goods from Wiessem-

bourg, over the Rhine to Gernsbach, to our good friends the Drais there, and had left a carriage for Henriette¹ and Mary Josepha² with the rest of our children to follow him there; but the account arriving that the Prussians had gained the battle they did not go. But I have wrote to Auguste to beg he will send me all my children here, for I can't bear to be always absent from them and always in fears for their safety, and even if the French were always beat we should be in daily alarm that they might some day win. And then to be in the midst of troops is very unpleasant and inconvenient, for one must lodge many, and have great expense with them, even if they are our friends. I hope here we shall be quite safe, though last winter, when Custine³ was in the neighbourhood, after he had taken Frankfort, they had their fright here, too, and were obliged to save themselves four times, and hide all they had of value. Two of the ladies were to have been carried off as hostages, but luckily the brave Hessians came and drove the French out of this part of the world to Mayence (from which place you know the Prussians drove them in the spring back to France). . . .

We are here in what would appear to you a *dream*—an old Convent,⁴ monstrous large, built round at least four great courts, in the most beautiful situation possible, upon a hill that advances a little in a round point in the valley, which is perhaps two or three hundred steps wide, and through the middle of which beautifully, nay fantastically, meanders a small river, forming two cascades—one above, the other below the Convent. Before us is an entire ridge of hills which descend down to our valley. At the left end of our valley stands the town of Wetzlar, placed upon the side of a hill. Over the river there are three bridges, as by the time it has run three miles from here the river has already formed three branches. Opposite

¹ The faithful Harriet.

² The cook.

³ *Ante*, p. 145.

⁴ See Appendix, *Convent of Altenberg*.

the town stands an old castle in ruins on the top of a very high hill. At a great distance beyond, on a hill in the background, stands a great stone Observatory. Almost opposite to us is a pretty village in the dale. Further to the right on a height is Braunfels Castle—a great building where the Princes of Solms live—quite beautiful. . . . The Convent consists of the Abbess (which is my Sister), and fourteen *chanoinesses*, all of the *noblesse*, and six Sisters, as they call them, not *noblesse*, but dressed the same, except they have not the black veil—only the white one. They dine at another table and serve the *chanoinesses*. They have a Prior and a Pastor, who are also dressed in white. We are all so joyous—much more innocent mirth than you can have an idea of.¹ We have company almost every day. They keep a coach so that they go out when and where they will—live in plenty of everything. A girl, if she is not monstrously well-married, is much better in such a place. . . . Best compliments to the Andrew Foleys and all friends. . . . kind love to Nanny Foley. . . . Compt. to the Cavendishes, &c. My Mother and Sister desire Compt. to you all.

Ever sincerely your most affectionate Sister,

M. de B.

¹ Memories of the 'Merry Abbess' (Louise von Bode) have been handed down to this day at Altenberg. Herr Allenröder, now Pastor of Altenberg, knew many years ago an old peasant who in his youth remembered the Abbess as 'always laughing.' He used especially to recall an occasion which he had witnessed when the Abbess had been dining at the Castle of Solms-Braunfels, and was handed to her gilded coach by the Prince, who always treated her as his equal in social position. The Abbess was very short and round in figure, and finding it impossible to mount the high step into her coach, a young officer ran forward, promptly seized her by the waist, and lifted her in his arms into her seat. The Abbess drove off amid the laughter of the onlookers, in which she heartily joined.



THE CONVENT OF ALTENBERG.

CHAPTER XX

TOTAL RUIN

1794

Allies completely routed—Alsace devastated—God's Will be done!—
 His mercies—All the children safe—Kindness of the *chanoinesses*
 —The Baron's mother—Fate of Mademoiselle de Bode—And of
 other relations—Arrival of the whole family—Their miraculous
 escapes—Irreparable losses.

BEFORE the next letter was written all the hopes so long and so bravely cherished were destined to be irretrievably shattered. On December 26 the Republicans, taking advantage of the fatal disunion of their enemies, attacked and completely routed them, and drove them back over the Rhine. Following up their success, they overran Baden, advancing to the gates of Mannheim. Meanwhile in Alsace the unfortunate Royalists were abandoned to Republican vengeance and those who could not escape indiscriminately consigned to the guillotine.

Convent of Altenberg : January 8, 1794.

My dear Sister,—It has pleased God to suffer the wicked to run wild again over the country, to devastate it and lay all in desolation. Thy Will, O God, be done! . . . Alas! how little can one trust to the riches of this world. We thought ourselves so finely provided for—had so much trouble and anxiety to come to where we were. But God gives and takes away. His Will be done! Job trusted in God in all his misfortunes and it pleased God to render him richer in his latter days than he was in the first. One thing I am convinced of—which is the goodness

of God for those who are resigned to His Will ; and that where He sends misfortunes He gives a steadiness of mind to support those misfortunes, which, thanks to His Mercy, I possess in the superlative degree. Even in all this He has shown His Merciful kindness again to us by suffering all my dear innocent children to escape—Jacob, Constant, Harriet, and Sophie [servants at Wiessembourg] brought them all safe to Gernsbach, where you know, my dear Auguste, Clem, Felix, and Fritzel were already with our good friends the Draises. Those kind dear friends received them all into their house. Auguste wrote us word he had got them all with him in safety, but that we must resign ourselves to the thought of having lost all we have in the world, for that the Patriots had again overrun Alsace, entirely derouted the Germans, and committed the most terrible excesses of all kinds, having inhumanly murdered all that fell into their hands, old people, children, and women—cut off the hands of a German Colonel—and this they did after he was their prisoner. All that part of Alsace is in the greatest desolation ; all ran away that could. The press was so violent to get over the Rhine that it was impossible all could do so, and Mothers, with their children in their arms, threw themselves into the river and drowned themselves rather than fall into the hands of those unmerciful monsters. Auguste tells me that he will send me all the children and servants here and that he will come also himself. I have expected the dear children in consequence several days. I do suppose they must come in a waggon, for it will be impossible for them to get carriages or horses to come in any other way. . . . My Sister¹ and all the Chanoinesses here are uncommonly kind to us—they will take us all and keep us if 'tis necessary a couple of years. Auguste's Mother you know is here. Poor woman, she is much afflicted—her eldest

¹ The Baron's sister, the Abbess of Altenberg.

daughter—we do not know what is become of her.¹ She was at Paris and we have none of us heard from her for two years. My Mother is very melancholy about her. The Marchioness d'Herzelles died about three months ago. We heard of it after our escape. Our old Aunt at Namur is in the greatest affliction at her death. The Trazegnies and Ittres we have not heard anything of during these troubles.

The 4th—morning.—I had a letter yesterday from Madame de Drais—but what a letter! What a kind, compassionate real tender friend! Her friendship more than the desolating news it contained melted me into tears and at the same time consoled my bleeding heart. . . . She tells me that all my family left in two waggons the morning of the 30th of last month. We expected them last night, but to-day they must come. She tells me she fears we have no more hopes—that Alsace is entirely abandoned to the Patriots. We are then utterly ruined—and eight children on our hands. My chief concern is that by your great kindness to us you must be a Sufferer with us. We must do all we can now to raise a fortune. We are many. Perhaps God will assist us. The first money that we can save together shall be laid aside to pay you or your children. The sum shall always be looked upon as a debt to be paid off by the first of us that gains anything. I am sure the children will all cheerfully agree to that promise— . . . 'Tis an alleviation to us in our misfortune to be received in the friendly kind manner we are here by my Sister and all the ladies. You would think by their obliging manner that it was we who conferred the favour on them by being here.

The 6th.—The evening of the 4th arrived my dear Auguste with Clem on horseback; and yesterday at noon arrived Harriet with the rest of the children, Constant the schoolmaster, and three men

¹ It is evident that all the persons mentioned as lost were guillotined.

servants, so that in all we are sixteen people here. They were seven days on the journey. Everything most cruelly dear. Very cold weather, and the greatest difficulty to be lodged, every place is so beyond idea full of fugitives. One night they were very near being obliged to camp in a garden, to have made a fire in a hole in the earth, and have done as well as they could, but, thank God, they persuaded a poor person to take them under cover for the night. You can have no idea my feelings at the sight of my poor abandoned children and their joy in finding me again. Little Clementina had often asked if I was dead that she never saw me more return home. I asked her what she did when the Cannonade was so near Wiessembourg when the Germans arrived. She said 'We all prayed God that only no harm should happen to Papa and Mama, as we did not know where they were. I questioned Marie if she was not in a vast fright when she found that she with her little Brothers and Sisters were to be dragged away by the Patriots to Strasbourg. She said: Sure, she was, but that she was prepared and resigned for the worst. Poor dear Children, what they have undergone! 'Tis a miracle we have them altogether. The retreat was so very sudden that all flew with the greatest confusion—whole towns and villages together. From Soultz all our people flew—no one stayed. Clem who was by chance there on affairs that his father had sent him about found a horse of the Prince of Salm's in our stable, which I believe he had left on purpose. He saddled it and went off at full gallop without having time to save anything but what he had on his back, not even to take his silver buckles out of his shoes. He had put Charles into a waggon and had given money to one of the servants to take care of him and lead away a young horse of ours. The servant was in such a fright that he went off with the horse and abandoned poor Charles, who was only upon a

waggon that went that way by chance. When he got to Fort Louis the doors were shut and they let no one any more into the town. The Patriots advanced, killed all the poor creatures that could not get into the town. I have just called Charles to tell me how he got out of that difficulty. He says that, seeing the Patriots so near, and that the doors were being shut and no more carriages let in, he jumped out of the waggon and saved himself in the town, but as he knew nobody there, altho' 'twas almost night, he was resolved to go over the boat bridge, and gained the country of Baden. There he lost his shoe, but met with an Imperial officer that knew him who was upon the Treasury Waggon. He took him to him and they went together to the first village, where they supped and slept together, which was lucky for Charles, for he had no money in his pocket. The next morning he sent for an Ordnance waggon to take him to Baden, pretending he was sent with a Commission of importance for the Army, by which means he got conveyed gratis, which, as he had no money and only one shoe—quite alone and a perfect stranger to the Country—was very happy for him. At Baden he met with his Papa and Clem, who were by chance there from Gernsbach to see the General Rousillon and were in great anxiety what was become of him, as the servant was come without him and not knowing whether he was saved or no. He had no coat on, only a great-coat with a long sword of his papa's buckled over it and only one shoe—so droll a figure to enter into a great Society (as there was there) that after some moments of tenderness for his unfortunate situation they could not help laughing at his grotesque figure. Constant saved himself with the cook on foot with very great difficulty. He tells me nothing can exceed the desolation of the immense quantity of fugitives. . . . Many threw down the packets of the few things they had saved, and flew

for their lives. The little children escaped as miraculously, but I have not time to racount that and much more. My dear Husband and children join me in kind love to you all and pray God you may never experience the same disaster.

Yours most affectionately,

MARIE DE BODE.

To her niece, Maryanne Sneyd

Altenberg: January 12, 1794.

My dear Maryanne,—You will have heard from your Aunts that we are all at present happily at this place—thanks to an All Merciful God, who has restored me all my children safe and well. It has made my other great losses appear nothing in comparison. We must submit to all it pleases God to bring upon us; and we do it the more willingly as we feel so thoroughly our own innocence as to all our misfortunes being occasioned without our being in any manner accessory. We were drawn up by our good luck lately, to be thrown down so much the deeper, as at present we can have no hopes. Think! All that charming furniture, all our music, our fine Pianofortes, several fiddles, one fine Cremona, all our charming Collection of books—all the first Authors in several languages (I believe more than 1,500 volumes)—all our linen, the greatest part of the children's clothes, all my things of amusement, tambour and all those sort of things, all our collections of Natural History, and—one thing which I regret much—about twenty sheets of flowers that I had painted—a whole summer's work—I had done them with great care, and I must say charmingly done and vastly admired—two carriages, waggons, harness, saddles, and everything belonging to the stables, pewter, china, glass—that quantity of fine looking-glasses—two pair of Globes, a very fine Collection of maps—in short, I can hardly tell you what we have lost. We have saved very little, and that by chance, for the last flight was so

very sudden we were glad to escape only with life. Harriet had packed up two great trunks, but could not get them away, and—one great misfortune—all the linen and children's clothes were wet in the wash, which makes the children almost naked. Marie has lost all her best things and all her linen and petticoats, poor little girl! she looks terribly pale—I always fear we shall not be happy enough to rear her—she is a good, clever little thing. . . . Upon looking over what I have wrote it appears vastly trifling to mention the loss of such things which are like so many drops of water in the Sea in comparison with the immense losses we make, but they were things we had been gathering together for eighteen years—I was attached to them—my amusement and occupation lay entirely there. I dare say the Patriots will sell all our things that cost so much for a trifle, or perhaps throw them away—for example, books are not sold for the value of the paper. But what will not be quite so indifferent to them will be our sheets, for, of at least seventy pair, we have saved only three; and all our good bedding will be very agreeable to their lousy itchy soldiers. . . .

CHAPTER XXI

A PEACEFUL RETREAT

1794

Matchmaking—Vacancies in the Convent—The Misses Clifford—Agreeable society—M. Rosentritt and Mme. Le Bel set at liberty—General Würmer—Mr. Koelner plays the spy—Jacob recounts experiences—Abbess of Bibblesheim—Fate of servants—Death of Prince of Nassau-Saarbrück—The Nuns—Dance three days a week—A pretty concert—Vastly employed—Practical lessons—Project for the future—Only requires resolution—'World is large enough'—Arrangements for departure proceed—Tears of tenderness—Charles's and Mary's first Communion—Two old nuns—Prince and Princess of Solms-Braunfels.

January (continued).—Is Eliza Proctor married? ¹ If she is not and has a mind to be a Princess she may. A German Prince of my acquaintance (he is a younger brother) told me he wished nothing more in the world than to have an Englishwoman for his wife, and desired I would procure him one out of my acquaintance. I will not tell his name till I hear what she says. I asked him what conditions he expected. He said he had fortune enough for himself, but he should be content with about 700*l.* a year with his wife, but that she must be young and pretty. I asked if she must be of the Nobility, he said he did not care a farthing about that if she was but good-natured, that he would willingly quit Germany and Flanders (where the chief of his fortune lay) and live with her entirely in England. Ask her, and let me know the answer. He has been often in England

¹ Her father, a country neighbour of the Kynnersleys, had died recently, leaving his daughter a good fortune.

and speaks English well, is about twenty-seven years old, not handsome, but also entirely without form.

Now I have another thing to propose: that perhaps may be agreeable to one of the Miss Cliffords.¹ There are a couple of vacancies at this *Chapitre*. They wish much to have an English lady for one of their Chanoinesses. 'Tis a regular *Chapitre*, but they make the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. They would be content with £500 with which she would endow the *Chapitre*. Most of the ladies here speak French, therefore she would not be distressed. She must bring with her, silver knife, fork and spoon, her bed linen and towels, and furnish her own little room, and bring a certain quantity of shifts with her. They live vastly well here. The Abbess has a Coach and takes by turns all out with her; besides which every two or three years they may go home for five or six months if they will. Propose this and send me the answer. I never met with a more agreeable Society, and my Sister is so good natured amongst them that she is quite adored by them. They are obliged to do their Church duty and the rest is all mirth and innocent gaiety. My Sister [the Abbess] desires her kind love to you. She has got still all the English words you learnt her, with which she often amuses us.

I am sorry to tell you M. Rosentritt and Madame Le Bel have been set at liberty—the latter particularly without Auguste's knowledge, or the affair having been at all examined. 'Tis not quite clear—the affair—She had plenty of money and General Würmer's party were not invulnerable. We are all ruined because he obstinately would have it so. More than 20,000 Alsatians offered, at their own

¹ Daughters of the Honourable Thomas Clifford of Tixhall, by Barbara, daughter and coheir of Lord Aston of Forfar. Out of four daughters one had already married Sir Charles Wolsley of Wolsley, and another married later Mr. Weld of Lulworth (afterwards the celebrated Cardinal Weld).

cost, to strengthen his Army, but he never would accept it, as he pretended he was strong enough. Mr. Koelner¹ acts the spy for the Patriots. I hope he will be caught and hanged as such. Constant has been one of our family ever since you left us, you know he was almost a year with Clem and Harry at Count Wartemberg's. He returned with them and has been ever since with Charles at Soultz to take care of the house there, made his escape in the last general confusion, and came with Auguste and my children to this place. Never was anything equal to that confusion! Jacob told me yesterday when he brought up my dinner that one must have been of the party to believe it. He overtook the old Abbess of Bibblesheim and some of those old Nuns, with each a little pack under their arms and running as fast as they could to save their lives. In another place above 200 waggons that poor creatures were carrying off what they could with them and their wives and children in them.—The Patriots arrived—the men tried to save themselves by flight—the Patriots rode after and cut them all to pieces, seized the waggons and all that was in them. Think, that from our house at Soultz saved themselves: Clem and Charles, Constant, two men-servants, two women-servants, and at least half a dozen of our workers, *without any two being together* or passing the Rhine at the same place, or knowing what was become of one another till they all met at Gernsbach! Harriet and the five little children (from Wiessembourg) were near being obliged also to part on foot. Each, even Clementina, had prepared her bundle to carry off with her; but young Bernhard (the son of M. Bernhard who had advertised Auguste he was going to be arrested) borrowed a kind of tumbrel for them from the Abby Solomon, and put his riding-horse to it and drove them off. . . .

¹ Who had been tutor to the young De Bodes.

Mary Josepha and my Cook chose to stay at Wiessembourg. We have not heard what has become of them. Poor Mary Josepha thought that by staying behind she might perhaps save us something there—God knows how it may be! Poor Harriet and I often shed tears together when we talk over our losses, and the situation all her family are in. We cannot learn what has become of her Father or Mother or Brother or Sisters—'tis very melancholy when one reflects on it. The recital of our flights also often causes our tears. Her flight with my children, and Clem's with Felix and Fritzelt were hardly less difficult than my own—but I will not dwell longer on this melancholy subject. . . .

Nothing can be more charming than we are here. 'Tis a benevolence and hospitality that one is little used to in this world.

Altenberg, March 14, near Wetzlar, 1794.

My dear Kitty,—My dear Auguste and I have sustained a fresh loss in our good friend the Prince of Nassau-Saarbrück,¹ who died about ten days ago, to us very unexpectedly, for Clem was with him about a month ago and found him much better than he had seen him a year ago, or even a month before, when he had seen him at Manheim. He had retired from Manheim to Aschafenbourg, where Clem went to him on business. He was our kind friend to the last and wrote to my Auguste a kind lively letter not a fortnight before his death. Our acquaintance with that family appears like a dream—all dead or

¹ Died March 1. (*Hübner, Tabulae Genealogicae, Supplement by Queen of Denmark.*) He had made his escape from Saarbrück in spite of being paralysed. His son, young Prince Henry, experienced thrilling adventures in his flight, but died three years later without recovering his confiscated Princedom. The Princes of Nassau-Usingen became his heirs-at-law. His wife had been taken prisoner by the French, and carried off to Paris.

dispersed and their Castles and lands devastated and destroyed. What cruel things are Revolutions and Wars! . . .

You asked me, my dear Kitty, if I think the Nuns here, if they had their choice, would not rather quit the Convent, and become worldly: If I had answered you directly I should have answered *Certainly No*. But upon more narrow acquaintance I think some few, if it depended on them, would do it, but I assure you that the others on no condition would change their situation. In the meanwhile one is going to change hers, and take her place in Heaven—She is 77 years of age, a good old woman, and much regretted—For my part I think 'tis the best thing she can do. She is quite a pattern of piety.

In truth the vows of these high-born ladies were not of the strictest, and a pleasant picture is presented of them entertaining themselves and their homeless guests by dancing and music.

Last week we kept Carnival here. We danced three days the week before, and danced three days together last week—Masked balls—we amused ourselves much; but admitted no strangers, which made it more agreeable. One day we had a pretty Concert—a piece of musick vocal and instrumental made in honour of my Sister—very charming. Our Bengraf composed it—both the poetry and musick.

But though Madame de Bode in the midst of her calamities could throw herself with characteristic ardour into these simple amusements, she did not rest in idleness. Besides being 'vastly employed in making shirts and shifts and knitting of stockings,' she did not neglect to avail herself of so profitable an opportunity of learning from the good Nuns 'how to make excellent beer and brandy' (an accomplishment to be turned to practical account at a

future time), while she in return for these lessons taught her kind instructors, 'from an English receipt, how to make good vinegar out of beer.' She would have been happy to remain on, with her husband and children, in this peaceful retreat, had not a project for rehabilitating the fortunes of her family now begun to present itself to her ever-enterprising and adventurous spirit. Her dauntless energy did not allow her to give way to helpless despair. Faith and Hope buoyed her up. To her the history of the Old Testament was a reality from which to gain practical experience :

The Israelites [writes this indomitable lady] became richer after all their hardships than they were before.

Job was an example ever present to her mind. Her frequent comparisons of her own case with that of the Patriarch are not without a humorous as well as a pathetic side.

God restored to Job more than he ever had, and it pleased Him to render him *richer in his latter days than he was at first.*

Nor was she one to expect Heaven to help her without making every possible effort on her own behalf. She opens the subject of her schemes in a letter to her sister of March 14, but (as on a former occasion when great issues were at stake) she does so only by hints of an important enterprise she has in view, and does not as yet confide the full nature of her intentions.

The world is large enough, if we lose our land in one Country perhaps we may find a better in another. These sort of undertakings only require resolution to succeed and bring to perfection.

Her arrangements for departure were now daily maturing, and on April 27, 1794, she wrote her last letter from Altenberg :

My good man and Clem are gone to-day to Frankfort in order to try and sell a couple of good riding horses that he saved from the general ruin, and to get in return a couple of coach-horses and a light travelling carriage. When he comes back Clem and I shall set out to seek our fortune. Our faithful Jacob will drive us—'Tis a very long journey we are going to make, but I will not tell you my plan, as I don't choose to commit it to paper—letters are often opened, and that I should not like. But I shall write to you and tell you always what I have done. You will not be able to write to me, but I beg of you to write sometimes to my dear Auguste, who will stay on here with the children—Comfort him in my absence. If my plan for my future prosperity succeeds I think you will be satisfied with me, but you will say I have courage. Alas ! the sight of eight sweet good children gives me courage to undertake anything to provide for them. You wish me to await the issue of this campaign ? I must profit by people that can help me *who still live*. Perhaps if I linger Death may deprive me of those that can help me the most. And what will it profit me personally should we be restored to our Estate by a Peace if all the buildings are destroyed—not a house to go in, nor a bed to lie on, nor a kettle to boil our soup in—for we have lost all ! Do not imagine by this that I am melancholy—far from it, quite gay and content. . . . Charles and Mary have been at the Sacrament to-day for the first time. I must say I have been in tears of tenderness half the day. Such piety, and so well as they have been instructed by the Pastor here, is really edifying. For me personally I have kept ever faithful to the Church of England because I have not yet found a religion that I think

better. I know many very good and religious people in several different religions, but I think one must be inwardly convinced of a superiority to be induced to change the one one has been brought up in. . . .

In regard to Eliza Proctor—'twas literally as I said—a Prince of a very good Prince's family in Germany, but a younger Brother, doatingly fond of the English, speaking the language. I will not mention his name by letter as a letter may fall into the hands of some one that might make a joke of him, and he might take my impudence ill, and as he certainly means to go and take a wife in England, he might not like to have it said he had been refused.

In regard to Mrs. K's¹ predictions—She is a Ninny. I am almost as much persuaded of her knowledge of philosophy and astronomy as I was of her knowledge in geography when she proposed a bridge from Dover to Calais and even thought there had been one. I congratulate her on her firm belief, but suppose she will hardly cheat Charon for 20 years to prove the veracity of her sentiments. . . .

Within these six weeks we have buried two of the Chanoinesses here. The first, a good old woman, 77 years of age. We all lamented her much. The last, who was buried yesterday, was 73 years of age, had lain in bed twenty-eight years without ever suffering her window to be opened—so you may think how sweet her room was, and how glad every one here is she has changed for Eternity. . . .

The Prince and Princess of Solms-Braunfels were here on Easter Monday. One of the Chanoinesses and I intend going there soon to spend a day with them. They are a very pretty couple. We intend to go on foot—'tis only two leagues from hence. . . .

¹ Mrs. Kynnersley, her sister-in-law, wife of her brother, Clement Kynnersley of Loxley, and daughter of Sir Wolstan Dixie, Bart.

CHAPTER XXII

SETS FORTH TO SEEK HER FORTUNE

1794

A bold enterprise—Husband remains at the Convent—Empress Catherine's offers—'A Fief in South Russia'—*En route* for Petersburg—Visits German Courts—Kind reception everywhere—Carlsruhe—Mannheim—Darmstadt—Homburg—Hanau—Berlin—Queen of Prussia's extreme kindness—Royal children—Gifts and recommendations—Taking of Cracow—Prussian ladies—Compared with London—'Widow's Jug'—Caution—Kitty's remarks too free—Viâ Stralsund, Ustelt to Stockholm—Baron's fears—Reverses of the Rhine—Treachery among Allies—Children's education—Madame delighted with Sweden—By sea to Petersburg.

AND now began the most remarkable episode of our heroine's whole career.

Before another month had passed the Baroness had made all possible preparations for her prodigious enterprise, had said good-bye to her husband and children, and had started on her travels. Russia was her ultimate goal, but on her way (or rather hundreds of miles out of it) she determined to visit all the German Courts with which she was acquainted in order to furnish such influential introductions to the Court of Petersburg as would be likely to further her cause. The Baron was to remain with the children at the convent as the guest of his sister for an indefinite period, to await the uncertain result of the undertaking. In a letter to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Adderley, after the departure of his wife, he explains the details of the scheme now fully developed and already begun to be put in execution.

My wife mentioned something of it to you, but did not tell you clearly. This I will now do, I hope it will find your approbation as well as admiration for the Courage she shows in the undertaking. You must know, my dear Sister, that we found in a newspaper that the Empress of Russia¹ proposed to the Prince of Condé a Southern part of Russia which he should take as a fief. He should then take all his officers and other Frenchmen of his Army to live there. Every one should get from the Empress so many horses, cows, sheep, etc., and ground to work. This proposition alone would not do for us, but we agreed to go directly to the Empress to ask a fief of her, and as I have good and great recommendations, and the Empire of Russia is such a large one, where they like to inhabit it with good people, we hope to succeed. Our plan is to begin with a settlement there, and to leave every income of our possessions in Alsace (when we get them again) to pay our debts. Our family is large enough to possess different settlements. As we don't know when we may be able to enter again in Alsace it was found necessary for me to stay on here, so as to be able to enter there directly as soon as it will be possible to retake possession of our lost estate.

My dear Molly, therefore, undertook the journey to St. Petersburg. . . . If we had not been in such a precarious state I would never have suffered it, but having lost everything and not knowing if or when we'll recuperate it again, my already old age and no fortune for such a *flok* of children—all these reasons have determined us to such a violent step. She has gone with recommendations to the young Grande Duchesse (Elizabeth) of Russia, granddaughter of the Margrave of Baden, whom she knows. She knows too the young Grande Duchesse. She was charged with a great many letters of recommendation. She

¹ Catherine II. [The newspaper must have been an old one.]

went away with Clement in a good four-wheel light carriage. As I bought her the equipage I could give her but very little money, but several friends helped out to bring her to Berlin where I gave her a letter to the Queen of whom I am a favourite.

Meanwhile the Baroness had written the following account *en route* :

Hanau, June 1, 1794.

My dear Sister,—Clem and I in a little nice blue phaeton, and two little white horses, drove by our faithful Jacob, set out on our adventures the 17th of May. I have begun by a tour of 300 miles only to get together letters and what else necessary for our great undertaking. From this place, where we arrived an hour ago, we have 360 miles to Berlin, our first point. From there we have more than 2,000 miles before we come to the end of our journey. If I succeed I have all the merit, if I fail I have all the fault! I have been with Madame la Landgravine de Hesse-Hombourg, Monseigneur le Landgraff de Hesse-Darmstadt,¹ the Duchess of Deux-Ponts, the Court at Carlsruhe,² the Countess de la Leyen.³ Some have helped me

¹ At the Court of Darmstadt she made acquaintance with a young lady of the name of Bode, who claimed relationship. She was the daughter of a John Joachim Christopher Bode, a celebrated German writer and translator, who was originally a musician in a Hanoverian regiment, then became a bookseller, and finally rose to be Privy Counsellor to the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt.

² 'Never had I seen the Court of Carlsruhe so brilliant—principally French notabilities from all parts.'—*Récit d'aventures*.

³ The lively friend of Madame de Bode's early married life at Saarbrück, whom she now found at Frankfort, related on this occasion the experiences of her own flight from Bliscassel. As she had several French officers lodging with her, which was the case with every one, she treated them with every possible attention. One day there came from Paris an order to make prisoners all those who could serve as hostages. The countess had retired in the afternoon to her room, when one of the officers entered and, expressing the annoyance he felt in repaying so badly the politeness with which she had received him, he told her that according to orders he had received from Paris he made her prisoner, and that she must leave with him immediately for

with money, others with letters of recommendation, all with good wishes for my success and admiration of my courage and resolution to put such a project into execution. None of them doubt of my success, and indeed they have paved the way for me. Nothing can be more kindly received than I have been in all those Courts. Almost the whole journey we have met with friends who have lodged us or given us to dinner. Some even that we have not known or been recommended to. Every one pities our hard fate and soften it what they can, even at some of the inns. We came to-day from Frankfort, where we spent a couple of days very agreeably with a friend. At Hombourg we were two days also lodged at a friend's house. We were also at Carlsruhe, otherwise we could not have stood the expense. The day after to-morrow we propose to arrive at Fulde—I am curious to see that place, the capital of my Auguste's native land. This place where we are to-night is a charming, pretty strong town, the residence of the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel.¹ She was a Princess of Brandenbourg Schwegt and mother-in-law [step-mother] of the present reigning Landgraff.² The

Paris. The countess did not lose her presence of mind, and pretended to accompany him with pleasure, but asked permission to go and prepare a little *paquet* in the adjoining room. The officer consented, and remained on guard in her apartment, trusting at the same time to several sentinels whom he had placed at all the avenues of the *Château*. The countess did not lose her time. She covered herself in a disguise, prepared beforehand, and went out of the *Château* by a secret staircase unknown to the officer. Dressed as a peasant, and carrying a basket of butter and eggs on her arm, she boldly crossed the courtyard and passed close to the sentinels without being recognised, and thus escaped. After wandering for many days in the forest without being recognised by her 'subjects,' she was eventually rescued by an escort of German soldiers.—*Récit d'aventures*.

¹ Born 1745, married in 1778, as his second wife, the Roman Catholic Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who died in 1786. He had lived on very ill terms with his first wife, Princess Mary of England, daughter of George II.

² Wilhelm Count of Hanau succeeded his father as Landgrave in

view from Frankfort here is a picture the whole of the way, by the side of the Meyen the greatest part. We found also beautiful prospects on the banks of the Necker from Heidelberg as we came to Darmstadt. We were also at Manheim, a charming town. There I paid a visit to the Duchess,¹ who since the devastation of all their Palaces has been at that town. I left my dear Auguste and all my dear children well at Altenberg, though melancholy to have me leave them, but I hope it may turn out to their advantage.

Berlin, June 20, 1794.

My dear Sister,—After a most charming journey I arrived at this place last Tuesday morning—a most beautiful town and charming agreeable civil people. I have met with an English family—Doctor Brown's, who is Physician to her Majesty—vastly agreeable good people. He took my letter to the Queen,² and Wednesday morning already I received orders to come to Mon Bijou, the Queen's Palace, at half after twelve, which you may be sure I did not fail to do. She received me with the greatest kindness embraced me very tenderly. She told me how happy

1785. His mother, who brought him up a Protestant, was Princess Mary of England. The *Annual Register* for 1786 thus announces his accession: 'The Political Sentiments of the present Landgrave are said to be directly the reverse of those of his father; and as he is closely allied in Blood so he is said to be no less attached by disposition to the interests of the Reigning family of Great Britain. The vast sums of money which that Country (Cassel) and family have drawn from England through the course of the late (American) War [his father had hired his troops to England in the American War at an enormous profit] together with the very large pecuniary legacies which have been recently willed to the family by the Princess Amelia of England [the popular maiden daughter of George II.], seem to afford them the means, along with the military turn of the people, the arbitrary nature of the Government, and their large hereditary possessions, of becoming very potent in Germany.' This Landgrave married a daughter of Frederick V. of Denmark.

¹ Of Deux-Ponts.

² Frederica Queen of Prussia, wife of Frederick William II. The King and Crown Prince were away at the war in Poland.

she was to see me, that she had long wished to know me, that she had a great regard for my Husband, who was such an estimable man, lamented much our misfortunes, made me sit by her on the settee, inform her of my family, of our circumstances, of our disasters, and was indeed vastly kind—Gave me several letters, two she had wrote herself, and one she begged the Princess Ferdinand¹ to write, all in strong recommendation of me to the Court of Petersbourg (where I am going), and put into my hands at the same time a fine gold box with forty guineas in, to pay my journey. After she sent to invite Clem and me to pass the evening of yesterday with her. She had nobody with her but one Maid of Honour (Mademoiselle Driberg) and the Governess of the young Princess (Madame de Gondelope), the Princess² and the two youngest Princes.³ Her Majesty remarked very graciously that, thinking to accord with our taste, she had not invited much company, but that she hoped that the persons who responded to her invitations would interest us and be useful to us in the future. She gave a very pretty gold enamelled watch and chain seal and key to Clem in favour of her old acquaintance with his Father. She told me that she had not forgot that one of my

¹ Wife of the king's youngest uncle, Prince Ferdinand (brother of Frederick the Great)—a Princess of Brandenburg-Schwedt (sister of Madame de Bode's friend, the Dowager of Hesse-Cassel). Princess Ferdinand, born 1788, died 1820—a very fascinating lady. Mirabeau has some scandals about her.—*Lettres Secrètes*.

² This must have been Princess Augusta, aged 14. Some months earlier she was described, at her brother the Crown Prince's wedding (with the beautiful Louisa of Mecklenburg), as 'a very slight figure and a sweet expression of countenance.'—*Hudson's Louisa Queen of Prussia*. She married in 1797 (aged 17) Wilhelm II. Churfürstern von Hessen. Her two elder sisters had already become Duchess of York and Queen of the Netherlands.—*Hübner, Tabulae Genealogicae Supplement*.

³ Friedrich Henrich Carl (born 1781), aged 18; Friedrich Wilhelm Carl (born 1788), aged 11.

children was her Godchild¹ and said that that child belonged to her, and that she claimed her² as also Felix—she will take him under her care too. He shall begin by being her Page—you know they never take any but young Noblemen in that place—and insists, as I come back, I shall come again to her. As the rain hindered our going into the Garden yesterday she invited us to come again this afternoon to see her garden.³ She told me she would make me a visit there, so that there we shall take leave of her. She got me a passport also to be able to enter into Russia without any difficulty. Yesterday in the afternoon we had a cold collation with her. She made me sit down by her, and Clem she made sit down by her sons, and begged them to make the conversation together quite at their ease, and the young Princes were very affable and good-humoured. Are you not pleased with her? This morning arrived a courier with eight postillions to inform this town and the Queen of the taking of Crakovie⁴—great joy as you may suppose. I have made acquaintance with many agreeable Prussian ladies the few days I am here, who are monstrous kind and civil to me. I am sorry to say if a foreigner was to go to London she would not meet with the same attentions from my Countrywomen. I met

¹ Frederica, usually called Fritzel.

² The Queen added: 'Aussitôt qu'elle sera assez âgée, elle deviendra une de mes demoiselles d'honneur, et comme c'est toujours fort triste pour une jeune personne d'être seule et séparée de ses parents, vous pouvez me donner un de vos fils, qui deviendra page à la première vacance'—*Récit d'aventures*.

³ The Queen was passionately fond of gardens and summer-houses, and her expenses in regard to these were a source of frequent trouble.

⁴ The united Prussians and Russians gained an important victory over the Poles, in consequence of which Cracow capitulated in June. The Prussian forces were led by the King and the Crown Prince who had recently married. 'Great joy' therefore to his young bride left disconsolate at Oranienberg. But Poland was not yet subdued; it was not till a few months later that the gallant patriot Kosciusko was finally crushed by the Russians under Suwarrow.

with an acquaintance the General Berg's widow,¹ who has been kind enough to lodge us at her house, which has saved us a great expense and been very agreeable to us. She had no spare bed, but she borrowed one for Clem, and I slept upon the sofa in the dining-room—very obliging of her to incommode herself so for us. I believe I told you in my last that I set out with five crowns. By the help of generous good friends on the road we have made more than 600 English miles quite at our *ease*, and the 'widow's jug' is much fuller than when we set out, and we have no fear of not having enough for our journey. Even if the Empress should not accord me what I shall ask her, I shall have been no loser by the journey; but everybody thinks I shall succeed. As soon as you receive this, write to me under cover to *Charles Whitworth Esqre.*,² *Ambassadeur de Sa Majesté Brittanique à Sa Majesté l'Impératrice de toutes les Russies, à Pétersbourg*. But after don't write again till you receive another letter from me, *and don't write anything of Publick affairs—at least your opinion of them*—nothing but facts—'tis dangerous in every country. Kitty was much too free on that subject in her last letter. One cannot be too prudent. . . . If ever you have an opportunity don't forget a cheese to Altenberg. They are all well. Adieu.

[Letter addressed 'fro Amsterdam.']

Baron de Bode to Miss Kynnersley

Altenberg, near Wetzlar : July 21, 1794.

My dear Sister Kyttie,—You have been informed by my last letter to Sister Adderley that my dear Molly is on the road to Petersbourg; my last gives

¹ Madame de Berg's sister-in-law, Countess Neal, was Grande Maitresse to Princess Ferdinande.

² Recently knighted.

³ And labelled 'Cheeses and fishhooks' to be sent to the poor Baron at Altenberg!—'Auguste fishes all fish.'

you the account of her at Berlin. She saw the Queen again the day before she went, and Her Majesty in taking leave made many good wishes for her success, and made her promise to write to her from Petersbourg and to visit her on her return. My dear Molly can't say how friendly the Queen has been to her. From Berlin she took her road to Stralsund by my advice. She wanted to go to Lubeck, to embark there for Petersbourg, but, as you'll see upon the map, it was shorter to go to Stralsund, and I had another reason, because the General Commandant¹ there is a very good friend of mine, and she knows his wife and Sister-in-law, and she could, without any expense, wait for the opportunity of a ship. She went there and was vastly kindly received and stayed with them five days, but as she could not get a ship to Riga, Revel, or Petersbourg, she was advised to sail over to Ustelt, which passage she could do in about twenty-four hours, and from there she is to go by land to Stockholm. The Governor's family at Stralsund goes with her also—an agreeable party. At Stockholm she will find a very good friend of ours—it is the Countess of Ludolphe, wife of the Ambassador of Vienna to Stockholm. All this makes her journey more agreeable, as she has found everywhere some friends and acquaintances. From Stockholm she has only a couple of days' journey by sea to Petersbourg, where she is likely to have arrived eight days ago. . . .

Everything goes on very bad at the Rhine as well as in Flanders. We fear even to be in the case to fly farther, and God knows how I shall be enabled to do so with my little family. My intention, if we are forced to fly again to save our lives, is to go directly to Berlin to the Queen, but I must be able to make

¹ General Pollax, who had been through the Seven Years' War together with the Baron. One of his daughters was *dame d'honneur* to the Queen Dowager of Sweden, and showed attentions to Madame de Bode on her arrival at Stockholm.

the journey. God knows what will become of my Sister and all the Nuns, as it is very much to be feared they will not stay quietly here this winter. The French have attacked the German Army, the 14th last, and had so much success that they were only four leagues more from Mayence and only twenty-four leagues from this place. We suppose that they will actually go to Frankfort, where they will get a great deal of riches. Frankfort is only twelve leagues distant from here. The German army retreated since the 14th. I look upon this campaign as time lost again; and we have so many people in Germany who are false, who are paid by the French, and who in their bad heart take the part of the French, that I don't think there is anything favourable to be hoped.¹ Our good people of Alsace who have been obliged to leave their Country die very fast away from want and from chagrin. . . .

The children are occupied the whole day with reading, writing, Latin, Musick, fencing, and dancing—that is what I can procure them at this moment for their education. Most of these poor little Creatures don't feel yet our great losses. I wish only to live so long as to repair them. If that was not the case I should find the life insupportable, but this thought strengthens me. My dear Molly shows a great deal of fortitude. How exceedingly unhappy should I be if she should not support with strength and resignation our present situation! . . . What made our losses more hard to bear and grieved our hearts inwardly was the money you, with dear Brother Adderley, had been so kind as to lend us! and how

¹ As is now well known, not only from Hormayr, but also from the '*Mémoires d'un homme d'état*,' part of which are attributed to Prince Hardenberg, the battle of Fleurus on June 26, 1794, after having been all but won by the Austrians, was intentionally lost by the Princes of Waldeck and Coburg. Late in the evening Coburg commanded a retreat—in fact it was the secret instructions of Thugut (the Austrian Premier) which made him voluntarily renounce the victory within his grasp.

we should be able to repay that after we have lost everything in the world. . . . It is very heavy upon my heart that you are the sufferers now for having rendered us such great services. The accounts from Soultz say that they have made a hospital of my fine new house, and that the Saline and other two works go on as before—if they don't destroy them when they retire my losses will be easier repaired. . . .

We have heard from Mary Anne Sneyd that Brother Sneyd is married again,¹ but he did not himself acquaint us, which surprised us much. We did not congratulate him about it. If he wants some more wives he will do well to go to France, where they are in plenty, and in the inward part of France one sees but women : all the men are either guillotined or killed in the war, or with the armies. What a poor Country France will become ! I am sorry to entertain you with dark thoughts, but one is so involved in them that one can hardly get rid of them. I am, notwithstanding, always in hopes of better times. My Children kiss your hands and I am for ever your

Very sincere and affectionate Brother,

DE BODE.

Madame de Bode and her son Clement had meanwhile travelled through Prussia, all the Mecklenburgs, and Prussian and Swedish Pomerania. At Stralsund, the capital of the latter, they were obliged to sell their horses because of the difficulty of getting them into Sweden. They stayed twelve days with the Baron's old friend, who was commandant of that town, until the wind allowed them to cross over to Usted in Sweden. The voyage thither took them between two and three days. From Usted they spent three days with the Count de Runth, who was Governor of the Province of Pomerania and had a fine

¹ His third wife.

estate in the neighbourhood. Thence they went about six hundred English miles post to Stockholm, charmed with the beautiful scenery of Sweden and with the houses built without exception of wood.

The peasants very poor but very civil—I don't think I saw a beggar in the whole country, nor heard of a thief, and we travelled often night as well as day. We were seven days in going. The only tedious thing is waiting sometimes an hour or two for horses if one does not send a courier before, as sometimes they have ten miles to fetch the horses. When once one has them, one goes full gallop up or down hill—'tis all the same—they never think of one's neck. 'Tis true the roads are the finest without exception I ever saw. . . . At Stockholm the Palace is finely situated and sees the greatest ships arrive in full sail up to its very walls. The Sea—or river as they call it—filled with many hundred islands all covered with woods. We sailed between them four days before we arrived at the open sea—and twelve days before we arrived at Cronstadt, where we stayed three days before we durst sail up in a small sloop the rest of the Gulf to Petersburg.

CHAPTER XXIII

LAUNCHED IN PETERSBURG

1794

Suburban friends—English Ambassador—Presents his carriage—
 Intention of Catherine—Utilising *émigrés*—Russian hospitality—
 State of Society—Position of women—Influential introductions—
 Grand Duchess Elizabeth—Grand Duke Alexander—Sexagenarian
 Empress—Last and youngest favourite—Zouboff all powerful—
 His sister—English sympathies—Doctor Roggerson—Empress
 dines in public—Dances—Grand Duchess Marie—‘The country
 we shall go to’—Productive but desolated—A list of useful things—
 Best society—Clem *répandu*—His dancing—Countess Schouvaloff—
 Three sets—Coaches and six—Russian costumes.

At length in the beginning of August—two and a half
 months after setting out from Altenberg—the travellers
 had finally accomplished their remarkable journey and
 reached their destination at Petersburg. A few days
 after her arrival the Baroness writes :

Petersburg : August 5, 1794.

I cannot go *any where of consequence till I can
 be dressed*, for I have not been able to get my clothes
 from Cronstadt, where they have been detained by
 the carelessness of the people employed for that. . . .
 We are with the Sisters of Madame de Bolimany,
 whom I have often mentioned to you. They are
 very kind to me, but live quite as much out of the
 way of everything as Rotherhithe is to London ; and
 we are obliged to pass the Neva to every place I go
 to, which I have hitherto done in a boat—pleasant
 enough as long as the weather is good—but after
 one is landed one has far to go on foot, as there are

no hackney coaches as in London, and hiring coaches by the day is very expensive. However, Sir Charles Whitworth,¹ the English Ambassador here, came to see me yesterday, was vastly kind to me, undertakes to do everything in his power to assist me, and, in order to forward my succeeding here, insisted on my accepting a carriage and pair of horses during my stay, as he said 'twas not possible or decent for a woman of Fashion to go about here without a carriage. He will send it every morning here, and I shall send it back every night when I have done with it. He is in the Country for the Summer, but told me he had heard I was come here, and came to town on purpose to find me out, as he thought very probably, a stranger in this country, I might be in some difficulty without assistance. Don't you love him for his good nature? How thankful I ought to be to find such good kind friends everywhere! He admires my Courage and resolution, also the plan I intend to pursue. He says it wants only courage to succeed, and that it seems I have courage enough. Alas! with a beloved Husband and children what hardships would one not defy to be able to support them!

The Baroness was doubtless anxious not to be confounded with the crowd of disappointed *émigrés* who swarmed into the Russian capital, led on by an appear-

¹ Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Knighted in the previous year (1798), 'when the English Cabinet had embarked on the confederacy against France, it being deemed proper to invest the ambassador at St. Petersburg with the order of the Bath to add to the dignity of his Mission, and Sir Charles Whitworth from that moment assumed a conspicuous position in the field of European politics.' Created Lord Whitworth 1800. Viceroy of Ireland 1818, and Earl Whitworth in 1816. When nearly fifty he married (1801) the Duchess of Dorset, and having no children, her daughters, Lady Plymouth and Lady De la Warr, became his eventual heirs.—*Burke's Extinct Peerage*. The representatives of his own family, however, are the descendants of his sisters, among whom are Lord Aylmer and Sir George Russell of Swallowfield.

ance of hospitality on the part of the Great Empress. The policy of Catherine had at first been to encourage the emigrants to take refuge in her dominions—less from motives of charity than from a wish to turn them to account. Not only did it please her fancy to introduce the arts and manners of the politest and most civilised nation in the world into her Court and capital, but she had further conceived the idea of utilising the emigrants for the purpose of colonising the remote, depopulated, though fertile, southern regions of her vast empire,¹ and of bringing with them the advantages of cultivation and civilisation from their own country. Such was the Empress's idea—grand and imperial in its conception—but, as many others in the days of her decadence, it remained a mere idea—like the cities which she planned, but of which she laid at the same time the first stone and the last.² Thus it was soon evident that the herd of

¹ The 'Taurida' conquered and devastated by the late Prince Potemkin, the greatest of Catherine's generals and favorites. It is said that when (in 1787) she made her celebrated journey of inspection through her newly acquired territories, Potemkin, in order to conceal from his Imperial mistress the state of destitution to which they had been reduced by the war, and to make it appear that he had added to her dominions a country as prosperous as it was vast, cunningly ordered the peasantry of the different districts through which the Sovereign passed to travel with carts and wagons *loaded with flour*, so as to convince the Empress of their flourishing situation. But as there happened to be a great scarcity of corn in those provinces, the soil of which had been deluged with human blood without increasing its vegetation and fertility, the distressed peasants were obliged to convey sacks filled with sand or earth, and dusted over with calcareous marl (a plentiful production of the country), while others, with starving horses and haggard faces, drove their empty wagons to persuade the Northern Semiramis that they were returning either from the mill or the market, where they had received the rewards due to their labours. (*Pallas, Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire*, 1798-94, vol. i.)

² 'Cette manie de Catherine de tout ébaucher sans rien finir, fit dire à Joseph II un mot plein de sel. Pendant son voyage en Tauride elle l'invita à poser la seconde pierre de la ville d'Ecatherinoslaw dont

hungry and useless strangers who continued to flock to Petersburg were likely to prove rather a burden than a benefit to the State, while many found, to their bitter disappointment, that they must put up with scant courtesy and be content with what they could get.¹ For those, however, who, like Madame de Bode, came under the protection of the Empress or, better still, under that of the *Favourite*, there was no limit to the cordiality and hospitality of the *noblesse*. No wonder then that every letter at this time is pervaded with a spirit of rapturous gratitude to and admiration of a government and a state of things from which she experienced nothing but good.² In fact it would be hard to assign any but the most disinterested motives for the extreme kindness with which she was everywhere received; and it is a matter of wonder why this English lady of cosmopolitan career should have evoked such universal goodwill in a corrupt society where actions are usually attributed to motives the reverse of disinterested. We may well suppose that there must have been some individual fascination in the manners and presence of the Baroness herself. Charm

elle venait de poser la première en cérémonie. Joseph, de retour, disait: "J'ai fini une grande affaire, en un jour avec l'Impératrice de Russie; elle a posé la première pierre d'une ville et moi la dernière." — *Masson*.

More witty than exact as regards Ekaterinoslaw.

¹ Catherine accustomed herself gradually to regard the French sojourning in her Empire no longer as guests, but as new subjects—'Et elle n'entend pas qu'ils se donnent des airs qu'elle ne tolérerait pas chez les autres.'—*Waliszewski*.

² She says, 'One ought to make a great distinction between a Despotic and Tyrannical Government! The Despotic in good hands is very mild. I own I prefer it to a greater liberty. One is much safer from cabals. You would be astonished how quiet everything is here, no riots and mobs in the streets. Every one that gets drunk or quarrels in the street is put twenty-four hours into prison. The house doors are often left wide open till one or two o'clock in the morning, and 'tis very rare one hears of a robber.'

of conversation and adaptability to surroundings must have been hers. Tact and caution her letters themselves display. Indeed the reader occasionally longs to see further behind the scenes and to be admitted into the scandalous Secrets of her 'good friend' Doctor Roggerson, or of the *ménage Zoubof &c.*; but our correspondent is too discreet to gratify idle curiosity on such dangerous topics. 'Interfering people,' she remarks, 'may get into scrapes here as well as in any other country, but 'tis their own fault if they do.' She takes the state of society as she finds it; and not a word are her sisters in England allowed to ask about critical matters; for it must be confessed that, loud as she is in praise of a despotic government ('where all is peace and order in the streets'), her letters are as liable to be opened and confiscated under this delightful rule, as ever they had been under the detestable *régime* of the French Patriots of the Revolution. Again, another consideration which in this woman-ruled society would tell in favour of an enterprising and resolute lady is to be found in the mere fact of her sex. 'Under the reign of Catherine,' says a contemporary writer,¹ 'women had already taken at Court a pre-eminence which they brought with them into their houses and into their societies. . . . The respect and fear which Catherine inspired in her courtiers seemed to be reflected back upon all her sex.' It was an age of Amazons when women like the Princess Dashkoff² rode at the head of troops, and the wives of colonels are said to have arrogated to themselves the control of their husbands' regiments. Thus to the Russia of Catherine's day it was only in the fitness of things that the gift of lands,

¹ *Mémoires secrets sur la Russie. Tome second, 1800. Written at the command of Napoleon.—Masson.*

² This masculine lady was given the post of President of the Academy, and styled '*Le Président.*'—*Masson.*

villages, and peasants (or 'souls' as these last were characteristically styled) should be granted to the Baroness and not to her husband, and that he should remain far away in a convent, while his intrepid spouse braved alone the perils of the journey. And lastly, if indeed any one could realise the scheme of the Empress for colonising the deserted regions of the Empire, it was this lady of untiring energy and boundless resource, with her rare capacity for business, experienced in mines and industrial works, in farming, planting, vine-growing, brewing, and brandy making, acquainted with the pinch of poverty and discomfort, yet hopeful and cheerful under the most adverse circumstances—surely she was the embodiment of the Empress's ideal colonist! Madame de Bode was the first of the emigrants (she tells us) for whom the young Grand Duchess Elizabeth¹ interested herself. This beautiful and amiable Princess, who had but recently left her home in Baden, was still little more than a child in years. Virtuous amid surroundings of universal corruption, she is said to have been the only German Princess (out of many ill-fated ones) who was happily married into the Imperial family. The Empress Catherine, who was able to appreciate in another a virtue which she did not herself practise, always treated the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of her grandson and future heir Alexander, as a beloved granddaughter, and indeed caressed all her grandchildren in proportion as she detested her son.²

The Grand Duke Alexander was present when his young wife received Madame de Bode in audience, and showed her great sympathy. He assured her of his protection, and himself took charge of the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia's letter to his 'August Mother,' the Grand Duchess Marie :

¹ Daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Baden.

² The Grand Duke Paul.

After examining and approving of my petition written in the form of a letter addressed to Her Imperial Majesty, he pointed out the most certain way to make it succeed.

Perhaps if I had not had the great protection I had [wrote the Baroness later] and the condescension of the young Grand Duke¹ (Alexander), my petition had not pierced through the very thick wall that separates us.

The petition, therefore, of the Baroness de Bode supported in this favourable quarter was likely to be kindly received by the Empress herself, and there were also other private influences—less pure, though even more powerful—through which it would reach the Imperial ear.

At the time of Madame de Bode's arrival in Russia, when the reign of the sexagenarian Empress was drawing to a close, Zouboff,² the last, the youngest, the least able, and the most powerful of all Catherine's long succession of lovers, occupied the supreme position of Prime Minister, and all favours were dispensed by his hands alone. 'Le Comte Zoubof est tout ici,' wrote Comte Rastopchine to Simon Vorontsoff. 'Il n'y a plus d'autre volonté que la sienne. Son pouvoir est plus grand que celui dont a joui autrefois le Prince Patiomkin. Il est

¹ Husband of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, and eldest son of the Grand Duke Paul, who was son of the Empress. Alexander eventually became Emperor on the death of his father Emperor Paul. He, a year older than his wife, was sixteen years old at the time of Madame de Bode's arrival in Petersburg.

² 'Monsieur le Comte et Prince Zoubow, dernier favori en titre et en fonctions de la vieille Catherine, était loin d'avoir le génie et l'ambition d'Orlov et de Potemkin, quoiqu'il ait à la fin réuni sur sa tête plus de puissance et de crédit que ses deux célèbres favoris. Potemkin dut presque toute sa grandeur à lui-même: Zoubow ne dut la sienne qu'à la décrépitude de Catherine. On le voit gagner en pouvoir, en richesse et en crédit, en raison de ce que Catherine perdoit en activité, en vigueur et en génie. Les dernières années de sa vie, ce jeune homme se trouvoit à la lettre Empereur de toutes les Russies.'—*Masson, Mémoires secrets, 1800.*

aussi négligent et incapable que par le passé, quoique l'Impératrice répète à tous et à chacun que c'est le plus grand génie que la Russie ait jamais produit.' He seems to have elected to smile upon the Baroness's suit, and to have personally interested himself in her welfare, while he at once admitted young Clement de Bode—now a handsome and accomplished youth of seventeen—into the regiment of which he was himself the *fainéant* general, supplied him with uniforms, and gave him presents. Madame de Bode became intimate with Zouboff's sister, Madame de Gerebtsoff.¹ How important for success it was to cultivate this lady's goodwill Madame Vigée le Brun informs us in her *Mémoires*. Zouboff liked his sister's influence to be courted, and the great artist attributes his hostility to herself to the fact that she neglected to bring a letter of recommendation to his sister. Madame de Bode, however, left no stone unturned that might further her interest in this direction. Too cautious to repeat scandals, and with evidently no taste for them herself, she completely ignores—what was matter of common notoriety—the intimacy that existed between Madame de Gerebtsoff and the bachelor English ambassador, in whose company this lady was constantly to be met. Sir Charles Whitworth² probably found such

¹ 'Le jour où l'on célèbre à Petersbourg la prise de Belgrade par les alliés autrichiens, Zouboff s'avise de dire en pleine cour : "Tout le monde célèbre aujourd'hui un joyeux événement, et moi deux !" "Quel est le second ?" demande l'Impératrice. "Ma sœur vient d'accoucher."—On sourit, et Catherine éprouve un moment d'embarras ; mais elle a des trésors d'indulgence pour les incartades du "petit-garçon !" — *Waliszewski*.

² In Russian society he was usually called 'milord Witford.' Madame Vigée le Brun in her *Mémoires* mentions him under that name. Years afterwards she visited him and his wife the Duchess of Dorset at Knole, and describes him as still 'fort bel homme ; il avait surtout l'air noble et distingué.' They were on that occasion rather dull at dinner, as it was the Duchess's habit to *discourage talking at*

a liaison convenient in political affairs; anyhow the Zouboffs were in consequence of it Anglophile in their tendencies and tastes, while the French refugees, in spite of the Parisian graces which pervaded their salons, were in bad odour with the Zouboff *coterie*; and Madame de Gerebtsoff is said to have so far indulged her love of English fashions and of Sir Charles, as to substitute at his instigation the unheard-of innovation of late dining, according to the vogue of London, for the practice, then invariable at St. Petersburg, of dining at the early hour of 2.30.¹ Be that as it may, the English birth of the Baroness would have thus commended itself to the caprice of Zouboff, and it must be remembered the caprice of Zouboff was at this time the paramount factor in the disposal of all patronage.

St. Petersburg: September 30 (new style), 1794.

I have been exceedingly lucky in succeeding so far, but I may thank the very good recommendations I brought with me. . . . In all societies where I go I have the pleasure of being vastly well received and with a great deal of friendship and distinction. But I should not advise any one to come here on a venture without very good recommendations. Ninety-nine in a hundred would fail of success. . . .

The Empress and the Ministers are vastly kind

meals—she informed her guest! A contrast—these dinners in the evening of 'Milord's' days—to those in his gay bachelorhood at Petersburg!

¹ 'At the early hour of 2.30.'—*Madame le Brun's Mémoires*.

One may infer from Madame le Brun's description of her dinner with Zouboff's sister that this lady revenged herself by a trick on the offending artist, by purposely omitting to warn her guest of the unusual hour of her dinners. Madame le Brun and her daughter arrived at 2.30 to fulfil their engagement. 'Une heure, deux heures se passent . . . vers six heures ma pauvre fille et moi, nous étions tellement affamées . . . je me sentais tout-à-fait mourante. Ce ne fut qu'à sept heures et demie qu'enfin l'on vint nous dire que l'on était servi; mais nos pauvres estomacs avaient trop souffert. Il nous fut impossible de manger,'—thanks to Sir Charles Whitworth!

to us. She sent me the other day 600 Roubles for my present necessities, and gave orders for us to be lodged and boarded at her expense so long as we stay here; and Sir Charles Whitworth continues us on the coach, so that we are very well off. Nothing, however, is settled yet what we are to have, but I believe my children will be provided for and all the family transported cost free to the place intended for our retreat—a house and a sum of money to begin with. . . .

The language I am learning; but it is the most difficult I have yet attempted, as it has no connection with any I yet know. But it is absolutely necessary for us to learn it, and we shall be able to do nothing without it. 'Tis terribly cold here, already as cold as in England in the month of November, the leaves are all fallen. I have such pains in my limbs I can hardly support it. I don't know whether it is the cold or a too great thickness in my blood, but I will consult our good friend Doctor Roggerson.

This notorious 'Physician of the Body' to the Empress concerned himself as much with politics as with medicine.¹ Being intimately acquainted with all the most secret affairs of the heart of the great Semiramis, he had for many years played a considerable rôle outside his professional duties. Truly a 'friend of Mammon' whose friendship was worth cultivating, and one who might have many opportunities of saying a kind word for the Baroness in the Imperial ear.

Mother and son had now left their suburban friends on the side of the Neva, and were established in a more fashionable quarter at the Empress's expense.

¹ The Count de Ségur in 1786 writes of Dr. Roggerson: 'Comme il se mêle aussi souvent de politique que de médecine, et que c'est par lui qu'on prétend que se font les offres d'argent, je ne puis qu'être fort aise de son absence . . . en Angleterre.'

In a very good house—we live vastly well and are much better off than we were before. Clem is much admired in the great world, knows and visits almost all the Ambassadors and Ministers. I am very glad of it, for I think 'tis a great advantage for young men to frequent good company.

I have seen the great Empress in all her glory dressed in her robes with diamond crown upon her head, dining in publick with the Chevaliers of Alexander Nieufsky. I never saw so much gold all together in my life—all the dishes and covers (for every dish was covered) were massive gold as well as the plates, spoons, knives, and forks. There were two Courses, of sixty-three dishes each, besides the dessert, which was magnificent. In the evening there was a fine ball, where I had the pleasure of seeing my dear Protectress dance, also all the younger part of the Imperial family . . . The Grande Duchesse¹ (the mother) is with child again. She is not yet in town, but has sent me a very kind message . . . The Grande Duchesse Elizabeth is vastly kind to me. I see her in private in her own room.

'Tis two thousand Versts from here to Cherson where I believe they will give us a house, but I believe our land and villages will be in the south of the Crimea, near a thousand Versts more south. The country we shall have is entirely wild and uncultivated—all destroyed in the time of war, but is situated in the finest climate in the world, and the soil, they say, very fine—so good as not to want any muck, and all grain, trees, flowers, garden-stuffs, &c. succeed vastly well in that climate and soil, but I

¹ The Grande Duchesse Marie (second wife of the Grand Duke Paul, only son of Empress Catherine), born a Princess of Würtemberg, sister of Frederick William, afterwards first King of Würtemberg. The Grande Duchesse Marie was mother of the Grand Duke Alexander. On the death of Catherine she became Empress Marie.

LAUNCHED IN PETERSBURG

must repeat that this Country is almost uninhab. . . If you could persuade a poor man and his wife to come over, that understood farming and cheese-making, it would be very good—also mechanical people of any kind. We can promise them not much except land, but that we should be in the case to do.

I hope hops will grow very well there, and that we shall be able to make good beer. We learnt the practical part of that last winter at Altenberg. All your receipts will be very acceptable. If you could send me the receipt for Porter, 'twould be good. I trust much to your kindness in being able to make a good collection to set me up in our new house—in all countries they are so generous to the poor unfortunate *émigrés*. Pray let the Duchess of Cumberland be asked. My case is very extraordinary and therefore ought to put aside all false shame after we have been plundered of everything as we have been. If the things are not new so much the better, at least everything should be made up. I will give you a list of things that would be most useful, such as: tent bedsteads, either of wood or iron, that we can take to pieces to pack up—mattresses, pillows, bolsters, sheets, coverlids, blankets, tablecloths, napkins, or towels, knives and forks, spoons (pewter ones will do), plates, dishes, soup-dishes, pots and kettles, bed curtains and window curtains, frying pans and gridirons, ironing irons, fire shovels and tongs, and pokers and grates, common flat candlesticks and snuffers, pins, needles, penknives, garden-knife, and *sizzors*, spinning-wheels for hemp and others for cotton, weaving shuttels and weaving comb, spades, bells, a common English girl that is a *good dairymaid*—we will take care of her, and if she marry give her some land—the seed of Clover and artificial grass, garden seeds of all sorts and all

¹ 'Nous aimerions mieux mourir,' wrote one of the emigrants at such a prospect.—*Waliszewski*.

stones of fruit, seeds of forest trees (if 'tis possible), Hop seeds, any books of arts and sciences and trades, physick and Surgery and Apothecary books, natural history and Botany, Agriculture, &c. Doctor Darwin,¹ for example, might send me his 'Botany,' 'Agriculture,' &c., &c. I mention all these articles—perhaps you will find one that will give one thing and one another—take all they offer us even if it were a fiddle or a pianoforte. We have had everything and have nothing more, and where we think of going there is nothing and nothing to be had.

Petersbourg : October 22 (new style), 1794.

I received your dear kind letter, my dear Sister, yesterday, so that it was exactly a month in coming to my hands. I have read it over and over again, each time shedding tears of gratitude. You cannot think the effect your kindness has upon me. I am grateful to every one, but I feel it doubly from you—reflexion made on all circumstances. A thousand thanks for the collections you are so kind as to contribute yourself. What a comfort and help it will be to me upon entering again into housekeeping! I don't think it will be possible to send them this year. . . . The best way will be to send them all addressed to Sir Charles Whitworth. He, Sir Charles, is the same good-natured creature that all the Whitworths are. He remembers you and Kitty and asks kindly after you all. He is very good to Clem. Clem dines with him at least two or three times every week. He has dined also with the Swedish Ambassador and with the Minister Count Osterman.²

¹ Doctor Erasmus Darwin, poet and physician, born 1721, settled at Lichfield till 1781, where he would have known Madame de Bode before her marriage. He removed to Derby, where he died in 1802. He wrote *Phytologia; or, the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*, but his poetic fame rests upon his *Botanic Garden*.

² 'Une nullité absolue,' one of the Germans in the entourage of the Empress, Minister of Foreign Affairs, 'fils du chancelier de

Pending arrangements, Madame de Bode and her boy were careful to keep themselves *en évidence* and to pay court to those likely to forward their interests.

My society is the very best in Petersbourg. We are invited to dinners, suppers, balls, plays, operas, Concerts &c.—it never costs us anything. . . .

As to Clement, his father, writing from Altenberg, reports that he hears :

He is admired by everybody. He is a pretty well-behaved young fellow. He is so admired for his dancing that all the young ladies of the Court will have him for their partner.

The Baroness continues :

We are a great deal with the Countess Schouvaloff¹ who is Grande Maitresse to the young Grande

l'Impératrice Anne que Kaunitz appelait l'automate, dont le Comte de Ségur disait : "Ce pauvre vice-chancelier qui ne sait rien d'aucune affaire," mais qui parlait avec aisance la langue officielle des Chancelleries, portait avec dignité la perruque poudrée, l'habit à jabot . . . et ne faisait pas mauvaise figure dans un carrosse tout en glaces attelé de six chevaux blancs."—*Waliszewski*.

¹ Catherine, daughter of Field-Marshal Count Peter Soltikoff (Governor of Moscow, died in 1772), and widow of Count Andrew Schouvaloff, the poet and littérateur, to whom she was married at a very early age. Count Andrew and his young bride were the guests of Voltaire at Ferney in 1765, who in honour of his illustrious guests gave a representation in his theatre of *Mérope et Ninon*. The Countess Schouvaloff gave on this occasion two hundred thousand *écus* of diamonds to Madame Denis for this representation, and as much to the Marquise de Florian to thank her for playing the rôle of the Baronne in 'Nanine.' Count A. Schouvaloff was the author of *L'Épître à Ninon*, published in 1774. He owed to his intimacy with Voltaire, and his talents as a translator of the French language, and to his discretion, the favour which he enjoyed with the Empress Catherine. She submitted her French correspondence to him.—*Waliszewski, Autour d'un Trône*. Portraits of Count and Countess A. Schouvaloff, by Grenze, are in the possession of their descendants.

Duchesse Elizabeth, and has apartments at the Court. We often dine with her.¹ She is vastly good to us, and speaks often with the Minister to forward our affair, which though promised goes on very slowly. I have been twice to the Italian Opera in the Countess's box. She has introduced me to her daughter, the Princess Gallizin and her Sister (in law) the Countess Soltikoff² whom we visit. We go often also to Madame Zagriajsky, born Rosomofsky (Razumofsky). 'Tis very agreeable, as we meet many of our acquaintance among the Russians there. We know many of the Germans here and also many of the English. 'Tis very odd—they make three perfect different sets. Among the Russians they are all *noblesse*. The English all merchants—rich and live monstrous well, and their houses, many of them, finer than our first Nobility's in London. The Germans are a mixture of Nobility and Merchants, but chiefly poor Nobility out of Liefland and Livonie, who belong to the Military, as they all serve. You meet an innumerable quantity of coaches and six in the streets—to show their rank they do that. But at the same time for the greatest part you never saw such shabby horses of all colours, and rope-harness, two postillions and a Coachman—the postillions mounted on the right-hand horses, and the reins one in one hand and one in the other, and the whip

¹ We are unwilling to believe a malicious *plaisanterie* or skit on the Court of Catherine at this time, implying that the company to be met at the table of the Countess Schouvaloff did not bear the highest reputation for good behaviour. 'The Countess Schouvaloff, Grande Maitresse of the Grande Duchesse Elizabeth, shall be confirmed (in her post); but will be enjoined not to permit at the table of the young Princess that only *les bêtes* shall have the right of talking, unless at least they shall talk with good sense as in the time of Esope!' (*Quoted by Masson*).

² Wife of Field-Marshal Count John Soltikoff, brother of the Countess Schouvaloff. She was born Daria Countess Tchernichov. She died in 1802. . . . Of the Tchernichovs it is said: 'L'ambition, une ambition inquiète, brouillonne, tracassière, était le ressort moteur de toute cette famille.'—*Waliszewski*.

hanging upon the left hand ! The Russians have a great deal of taste in Architecture, but in many places quite near to the finest buildings stands a very trumpery wooden building, so that all is a perfect mixture here in everything. The common Russians are the most wonderful figures you ever saw, which makes the streets a constant Masquerade. The Russian tradesmen and common men never suffer a razor to come near them, so that sometimes you see old men with their faces almost entirely covered with hair. The Military is very pretty and modern, and all that have anything to do with the Court must be shaved.¹ Clem was with the Minister again yesterday. As soon as I hear anything new I will write to Kitty.

¹ Peter the Great put a heavy tax on beards.

CHAPTER XXIV

EN ÉVIDENCE

1794

A round of amusements—Madame Zagriajsky—Her receptions—Her origin—The Razumofskys—Her uncle's marriage to Empress Elizabeth I.—Her father the Hetman—His immense wealth—Clem pays court to the Favourite—Court Ball—Countess Soltikoff's ball—Clem Lieutenant in the Artillery—Zouboff gives sword and uniforms—Plants for Countess Schouvaloff—Her daughter—Bad news from Flanders—Neva frozen—Russian Predestination.

BUT private business moved slowly in this society where everything gave way to pleasure and amusement, while the great Semiramis herself was either immersed in splendid schemes of national aggrandisement, or in her lighter moments taking her recreation in a small and chosen *coterie* of intimate sharers in her degraded pleasures.

Dec. 8 (new style), 1794.

It is true that the Publick Affairs have lately given so much occupation we must have some patience; but the alarming situation of my dear Auguste and my children makes me in constant anxiety. I am always tormenting myself only how to send them the money that they may set off and to know what place they are to go to.

It was now suggested that the whole family should come to Petersburg to await the decision of their fate.

For my part if I did not feel it was high time to be at work in the Country if we are to have bread next year, we could stay contentedly here as long as they pleased. Not but I must say, I begin to be

tired of the pleasures here ; and having nothing to do and belonging to nobody embitters the most gay scenes. I am now for about three weeks staying with a lady who has taken a vast fancy to me, Madame Zagriajsky.

She is very kind to us, and if her husband does not return from Moscow, so that he will want his room, we shall probably continue on with her. She has not been well all the winter, but has company come to her every day, so that we see in quite a friendly way many of the first *noblesse* and most of the foreign Ambassadors. I had the pleasure of hearing of my old friend Count Pignatelli from the Duke of Serra Capriola, who is the Neapolitan Minister here, and who is often at this house ; but I was sorry to hear my old friend had become totally blind. We sit generally till two o'clock in the morning. Sir Charles comes often after twelve and stays an hour or two chatting with us. Madame Zagriajski, the lady I am with, was daughter of Count Rosomofsky [Razumofsky]. Her husband is Lieutenant-General [Grand Echanson]. On both accounts she drives about the town in her coach and six. She has about thirty servants in the house, but that is but few for Russia. Our neighbour the Countess Soltikoff has two hundred in her house.

That Madame Zagriajsky, although the granddaughter of a peasant, should by right of birth enjoy the privilege of a coach-and-six is an instance of a family having owed to the tender passions of an Empress its sudden elevation from the humblest origin to pre-eminent power and wealth. The rise of the Razumofskys, Alexis and Cyril—uncle and father of this lady—was so extraordinary, or would be so in any other society—that an account of it may not be out of place here. Sons of a peasant, Gregory Razoum, the beautiful voice of the elder (Alexis) caused him to be noticed by the Empress Elizabeth in

the choir of the Imperial chapel. His person proving to be as beautiful as his voice, he became Prime Minister and favourite of that Empress, and is generally believed to have been secretly married to her. When years afterwards there was a question of a similar *mésalliance*—namely, of the Empress Catherine marrying her favourite Orloff—and it was intended that Elizabeth's marriage with Razumofsky should be cited as a precedent, Count Vorontsoff in the interests of Orloff was dispatched to seek out Razumofsky, the ex-singer and widower of Elizabeth (then prematurely aged and living in retirement), in order to verify the marriage by documents known to be in his possession. An account of the interview was published by a nephew of this Razumofsky (that is, by a brother of Madame Zagriajsky). Razumofsky is said to have resisted all offers of recompense from the party of Orloff, to have refused the title of Imperial Highness, and to have burnt the documents in the sight of Vorontsoff in order that the proofs of his own marriage with the Empress Elizabeth might not furnish a precedent for the projected marriage of Orloff with the Empress Catherine. Cyril Razumofsky, the younger brother of this Alexis, was the father of Madame Zagriajsky. He followed the rapid fortunes of his brother. At the age of fifteen he became (under Elizabeth) Gentleman of the Chamber; at sixteen Count of the Holy Empire; at seventeen Chamberlain and Cordon of St. Anne; at eighteen Grand Cordon of St. Alexander and President of the Academy of Sciences. The year afterwards he married the richest heiress in Russia, Catherine Narychkine, cousin of the Empress Elizabeth, and, continuing to mount the ladder, at twenty-two he was appointed Hetman of the Cossacks of little Russia, with enormous revenues. Later he was instrumental in the plot to murder Peter III. and to raise Catherine to the throne.

Catherine, however, soon forgot his good services, and, finding him too powerful a subject, deposed him and abolished the post of Hetman. He remained, however, a personage of immense consideration and wealth. Proud of his exalted position, he was equally so of his humble origin, to which he frequently alluded, to the great annoyance of his children.¹ Thus it was through her father's elevation that Madame Zagriajsky² was by birth entitled to the possession of her coach-and-six.

Madame de Bode, writing from Madame Zagriajsky's house, continues :

Sunday Clem went in the morning to pay his court to the General, from thence to Court. In the evening to the Ball at Court, and afterwards we were both at a very fine ball at the Countess Soltikoff's—'twas the Court removed to her house—except the Imperial family. Clem has been several times at Court. About three weeks ago he got his commission in the Army—under Lieutenant in the

¹ Prince Andrew Razumofsky, his son, was Ambassador to the Court of Naples, and also to that of Vienna. He had been suspected of too great an intimacy with the unfortunate first wife of the Grand Duke Paul, who was born a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, the circumstances of whose premature death were not without occasion of scandal.

² Madame Zagriajsky's Christian name was Natalie. There is still a tradition that this lady was extremely plain. Waliszewski, however, says of Natalie Zagriaska (*Autour d'un Trône*) 'une beauté pour laquelle le Conquérant de la Tauride (Potemkin) soupira un moment.' *A propos* of Potemkin's *passion passagère* for this lady, Count André Schouvaloff had written in his *L'Epttre à Ninon* (published in 1774):—

'Cet invincible amour que je porte en mon sein,
Dont je ne parle pas mais que tout vous atteste,
Est un sentiment pur, une flamme céleste
Que je nourris toujours, hélas ! mais c'est en vain.
De la séduction je ne suis pas l'apôtre :
Je serais fortuné possédant vos appas,
Je vivrai malheureux si vous ne m'aimez pas,
Je mourrai de douleur si vous aimez un autre.'

Artillery—at the same time Count Zouboff, his General, made him a present of his regimental sword, hat, in short equipped him entirely. He looked very pretty in his Uniform. He is taller than me. When he returns home from the south, where he is to conduct me, he is to go for a year or two to the Academy to finish his education, learn the Russian language and his service. I believe all my children, except Harry, Mary, and Clementina, who we shall keep with us, will be educated here at the Empress's expense, for the Queen of Prussia does not take Felix and Fritzell till they are grown up.

Jacob has just come in from the tailor's and tells me that the Count Zouboff has given orders for two more entire uniforms to be made for Clem. The uniform is scarlet turned up and lined with black, buff waistcoat and breeches, a sash black and gold striped—gold-laced hat and gold buttons, boots, and spurs, gilt sword, and black and gold sword-knot with rich gold tassels.

I dined with Madame la Comtesse Schouvaloff yesterday. She is very fond of plants. She had never seen the purple egg plant or the ice plant or some of the Spanish pepper plants. I promised to procure her some seeds of each by your means. The Countess thinks they might be put in a letter directed *A son Excellence Madame la Comtesse de Schouvaloff née Comtesse de Soltikoff, Dame du Portrail de Sa Majesté Impériale, au Palais à Pétersbourg* and sent by a Courier. Couriers often come from the Secretary of State's office to Petersburg, and you might get some friend in London to take care to give the letter to one of the Gentlemen of that office to be so obliging as to send it. The Countess wishes much to have also a few plants of the Strawberry tree sent by one of the first ships in the Spring. If it would be possible that you could do that too, I should be vastly obliged to you, my dear Kitty. You can't think the obligations I have to her. She quite

loves me. I was recommended to her by the Hereditary Princess of Baden.¹ The Countess has been in England, and all that house speaks English. They have a very agreeable English woman lives with them, a Mrs. Steevens, a Clergyman's widow.

The Countess's youngest daughter, the Countess Alexandrine, is a charming girl. We are great friends. She is Maid of Honour to the Empress. She was on duty yesterday and almost covered with diamonds. . . .²

We have no news from our friends in Flanders, but by the French taking all that country we have had another loss, which is all that quantity of good furniture and linen that our good old Aunt de Bode had there and promised to us. But all linen has been put in requisition by the French—those robbers of every one's property. . . .

We had the Neva frozen for about a fortnight, but it is thawed again. There were several persons drowned in trying to pass it too soon and afterwards too late. But as the Commonality of Russians believe in predestination they fear nothing and are hardy to imprudence. Many passed long after it had been absolutely forbid and paid their disobedience with their lives. . . .

¹ It was Countess Schouvaloff who a year earlier had been deputed by the Empress to escort the young Princesses of Baden to Petersburg, where one of them was to be selected as a bride for the young Grand Duke Alexander. It is said the Hereditary Princess of Baden, their mother, excused herself from conducting them, having herself unpleasant recollections of a visit to Petersburg some years earlier, when she and her sister had been subjected to a similar inspection by the Grand Duke Paul. The choice had fallen on her unfortunate sister, who became the first wife of the capricious Paul, and to whose premature death we have already alluded. She brought him no children. By his second wife, Marie of Würtemberg, he was father of the Grand Duke Alexander.

² Madame le Brun painted this young lady's portrait a few months later, 1795, soon after the artist's arrival at Petersburg.

CHAPTER XXV

COUNT ZOUBOFF PROCRASTINATES

1795

Baron's plight at Altenberg—German troops billeted in convent—News of his wife's accident—Zouboff's sister—A land of enchantment—'I cannot divide myself'—Prudence necessary—Leaves Madame Zagriajsky—Stays at English Embassy—Empress will pay Baron's journey—Gratitude to sisters in England—Court mourning—Supper at Princess Galitzin's—Monsieur de Calonne—Comte de Choiseul—Lady Craven detested—Prince Galitzin's birthday—Monsieur Christine—Letters detained—Baron's lamentations—Misunderstandings and delays—Difficulty of communicating—Uncertain destination—Baron starts at last—A cavalcade across Europe—Good, kind Empress—Zouboff's boundless liberality—Two pleasure trips—Getting into breath.

ALL this time the poor Baron with his children was lingering on at Altenberg, the guest of his sister the Abbess. He wrote much and often to his dear sisters Adderley and Kittilini in England, and their sympathy was his constant support. Aged and broken by the burden of his misfortunes, subsisting on charity, without money to buy even boots and shoes for his large family, his noble heart humiliated by a sense of obligation to his wife's generous relations and harassed by a debt which he now felt he would never be able to repay—truly his plight was a pitiable one! Nor was the convent any longer the peaceful retreat it had been. Six hundred German troops were now billeted in the convent and had even encroached on the rooms occupied by himself and his children; while every day the approach of the French was more imminently expected, when the nuns and their guests might any moment have to fly for their lives.

The New Year of 1795 brought no nearer prospect of a decision as to the destination of the family.

In January the Baron writes to his sister-in-law that his dear Molly has

had a very hard fall downstairs in the house of Madame de Grebtsoff, sister of the Minister Zouboff. As they were going downstairs together, involved in her furs, she made a false step upon her gown, could not help herself, and fell down in her whole length head first. You may easily guess what a terrible fall she had—heavy as she is. She lay a long time with lost senses, three men could hardly bring her up, but she recovered herself. Mr. Roggerson, the physician of the Empress, treats her with leave of the Empress. He was not sure the next day that the left arm was not broken, but by examining it very minutiously (*sic*) said that it was not, though all the nerves very much bruised.

On the 25th she writes me I should be without anxiety for her, that she finds herself better. She has been blooded, took a physic, and keeps a very strict diet. She tells me that nothing can be more kind than all the Russian Nobility are, who not only enquire after her, but make all possible offers in every kind. Think, dear Sister, what a loss I should have if God had not saved her, and at this time, when our little children want us both still so much! She only makes my life supportable in all the distresses our fate has put us in. When we are together we console one another and we bear lighter our misfortunes, but for one alone it would be really too heavy.

It is evident that the Baroness used to the best advantage this excellent opportunity of cementing a friendship with the Favourite's sister, and also with her old ally Doctor Roggerson. On her recovery she was still more *répandue* in Russian society than before.

'Tis quite like a fable my life, particularly here. I dare not tell you how I pass my time. I cannot divide myself to all that is offered me. Indeed this Petersbourg is like the Isle of Calypso—I don't know how I shall get away from it. . . . I am sorry that I cannot say a thousand things I wish to say to you. There are many things I can talk of that it is not always prudent to commit to pen and paper. Lord ! if ever we should see one another again, what a deal I should have to tell you ! How chance has procured me the knowledge of a great part of Europe ! 'Tis astonishing how I am known everywhere, and what variety of acquaintance I have in different countries ! Madame Zagriajsky's Husband is now coming back soon from Moscow, and therefore Sir Charles Whitworth offers me rooms at his house till my Husband and children arrive. Then I must ask for a house, as we shall be too numerous to be at any friends. The Prussian Minister intended to offer us to lodge at his house, but I am quite rejoiced to be at Sir Charles', though much obliged to the other.

The Empress will pay my family's journey—I only fear it has been delayed so long—the succour that they send him that it may come too late. Sir Charles comforted me yesterday by assuring me that the Patriots had not crossed the Rhine, and then your letter quite revived my hope for his security, at least I hope he will have received your very kind and generous precaution for his safety. I had also some time ago sent him a draft on me here for the first moment to escape. Surely he will receive one of the three helps sent him. 'Tis also some time since that the Minister here [Zouboff] wrote to the Russian Minister at the Circles at Frankfort, Count Romanzoff, to advance him whatever he should want. How provoking and distressing that the letters are so uncertain ! . . . I received your very kind letter yesterday. Sir Charles gave it me—we dined a large party at his house—while I was reading your letter

with tears in my eyes—(they were tears of Gratitude) Sir Charles and Madame Zagriajsky came up to me and anxiously enquired if you had sent me any grieving news. I communicated to them your kindness to me. They were charmed by your kind attention.

We are all in mourning at present (Jan 24th)—great grief at Court for one of the little Grande Duchesses, Olga¹ by name.

St. Petersburg: January 28, 1795.

I supped last night with the Princess Galitzin² (the Countess Schouvaloff's daughter). The Imperial Ambassadors, M. de Calonne,³ and the Count de Choiseul,⁴ were of the party—he that was Ambassador at Constantinople and was so near being murdered there about two years ago. You must remember to have read an account of his affair in the newspapers. He has often recounted me his adventures. 'Tis astonishing what difficulties he

¹ Daughter of the Grand Duke Paul and his second wife Marie.

² Wife of Prince Michael Galitzin, Privy Counsellor (he was born 1765 and died 1812). She was daughter of Count Andrew Schouvaloff. Her portrait was painted later in this year by Madame le Brun. They had three sons and two daughters, Marchioness Terzy (Italian) and the Countess Nompur de Caumont de la Force (French).

³ Calonne, the eminent French statesman, and Controller of the Finances of France. He had succeeded Necker in 1781, and after four years' unsuccessful endeavours had been obliged to retire to England. He was received with little favour by the Empress Catherine when he arrived in Petersburg.

⁴ Comte de Choiseul. Catherine 'faisait grand accueil à Choiseul-Gouffier, dont le rôle conciliateur à Constantinople lui avait laissé de bons souvenirs. Elle l'engageait même à se fixer dans son Empire. . . . On est allé jusqu'à prétendre—c'est une légende de famille—qu'un plus tendre intérêt inspirait tout d'abord à la Souveraine les procédés courtois dont elle usait envers l'ancien Ambassadeur, et on a représenté celui-ci, homme de vertu austère, jouant le rôle de Joseph en une scène fort mortifiante pour Sémiramis. On a oublié que né en 1752, Choiseul avait passé à cette époque depuis longtemps l'âge des Platons et Valériens Zouboff, et les fantaisies amoureuses de Catherine n'ont aucun besoin de bénéficier du miracle de la multiplication. . . .'—*Waliszewski, Autour d'un Trône.*

went through to save his person. He has his two sons here, but his wife and five daughters are still in France in the Patriots' hands. [Three years later she remarks 'I once complimented the Count de Choiseul on all the pretty things Lady Craven¹ says of him in her letters. He smiled and said Lady Craven was very amiable, but that one would think her letters had been published on purpose to make his *éloge* . . . in short she has contrived to disoblige every one by her behaviour in this country, or her sarcasms in her letters. She is detested for the same thing in France.'] [Continuing.] To-morrow we dine at the Prince Galitzin's *Campagne*, thirteen verstes from here—'tis his Birthday. 'Tis dreadful cold weather, we must lap ourselves warm in our furs. People that are used to it don't mind it, and go in open sledges. The sky is so clear here, and the ground always covered with snow, that 'tis never dark all winter. Mr. Christine,² secretary to Mr. de Calonne, has promised to take care to put this in the post in London, and more, has promised me to search in the Secretary of State's office in London for my letters I sent you in the Minister's packet from this place. I am told they are very apt to let them lie in that office unless enquired after. . . .

I have not yet had the satisfaction of hearing if my dear Auguste has received any of our comforting letters. His letters are always full of lamentations of the dreadful situation he is in—If I succeed so as to save him, I shall feel like Joseph gone beforehand into Egypt—I sit on thorns till I hear of my dear Husband and Children being in safety.

¹ Lady Craven married secondly the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach and Bayreuth, with whom she had previously lived. She died in 1828.

² M. Christine meddled much in political intrigues; especially in the affair of the projected marriage of the young King of Sweden with the Grand Duchess Alexandra—the jilting of which favourite granddaughter caused the Empress such anger and disappointment as to bring on the fatal seizure.

But the unfortunate Baron had never received the money sent him by the Empress, or rather by Zouboff—whose good intentions were doubtless nullified by his careless habits. The Minister Plenipotentiary at Frankfort, Count Roumanzof, had not as yet received orders to supply the Baron with money for his journey, and without it the Baron could not start for Petersburg, which he had now been instructed to do as soon as possible. It took two months for him to receive an answer from Petersburg to his letters. His wife in the meantime, believing him to have started, ceased to address letters to Altenberg and addressed them to Berlin, so that he never received them. Thus month after month went by and delay followed delay. It was still uncertain what was to be the ultimate destination of the family, whether a settlement in the Crimea, or in Livonia, or in the neighbourhood of Petersburg—the last alternative would be by ‘special favour of the Empress’—as they would make ‘an exception to all other *émigrés*.’ But the apparent advantages of a settlement near Petersburg the Baroness had found to be counterbalanced by the excessive coldness of the climate, from which she had much suffered. Winter had begun in the previous September, and in March the ice on the Neva was still four feet thick.

I own that for a lover of planting and agriculture, and used to a vine country, it is not a flattering prospect.

The Baron, commenting on this side of the question, says :

She will not now insist on being settled there—about because it would take away the whole pleasure of her life, as the Summers are exceedingly short and the winters very long and hard.

The Baroness herself was in no hurry to make up her mind to take what was offered to her, and was evidently

not easy to satisfy. She refused at this time an estate on the Dnieper, because the Count of Clermont-Tonnerre, who had just had a large tract of land given to him on that river, wrote from thence that 'though the climate is charming, the grass as tall as a tall man, and the ground exceedingly good and deep, *there is not a single tree for a hundred leagues about*' (all had been cut down in the wars).

The Baron continues :

This has with right very much displeased my dear Molly. She has therefore decided to accept near Cherson or in the Crimea. What has hindered things a little at the present moment is the sudden death of the father of the good General and Minister Count Zouboff, who protects us very much. The whole family is now in great affliction for that event.

It was now finally determined, at the Baron's especial wish, that he with his seven children should go straight to his destination in the South of Russia, and not go at all to Petersburg—a journey to which place would have taken him some thousand miles out of his course. His wife and eldest son were to reach the south in time to meet the party on its arrival.

But by this time it was already May, and arrangements could not now be made for him to start on his tremendous journey before July. Countess Schouvaloff had meanwhile placed one of her country residences near Petersburg at the disposal of the Baroness during the summer, and she had also many invitations for visits in the country.

Nothing more hospitable than the Russians, but one must carry one's bed with one. What a droll custom, and not very convenient. . . .

June 25 (old style), 1795.—My dear Auguste has now received the money the good kind Empress has been so gracious as to send him to enable him to

travel, with all his family, to the Crimea. I suppose by this time they are near set out, but, as I shall go post, if I start six weeks after them I shall still be there before them; though I have above 2,000 verstes to go, almost from one extremity of Europe to the other. I expect every day to have my ukase for the gift of land &c that the Empress will give me. I can't leave this place till I have it. I shall send Clem down again to-morrow to Sarcekokello (Tsarskoiecelo), where the Court now is, to rub up their memories about it. . . .

I rejoice at the thought and the probability that perhaps in a couple of months I shall again see my dear Husband and Children. 'Tis well 'tis such a powerful motive, or else I could regret leaving this land of enchantment and pleasure. It will be quite a dream when it is over; but I have made some friends here that I shall feel a pang to quit.

At last, on July 10, 1795, the Baron was able to set forth from Altenberg with all his family, on a journey of '700 leagues.' His flight was but just in time. Only a slight delay longer, and he would have fallen into the hands of his enemies, when the French, under General La Val, completely routing the Germans, seized the Convent of Altenberg.

Three thousand roubles was the sum he had asked and received through Count Roumanzof, who had orders from Zouboff to give him whatever he should require; he had calculated that this sum would be equal to 545 guineas, but owing to the low value of exchange it proved 200 guineas less than he expected. His wife was therefore to be sure and send him more money to await him at Lemberg, in Galicia. The party consisted of two wagons and a carriage. He writes to his sister-in-law:

One waggon is for the baggage and one to put the people and the two eldest of my boys upon. The carriage is for my five little children and a maid. Each waggon is drawn by four horses. The carriage,

because it is very light, is drawn only by two horses, and I am on horseback with a servant. Also two horses more—in all, twelve horses and twenty-three people. The first days will cost me a great deal, but when we are in Bohemia we'll live cheap. I have with me my own large tents, which will be of service when we shall not find a lodging. I take with us some beds &c. &c. I set out from hence to Hanau, Aschaffembourg, Würzburg, Bamberg, Eger, Prag, Oltmütz, Teschen, Lemberg, which lies in Galicia and is still a part of the Emperor of Germany's estate. From there I go upon the limits of Poland, and leave Moldavia at my right hand. You'll see thence, on the map, the nearest way I must make to get to Cherson. Then I'll find my dear Molly. You'll easily think what a happiness it will be! . . .

Madame de Bode wrote her last letter from

Petersbourg, July 19 (old style), 1795.

I hope to set out the latter end of next week. I shall go post in sixteen or twenty days. The Count Zouboff desires I will accept at first some land in the Government of Ekatherinoslow, upon the Dnieper nearer here than Cherson, a very fertile land which we shall always want for our corn. He will order a house to be ready for us at Ekatherinoslow, but said that as he knew I did not like living in a flat country without trees, he begged me to visit the whole government of the Crimée, and that I should choose myself a spot where I should like to live, either for the beauty of the country or probability of mines, as he knew that country abounded with them, that, when I had chosen, I should write to him, if what I asked was still in the hands of the Government I should have it; that Clem should go down with me and stay with us as long as we wanted him, and whenever he came back he would take care of him, and that in the meantime he should receive his pay as if present; that as many of my children that I would trust to him he would take care for.

'Tis now the 25th. I have been down for some ten days at Sarcekecello [*sic*] where the Court is and arrived back last night and have got the order from Count Zouboff to his Brother-in-law, who is the Governor of Ekatherinoslow, to furnish us with a house ready furnished in the town and to put us into possession of lands in that Government, and he sent me two thousand roubles for my journey. M. de Zouboff let me know that for the quantity of lands depended entirely upon me—there were to be no limits—I was to have as much as I could think I should ever want or use. Therefore as it is a fine grass country which they pretend grows six feet high we must buy many cattle. The Grand Duchess (Marie), the mother, has sent me 250 roubles to help me to put my house in order. . . . I have every reason to be satisfied with my treatment here, both from friends and from the Government, for I have but to apply to succeed. For all the expenses I have been at since I have been here 'tis the Empress has furnished me with money. Adieu, my dear Kitty, write to me often, and news of my acquaintance, but never anything of politicks except things that may have been in the papers, *and never any jokes upon this country or anything about the Government of this Country*, and I shall then get your letters, for all letters are read in the post, and where there is anything that displeases they never deliver them. . . .

I have just received a very gracious kind letter from the Queen of Prussia.

The letter concludes with an account of two pleasure trips from Petersburg, together covering a distance of 'at least one thousand verstes'—undertaken with characteristic energy on the eve of preparing to 'cross Europe.'

By way of getting myself into breath for my great journey, I have been with a most agreeable party of pleasure into Finland to see the famous cataract of the river Imatra—beyond Wibourg. The party was Sir Charles Whitworth, his nephew Aylmer,

Count Zouboff's Sister¹ and her son, and his tutor, a French Abbé, and my son and me—all the party agreeing vastly well together—the cataract beyond everything we had any of us formed an idea of. Sir Charles and the Abbé (M. Martin) had seen Schaffhausen in Switzerland and say 'tis nothing to be compared to this. Imagine a river as broad as the Thames having to force its way through rocks by which it is confined in a narrow compass, descending with violence at least a quarter of a mile, then remounting and rebounding like a column of foam, and again dashing with awful fury into the next abyss—a roaring tempestuous sea. We now walked on, the day was hot. We sought the shade and found it on green turf bedecked with strawberries and bilberries beneath the spread of birch and willows. So sacred were the wilds of that majestic scene—with what pleasure did we enjoy some hours of contemplation! . . .

We were treated with great honour and attention at Wibourg by the Prince Cherbatoff, the Governor of that town. We were only absent five days, but in order to be back in so short a time we were obliged to travel two of the nights. . . . We had three waggons with us with beds and provisions. This made us want twenty horses always, which caused us some little difficulty occasionally.

The other expedition with the same happy party was a few days later to see the cascade of Narva, on the south side of the Gulf.

'Tis quite another kind—though very fine I don't like it so well. The town of Narva is a curious and very ancient town, and interesting on account of the battles there between Peter the Great and Charles XII. Peter's house is there with many things that belonged to him and that he had made himself. We were four days in this expedition.

¹ Madame de Gerebtsoff formed a fresh *liaison* in after years, amassed a large fortune, and died at a great age.

CHAPTER XXVI

FROM NORTH TO SOUTH

1795

Prodigious journey—Chariot and six—Kibitka and four—Flat country—Hilly country—Immense woods—Chklof—General Zoritch—A little Sovereign—Operas and ballets—Festivities and sports—Delays—Arrival at Ekaterinoslow—Family of Pallas—Arrival of the Baron and children—An interesting scene—Madame departs for Crimea—A caravan—Escort of soldiers—Perekop, key of Crimea—Gengis Chan—An owl—Salt lakes—Tartar inhabitants—Simpharapol—Sudac—Vineyards—Beautiful dates—Bakht-ahisarai—Tartarian Prince—Long dinner—Return to Ekaterinoslow.

FINALLY, after over a year's sojourn in Petersburg, she and her son left it on August 16, 1795.

I must own that I left that place with a heavy heart. It was true I was going to rejoin my dear family. At the same time I was involving myself in an immensity of unknown regions—this too with a very imperfect knowledge of the language of the Countries I was to pass.

Their course lay due south to Ekaterinoslow,¹ the newly built capital of the province of that name. This province on its southern side is bounded by the province of the Taurida, of which the Isthmus of the Crimea is the lower part. The town of Ekaterinoslow, it will be remembered, was to be the *pied-à-terre* for Madame de

¹ Ekaterinoslow had been founded by the Empress Catherine II. in person and named after herself, eight years earlier (1787), during her famous progress to the Crimea with the Emperor Joseph II. of Germany.

Bode and her family, whence she could explore the regions of the Crimea in order to choose an estate there, and whither she could return at her convenience pending the settlement of affairs. Between her departure from Petersburg and the next letter giving an account of her journey there, a period of more than two months has elapsed. Plans have been realised and much has happened. She has reached Ekaterinoslow and pushed forward to the southernmost part of the Crimea, has reconnoitred, and is now on the point of returning to Ekaterinoslow.

‘October 19 (old style), 1795. Simpharapol, the residence of the Gouverneur of the Crimée, commonly called the Tauride.

I must now, my dear Sisters, give you a little journal of what I have seen and done since I left Petersburg. . . . I packed myself up in a post-chariot with Clem, trusty Jacob, a Russian soldier, who is given to Clem as his servant, a Russian girl, whom I took because she could speak German and interpret for me—went in a kibitka I had bought for that purpose—a kibitka is a nice little covered painted waggon that most people travel in in Russia. I took six horses to my carriage and four for the kibitka, and away we galloped tantivy. There is no Country where one travels so fast as Russia if one is not obliged to wait for horses; but as I would not add to the expense by sending on a Courier before to bespeak horses, this was often my case, and caused me to travel more in the night than the day; which rendered the fatigue more violent than it would otherwise have been. We passed through a Country almost entirely flat, the finest roads in the world, almost everywhere broad enough for half a dozen carriages to pass. After the flat country we passed a very hilly country, much sand—about 400 Verstes of sand—and then at least 800 Verstes of wood, where were immense quantities of wolves and bears which sometimes we saw and very often heard. Sometimes even a tiger appears in those immense woods. But

if we were tired of our woods we have paid for it since, for certainly for the last 1,000 Verstes we did not see a tree. At about 800 Verstes from Petersbourg, in White Russia, we arrived at Sehkilof [Chklof], where lives the General Zoritch,¹ a very rich man who had been much in favour formerly. He lives like a little Sovereign. I brought a letter of introduction to him, I meant to stay a day to rest me;

¹ Zoritch had been *favourite* to the Empress for eleven months, 1777-78, in succession to Zavodoaki, whom he had been chosen by Potemkin to supplant in the Imperial affections. 'Au témoignage de tous les contemporains, un spécimen accompli de beauté et de vigueur masculines.' . . .

'C'est un barbare en effet, mais que Catherine se donne la peine de dégrossir. . . . Zoritch manque encore de jeunesse et de docilité pour s'y prêter convenablement. Et malheureusement pour lui les progrès de son orgueil devancent ceux de son intelligence et de son savoir.

'Nommé Comte en Janvier 1778, il affecte de ne pas porter ce titre qu'il juge indigne de son rang. Il veut être Prince comme Orloff et comme Patiorkine. Il n'en faut pas d'avantage pour engager ce dernier à se mettre en quête d'un nouveau titulaire.'

His pretensions thus caused him to be dismissed and to be supplanted. He retired with about four hundred thousand *livres de rente*, and the domain of Chklof, in White Russia, of which the revenue was double. Here he lived like a Sovereign with a numerous Court.

At Chklof the ex-favourite entertained the Empress Catherine on her way to join the Emperor Joseph II. for their celebrated journey in the South of Russia in 1780.

'Pour l'y recevoir Zoritch rebatit de fond en comble le superbe château qu'il y possède, et—attention délicate—il fait place dans le nouvel édifice à une reproduction de la chambre à coucher du Palais d'Hiver dont il a conservé un fidèle souvenir.

'Méhée de la Touche qui le voit dix ans plus tard, dans sa retraite, en parle en ces termes :—

"C'est un homme de cinq pieds six pouces, fait à peindre. Je crois qu'il approche de la cinquantaine, mais ses yeux sont encore charmants et ses manières pleines de grâce. . . . Il me répéta souvent qu'autrefois il était barbare, et que *sa dame* avait fait de lui un tout autre homme. Il me parla beaucoup du temps de sa faveur et me cita, les larmes aux yeux, des traits de bonté dont *sa dame* l'avait honoré.'" *Waliszewski.*

but—('twas like the Island of Calypso) there was no possibility of getting away. Twelve whole days and nights were we obliged to stay there—nothing but enchantment. Operas with ballets (almost as good as at Petersbourg) every evening, after which a ball till Midnight when one goes to supper—and *this train every day in the year*. The General's name day was while we were there—additions of amusements on that account for a fortnight together. The mornings were carousels, which entertained one much. The young men¹ were very clever with their lances and feats on horseback in full gallop, striking their lance through a ring or picking up a glove or carrying off a head fixed on a pole. The day of his name day at least 300 people dined there all in full dress, many Poles in their National dress, which is very magnificent. Clem was very content as he danced every night, though not quite satisfied that for the most part they danced Polonaises, which are little more than walking about the room in pairs to very fine Musick attended with full chorus. At last we got away from there, but I was almost obliged to act the part of Mentor when he precipitated Telemachus into the Sea. I must own I was angry at the last—the last day when we were to start the horses were out from seven in the morning to seven at night before we could get off! . . . After that nothing extraordinary happened till we arrived on September 16 at Ekaterinoslow at 10 o'clock at night—already dark if a tinge of the moon had not helped us a little—we were in the greatest impatience to arrive. We had heard that a family out of Germany with several children had passed almost a fortnight before. We thought it none other than ours, and therefore we expected to find them there and a house ready to receive us. We had been flattered to hope and joy. . . . We arrive—the Governor not in town—was gone the day before,

¹ Count Zoritch had founded a military College at Chklof at his own cost.

an absence of five weeks—no house, no family—no one had ever heard of our names. Judge of our consternation and disappointment. . . . In spite of all opposition I drove to the Governor's house, where I found a niece of his who was there by chance and could speak French. She lodged me there that night and procured me an apartment the next morning at a friend's house, where I stayed as long as I was at Ekaterinoslow. The next day she, to my great mortification, went off to join her husband in Poland. The family of Pallas, whom I had known in Petersbourg, now arrived, and were also lodged in the same house. I passed my time with them. Monday I had sent Clem off post in a Kibitka (with a Cossack that the General Zoritch had lent us) 400 Verstes to Toganrock on the Azoph Sea, after the Governor with my letters of recommendation to know what we were to do. On the Friday arrived to our great mutual joy my dear Auguste and all my dear Children in perfect health. I cannot paint to you the joy I felt after an absence of near a year and a half. Mr. Pallas,¹ who was present at our meeting, says it was like a scene upon the stage. He could hardly refrain from tears, it was so interesting a scene. I had run a long way up the hill on the road where I heard they were coming—'twas quite a Caravan—My dear Auguste and a servant on horseback and a light Coach (that he had had made by one of our servants who is a good joiner) in which were my five

¹ Peter Simon Pallas, a noted German naturalist and explorer, born in 1741 at Berlin. The Empress Catherine, seeking for a naturalist to explore her immense Empire, invited Pallas to Petersburg, and in 1777 he became a member of the Committee for the measurement and topography of Russia. As it was his desire to reside in the Crimea, the Empress gave him several estates in the most fertile part of it. There he remained fifteen years, but at length he quitted Russia and settled in Berlin, where he died in 1811. Among his numerous works are his *Travels*, which Saussure denominated an inexhaustible mine for the naturalist and the statesman, and a *Physical and Topographical Description of the Taurida*.

youngest children and good faithful Harriet. Harry was come on before with a Russian Officer in a Kibitka. This Russian Officer had been sent by Government as far as the last town in Bohemia to convey them safe through Poland and Russia. After came three large Waggon with their baggage and attendants, each with three horses. He had made all that journey with the same horses, but one had died on the road.

But my joy was only momentary, for the next morning, Saturday the 22nd, I went off in my own carriage with the Pallas's for the Crimée, a journey of about 500 Verstes. I profited of the opportunity to see and choose the spot where I would wish to be settled. We were really a Caravan—two chariots, a coach and three Kibitkas, almost all with six horses each, and a small Kibitka with three horses that we sent on before to bespeak the horses which were necessary, as we wanted near forty. One day, when we feared for thieves, we took a party of Soldiers, ten on horseback. That day we were at least fifty in number, so that we were rather formidable—Here and there a desolate village, else the most dismal desert the whole way to Perekop, which is the key to the Crimée, a fortress situated on the Isthmus of Perekop. The Isthmus is about fifteen Verstes wide and at that place is guarded by a deep ditch and high rampart, from the Black Sea to the Azof Sea, both of which Seas one can see at the same time on a clear day from the rampart. The fortress was built by the descendants of Gengis Chan, who had conquered this country—his Arms are still on the Gateway—an Owl. 'Tis said that Gengis Chan, having been pursued by his enemies, hid himself in a bush. An Owl came and perched upon the bush. His enemies perceiving the Owl supposed no one could be in the bush and passed by it without examining it—He escaped—In remembrance of this he chose the Owl for his Arms.

As we advanced further on the Isthmus we passed

by the salt lakes,¹ where formerly the sea has deposited such quantities of salt that the Mother Salt is so strong there that when the East winds blow, and the waves from the putrid sea are forced up into the country into those lakes, the sea water nourishes the Salt. When these winds cease the waters retire, other winds and the sun dry the salt so perfectly that one takes the salt out completely fabricated, and one has no other trouble than to take it out and carry it off. The Government lets them (the lakes) out for four hundred thousand roubles a year.² 'Tis perhaps the only thing of the kind in the world.

All that part which we had used to learn in the geography as the 'Little Tartary' is almost a continual dessert—not a tree to be seen, or a river except the Dnieper, formerly called the Boristhene (they now again give it that name). Besides that river they have no water, except in some places very deep pits or wells, which give one the idea of Rebecca watering her camels. The first of these pits that I saw was in the middle of a dessert where, without our knowing it, we were in a village. The houses were underground. All the difference one could perceive was the earth being a little raised where a house was. The Tartars have more patience than ingenuity, for they tie a leather bag (small enough) to a long rope and let it down into the pit, and draw it out,

¹ Mentioned by Pliny.

Of these salt lakes, Pallas (Madame de Bode's travelling companion) gives an account in his *Travels* (vol. ii. p. 466-477). 'It deserves to be remarked,' he says, 'that the inexhaustible reservoirs of salt in the vicinity of Perekop are the most productive of the whole Peninsula. From this quarter White Russia and New Russia, as well as Minor Russia, are supplied with salt, which is conveyed to those provinces during the summer in numerous waggons drawn by oxen.'

² 'According to report, this proved a very lucrative employment to a Member of the Tauridan Chamber of Finance, who constantly resided at Perekop, where a peculiar salt office was established, though Government has at present more than doubled his former income.' Pallas, *Travels in 1794*.

walk away with their rope till the bag comes up again, so that they keep constantly walking. There are many camels there, also buffaloes, which graze in liberty like the horses. From Perekop all the Crimée is inhabited by Tartars. The women hardly ever appear, and, if they do, perfectly veiled. The men are handsome and their dress vastly becoming. Here we shall be absolutely obliged to learn the Tartarian language, which is quite different from the Russian, as the latter derives from the Sclavonian, and the former from the Arabian. I have found some few persons that speak English, many Italian, some French, more German, all the gentry Russian, and the common people nothing but Tartarian.

I am at present with the Pallas's at Simpharapol.¹ I have been with them at the Vineyards at Sudac,² where are superb fine ruins of a very ancient fortress built by the Genoese when they were in possession of the Crimée. It stands upon an immense high rock almost in the Black Sea. The sea was calm when I saw it and most beautiful. You have no idea of the beauty of the South part of the Crimée. 'Tis like the beautiful dales of Derbyshire. I have been at Baktschissaray,³ where there is still a Palace formerly

¹ Sympherapol, the ancient Greek name, restored under its new masters to a large and charming plain situated towards the north of the Tartar town Akmetshat or the 'White Church,' and on which are built the Palace of the Governor and the Halls of Justice for the whole Crimea. The situation is delightful. The elevated plain on which it stands is surrounded on almost every side by irregular distances of mountains and hills of calcareous marl, and it is intersected on its eastern side by the rapid course of the Salgir, the opposite bank of which, being considerably lower, presents a pleasing view of meadows and gardens.—*Pallas, 1794.*

² Pallas had just received a superb vineyard at Sudac, and Madame de Bode had been promised one. Strabo mentions the cultivation of the vine near the Bosphorus. It is certain the Crimean Peninsula is indebted to the Greeks for this culture of the vine; which was afterwards extended by the Genoese in the territories occupied by that enterprising people.—*Pallas, ii. 395, 397.*

³ Bakhtahisarai, grandly situated in a narrow gorge, literally

the residence of the Chans of Tartary—the palace vastly pretty in the Oriental style. I am going to have an apartment there. I will some time give you a discription of it. We dined twice and slept two nights at a Tartarian Prince's, who is Colonel of a Tartarian regiment in the Russian Service. The women never appear at table—all vastly clean—a quantity of Dishes at dinner, some very good, but the dinner lasts too long, 'tis tiresome. They have a delightful sweetmeat made of rose and another of Cornelean cherry boiled in honey. I was quite surprised to find Society here, the people quite in the fashion—servants, carriages, &c. On Sunday I shall set off back again to Ekaterinoslow to fetch my family, and to send off Clem to Petersbourg to finish our affair. . . .

I have seen and made acquaintance with Admiral Mordwinof¹ . . .

A postscript adds a week later :

signifies a *palace situated in a garden*. The principal embellishments are its mosques, its school-houses, its baths, and the Khan's palace, together with the sepulchres. There are thirty-one mosques in this town surrounded with lofty towers of elegant workmanship, a church belonging to the Greeks, another to the Armenians, two synagogues, and three Mahomedan school-houses.—*Pallas, Travels, 1794*.

¹ Mordvinof 'n'a songé qu'à remplir ses poches.'—*Waliszewski*.

'Dans une lettre adressée au Comte Vorontzof le 3 Avril 1795, Bezbonodko établit le bilan de la situation générale, et c'est un tableau fort sombre qui en ressort : "Pour faire face au vingt-cinq vaisseaux que la Porte peut mettre en ligne dans la Mer Noire, on n'en a guère que neuf, qui sont à moitié pourris, à cause de la mauvaise qualité des bois employés pour leur construction ; la flotte des galères à rames, sur laquelle on croyait pouvoir compter, n'existe pas : Mordvinof, à qui on a confié cette partie, n'a songé qu'à remplir ses poches." '—*Waliszewski*.

Pallas, who doubtless introduced Admiral Mordvinof to Madame de Bode, gives him, on the contrary, an excellent character. 'Admiral Mordvinof is one of those few noblemen who possess the talent of employing their fortunes to the advantage of their native country and their fellow subjects. He has sacrificed his private emolument to the benefit of the common weal.'—*Travels, 1793-94*.

I have arrived safe and well back at Ekatherinoslow¹ and found my dear Husband and all my children well and happy . . .

We are in a nice house . . . agreeably built upon a mountain from whence extends a superb view of the Dnieper, which at this spot is of an immense width. . . .

¹ A distance, she says, of over 500 versts from Sympherapol.

CHAPTER XXVII

A NEW DOMAIN

1795-1796

Town of Ekaterinoslow—Festival of St. Catherine—Imperial bounty—Contentment—Fine cattle—Rivers—Lakes—'Like a novel'—News of the Abbess of Altenberg—Her politeness and escape—Comte de Choiseul d'Ailcourt's death—Quantity of fish and fowl—The Dnieper frozen—People carried away on the ice—Spring brings small-pox and sickness—Civilisation—Peasants skilful—Women build houses—Chimneys of wood—Dress—Crimean Tartars Mahomedans—'Little Tartary'—Calmuck Nogays—Zaparages—Peasants' love of brandy—Death from spontaneous combustion common—Fossils and minerals.

THE family now spent the winter at their town house at Ekaterinoslow. Happy to be reunited after so long a separation, they could now once again enjoy the pleasures of tranquillity together, without the sound of cannon or the dread of an invading enemy.

On the appropriate festival of Saint Catherine (November 24) a great entertainment was given by the Governor, and in the midst of the rejoicings a courier arrived from Petersburg the bearer of a letter confirming all the gracious promises of the Empress to the Baroness; that is to say, in addition to their present house in the town, immediate possession of a vast tract of country on the Dnieper within the government of Ekaterinoslow; an estate in the more fertile Crimea in the future; and—most important of all—a pension to enable them 'to live at their ease.'

This great munificence of the Empress was publicly announced to us before all the united guests, and every one surrounded us with congratulations.

The Baroness, during her recent visit to the Crimean Peninsula in the extreme south, had selected the promised estate and vineyard at Sudak, and had done so with the approbation of the Governor of the Crimea, who should not be confounded with Zouboff's brother-in-law, the Governor of Ekaterinoslow.

The Baron, in acknowledgment of the Empress's letter, wrote forthwith a letter to Prince Zouboff, describing the lands the Baroness had selected in the Crimea, at the same time enclosing a letter to her Imperial Majesty expressing humble gratitude for all favours. These letters the Governor of Ekaterinoslow, who made great profession of friendship, undertook to send to Petersburg. It was not till long afterwards that the fate of the letters was discovered by the De Bodes.

In the meantime we find them in possession of an immense domain called Krameroff, situated on the Dnieper, consisting of great lake and forest districts, within the province or government of Ekaterinoslow, and about 200 versts from the town where they are residing.

Some of the party make excursions to the new estate, which lies several days' journey across the Steppes, passing the nights in the desert *en route*. The Baroness writes from Ekaterinoslow, December 18, 1795 :

Ekaterinoslow : December 18 (O.S.), 1795.

Yesterday I had the supreme satisfaction to receive your dear kind letter of October 18. You can't think the joy we are in when a letter arrives. My dear Auguste and Clem returned home yesterday after an absence of near a fortnight. They had been to see

our new estate. They are much contented with it. The Cattle that are upon it are very fine ; the rivers, lakes, and pools that belong to us charming, and remarkably stocked with fish. The meadows give nearly 7,000 Waggon loads of hay at 2,000 pounds weight each ; the ground uncommonly good. They brought me home a produce which in appearance is something like a chestnut, but quite black—boiled, they have a taste between a potato and an artichoke ; roasted, they are like chestnut. One can make powder and brandy from them. We have immense quantities, and they require no other trouble than to gather them when they fall off ripe. Our dear, kind, charming Imperatrice does not only give us this estate, but also a very handsome pension ; and, in addition, a sum of money to set us out to build, &c. Our Boys will be all placed directly as officers and receive their pay, both the big ones and little ones, at the same time that they are getting their education ; and the Gouverneur here (of this Province, which is bigger than the whole of England) is so kind, he gives us daily proofs of his friendship and protection. I can hardly believe I am not in a dream. It appears quite like a novel, and if I was not so much known in the world would hardly be believed.

Clem will set off to join M. de Voland as soon as he can, to work hard with him at Fortifications. Charles goes with Clem to Petersburg to join the Navy, and to finish his education at the academy at Cronstadt. I am afraid we shall soon lose Harry. He will be obliged to join Mr. Gascoigne. He (Harry) is a charming young man, not in his person, for he is little and plain—but such a good clever creature, ready to assist every one, and content with everything. He draws very prettily, and is a perfect Musick Soul ; he plays very well on the Violin, but the Harpsichord he will play for hours together—all extempore—the most delightful harmony, and as fine musick as ever printed (Sir Edward Littleton would be charmed

with him). Mary is also a very good girl, and a great Comfort to me.

Thanks, my dear friends, for your kind anxiety about my good sister Bode. She has had the French General La Val, with a part of the French Army, quartered three days in the Abbey, but from the great Politeness she had the Courage to show them, and her finding them with the fourage and victuals that they asked for, she, with all her chanoinesses, escaped all insult or hard usage. They even did not levy any sum on them. But only think how providential it was that my family was safe gone away before they arrived! . . .

Poor M. le Comte de Choiseul d'Ailcourt, whose estate is directly opposite to ours on the other side of the river, is just dead in this town of a fever he caught this summer on his new establishment, by venturing to dwell too soon in his new built house. He will be a loss to our neighbourhood, and a great one to his family. His wife and daughter are still in France; his two eldest sons at an academy at Petersbourg. Poor things, how dispersed!

'Tis now the 24th January, 1796—as I have an opportunity of sending this to Petersbourg, I will not wait longer.

In the following March, the 16th (1796), she writes from Ekaterinoslow in the same strain of satisfaction with things in general, and with her new estate on the Dnieper in particular:

I do believe this is a charming country when one becomes acquainted with it, particularly our estate of Cramerof-balken, which is 200 Verstes¹ South of here, and where we have such perfection of fish, and all sorts of fowl in such quantities, as hardly to be believed. I am quite impatient to go there, but must wait till we have built a house. I hope one will be

¹ A verst is rather less than an English mile.

finished before the summer. Our part of the river at its narrowest is 900 feet broad, and in some places more than 1,000. Here at this town, before our windows, we see a reach of at least 10 verstes and 2 verstes broad.

During the frost they drove over the river on the ice. . . . Russians are great Predestinarians, and hazard their lives without any fear. Many were drowned before our windows; some we saw carried down the stream on great islands of ice without a possibility of being saved. . . .

We have great quantities in this part of the world of very large birds resembling much the Pelican, with an immense sack of skin in the under part of the beak. They call them here *Babos*. We have also very large Eagles, and two sorts of Cranes, one of which they call the *Demoiselle*, very elegant, but much smaller than the other.

We have had a deal of Grouse, and *Outards*, as they call them in French, which is a very large sort of goose, sometimes weighing thirty pounds—with beautiful feathers, and good to eat. But I must return to the fish—the *Som* is a fish of prey which comes up this river from the Black Sea; they grow to 16 or 17 feet long, large in proportion—with a fearful mouth; they will weigh 150 pounds, and will catch men when they are imprudent enough to bathe in the river. . . .

This spring she was detained at Ekaterinoslow by sickness in her household and domestic troubles. Small-pox broke out in the family: Clementina and Fritzel both had it; when they recovered several of the servants sickened:

Therefore we are likely to remain a hospital for some time; besides which we have one of our servants that has lain in about a fortnight; and

another, the cook, that expects to do so in a week or two. I dare say many a Mistress of a family would be quite distracted, but, I don't know how, we do as well as we can, and get through the day.

On the recovery of the invalids the Baroness proceeded, with some of the children, to spend the summer months at Krameroff. There she superintended the building of a house, living meanwhile in huts and tents on the produce of the lakes and forests, counting her flocks and herds, and indulging her love of natural history. On the approach of winter the cold drove her back to the town. The following letter to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Kynnersley¹ (the now separated wife of her brother, the Squire of Loxley), gives an account of her new life.

Ekatherinoslow : December 27 (O.S.), 1796.

I received, my dear Mrs. Kynnersley, your very kind letter with the highest satisfaction. . . . Your so kindly having taken part in the trying scenes I have gone through is a real consolation to me. 'Tis true I am as if dropt from the clouds upon this part of the world . . . but it is not so savage as you imagine. The nobility and gentry are as civilised as in other countries, and the peasantry here all Christians of the Greek Church, which is much more strict than the Catholic—most of them are very clever. They can almost all do every kind of work—even the women build houses and *fourneurs*; but you will hardly believe when I tell you that they build not only their houses and their ovens, but *even their Chimneys of wood and branches of trees*—plaited artistically together, and then thrown over with clay, which they do with their hand wetted in water and used as a trowel. Their only instrument for all kinds of work is an axe, which they use with much dexterity. Their

¹ She was daughter of Sir Wolfston Dixie, Bart.

dress, till one is used to it, makes them appear like bears. The women's dress in summer is nothing but a long shift tied up at the throat, and a piece of brown woollen cloth, about a yard and half long, which they roll round them instead of a petticoat, and tie by a sash to keep it on. In winter they wear a coat of mutton-skin with the wool left on—like the men.

In the Crimea the peasants are chiefly Tartars; these are Mahometans, but very good sort of people. We have not got an estate there yet, but hope we shall before next winter; for the very cold air of this town is so much too cold for me that I am determined, if possible, not to brave another winter here. You must know that what we call the Crimeé is literally the Peninsula which begins at Perecop, at the small neck of land which joins it to the Continent. It is defended by a deep broad ditch with a high rampart from the Asoph Sea to the Black Sea—a breadth, perhaps, at most of ten or twelve miles, and with only one small entrance over a bridge through a town gate (which is shut every night) into that beautiful Peninsula. The part we inhabit here, and also where our Estate is, is what was formerly marked on the maps as the little Tartary, and was inhabited by Tartars, Calmucks, Nojais,¹ &c., &c., and in great part by what they call Saporages—a people that were a collection of runaways from all countries—nomades (people that move from one place to another). They were entirely without women, vowed themselves to arms and celibacy. If any one travelled through their country they treated them with the greatest hospitality and escorted them from place to place; and you might travel through their whole country with your hands full of money, no one would have molested you; but if they could catch you out of their own

¹ Nogays. 'They live in small huts constructed of felt, which cannot be taken to pieces, but are placed by two men upon a carriage and thus removed from one place to another.'—*Pallas*, 1794.

country they would rob and perhaps murder you. They lived upon pillaging the neighbouring countries. They were too idle to till the ground, and their only commerce or care was their Cattle. Since the Russians have been masters, corn of all sorts is much sown and succeeds perfectly well. It is so fine a virgin earth it never wants manuring, and, though the only care is to throw the seeds into the ground, one never sees a weed in it.

The people are so fond of brandy, both men and women, that for a glass of it you may make them do what you will. They drink it to such an excess that last winter, a woman in this town having sat in the brandy house three or four days together, flames burst forth from her mouth and she was consumed; and, they tell me, 'tis a thing that often happens.¹ 'Tis surprising one never hears of any quarrels when they are drunk. They are completely as if they thought themselves in heaven, and are in the most perfect good-humour.

I shall let no opportunity escape of making a collection of fossils and minerals, and shall be happy to send them to you to add to Mr. Charles Grenville's Collection, and, as many of the butterflies and insects of this country are different from what I have ever

¹ An instance of 'spontaneous combustion,' in which phenomenon no less an authority than Charles Dickens was a firm believer. In *Bleak House* he makes Mr. Krook die of it, and, in the preface to the second edition of that work, says in answer to the critics who had disputed the possibility of such an occurrence: 'There are about thirty cases on record, of which the most famous, that of the Countess Cornelia de Bandi Cesenate, was minutely investigated and described by Giuseppe Bianchini, a prebendary of Verona, in 1781. . . . The next most famous instance happened at Rheims six years earlier, and the historian in that case is Le Cat, one of the most renowned surgeons produced by France. The subject was a woman whose husband was ignorantly convicted of having murdered her, but on solemn appeal to a higher court he was acquitted because it was shown upon evidence that she had died the death to which this name of "spontaneous combustion" is given.' See also *Bleak House*, p. 829, and *Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. V

found in other parts of Europe, particularly in England, I will add a collection of them. . . .

My husband, two of my sons, and my eldest daughter have stayed on in the Country this winter. My third son is studying for the Navy at Cherson, and the other four children are with me here. To the three youngest I am obliged to be a kind of School-mistress, which takes up a good deal of my time, but I believe soon Clem and I must go to Moscow, perhaps on to Petersbourg—our interest will require it; though 'tis a long journey to undertake in this cold weather, we shall go on sledges. If to Petersbourg 'tis 1800 verstes. Moscow is half way; but when 'tis for the advantage of her husband and children, a wife and mother thinks neither of difficulties nor distance.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN EMPEROR'S GIFT

1796-1797

Visits Petersburg—Her interests at stake—Empress Catherine dead—Paul's accession—A gift of two hundred peasants—A northern estate—Visits an old friend—Madame Zagriajsky's neighbours—Count Strogonoff—Sir James Wylie—Ex-King of Poland—A great match—Lottery for the Empress Marie's Convent—Death of Mrs. Adderley.

IT was no wonder that 'her interests required' she should proceed to Petersburg without delay. Not only had no acknowledgment of the Baron's letters to the Empress and to Zouboff, and no Ukase respecting the 'promised land' in the Crimea, arrived, but it was long since her pension had reached her hands. In spite of the natural advantages of the great lakes and forest tracts at Krameroff, there were many drawbacks which could not be overcome without an outlay of money. All communication with the Government at Petersburg had long ceased. Everything was at a standstill, but owing to the immense distance the cause was not at first suspected. She had, in fact, been the victim of the gross carelessness, if not the wilful treachery, of the Governor of Ekaterinoslow, Prince Zouboff's brother-in-law. It was not for some months after the Baron had written his letters to the Empress and to Zouboff that the Governor admitted he had forgotten to send them. He then succeeded in reassuring the De Bodes by telling them that, as he was himself going to Petersburg, he would personally

deliver the letters into his brother-in-law's hands. Delay followed delay. At length he started. Again months passed. Finally he returned from Petersburg without having delivered the letters! Into whose hands had the pension fallen? But an event had now occurred which was to change the whole complexion of politics, and might very seriously affect the future interests of Madame de Bode and her family. News had just come of the sudden death of the 'dear, kind, charming Imperatrice' and the accession of her son, the hated Paul. Zouboff and his party had fallen like a pack of cards, and his *protégés* might well expect no consideration under the new *régime*. It was now imperative that the Baroness and her husband with Clement should travel post haste to Petersburg to plead their own cause. In other words :

It was our duty to present ourselves in Petersburg to offer our homage to their Imperial Majesties, and expose our true position to the Emperor on the subject of the pension.

In Marie of Würtemberg,¹ Grand Duchess and now Empress, they were certain to find a faithful friend, but this neglected wife was not likely to influence the capricious humour of Paul, while his daughter-in-law, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, was little in favour.

It was certainly no longer as a *protégée* of the ex-favourite Zouboff, but rather as a victim of his careless habits, and of his brother-in-law's misconduct, that the Baroness could hope to obtain the consideration of the new Emperor. It speaks for the adroitness of the

¹ 'The regular beauty of Mary, the finest woman in the Court, the unalterable sweetness of her disposition, her unwearied complacency, her docility as a wife, her tenderness as a mother, were not sufficient to attract Paul.'—*Annual Register: Contemporaneous Biography of Paul*.

Baroness that she succeeded in obtaining the good graces of Paul in an interview when he showed her marked kindness. On hearing her story he forthwith presented her with a gift of two hundred peasants or 'souls' ('without including wives and daughters') and an estate near Narva, on the Gulf of Finland!

Ropsha, the new estate, consisted of six villages, some of which extended to the sea, and others to navigable rivers. Immense forests formed part of it. These were infested with wolves and bears, and the climate was exceedingly rigorous. It was as far from the southern estate of Krameroff as London from Naples. But the fact of its being within an easy journey of Petersburg recommended it to the Baroness on account of the convenience it afforded for placing her children at the various academies in the capital, and for keeping in touch with those high personages who were ready to befriend her in her difficulties.

It was now agreed that this northern property should be the future home of the family. The Baron was to return south immediately, to let or sell Krameroff, to collect the children, and, if necessary, to remain the winter with them at Ekaterinoslow in their town house. His wife was to stay within reach of the new estate at Ropsha, to superintend the building of a house there, and meanwhile to live with her friends at Petersburg. Accordingly we find her staying this summer with her old friend Madame Zagriajsky (Monsieur Zagriajsky has gone to the coronation at Moscow in charge of the young Grand Duchess Anne, and the young Grand Duke Nicholas):

August 1797.

. . . . in her charming little villa only two verstes from Petersbourg.

After her long absence from the great world the Baroness was again within reach of the pleasures of society.

Out of her garden over a bridge, we enter the garden of Count Strogonof's¹ villa, one of the finest about Petersbourg, as he is one of the richest nobles—a most agreeable family.

It was just a year earlier that the late Empress had enacted a strange scene at this villa. The aged Count Strogonof, in bad health and suffering from melancholy, had absented himself from Court and retired to his country residence. The Empress, in one of her frolicsome moods, assumed to conceal and dispel her own melancholy, which during the last months of her life stole over her spirit, organised an expedition to the Count's house, attacked his country-house with the firing of cannon, and dragged him to Court by sheer force. So summary a method of cure was probably not in accordance with the prescription of the Count's clever young Scotch physician, Mr. (afterwards the celebrated Sir James) Wylie, who, at the time of Madame de Bode's visits, resided in the Count's house. This brilliant genius was now already on the road to fame, and was destined to attain pre-eminent distinction as a statesman in the present and in the succeeding reigns. He had first attracted the notice of the Emperor Paul, and won

¹ The Strogonofs, who had been the first Russian invaders and settlers in Siberia, were an immensely rich family. Ivan IV. had originally granted them large tracts of land in European Russia along the Kama river on condition that they should build towns, develop industries, raise troops, and defend the region from the Tartarian hordes. They may in fact be considered the Slav equivalent of their contemporaries, the East India Companies, and the prototypes of the Chartered Company of modern days.—*A. R. Colquhoun, Harper's Review, November 1899.*

his lasting regard by curing his ennobled valet and favourite.

Another neighbour of Madame Zagriajsky was the ex-King of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowsky, one of the earliest of the late Empress's lovers, who had been given a kingdom and robbed of it by her hands, and was now living in retirement.

Directly opposite Count Strogonoff's, on an Island called Kamennoi Ostrof, is situated a palace that belonged to the Emperor when Grand Duke, now inhabited by the King of Poland for a Summer villa. I was presented to the King's niece the other day, who visits Madame Zagriajsky, so I suppose we shall see something of them. The King of Poland is still very handsome. I think him very like the Duke of Polignac.

A few days later the King came in person to invite Madame Zagriajsky and her guest to a *fête*, and sent his carriage to convey them to it.

He was of a most complete politeness and affability, having something pleasant to say to every one, and spoke several languages with perfection. . . .

I dined in town yesterday with the Princess Galitzin to meet her mother, the Countess Schouvalof, and her sister who is going to be married to Count Dietrichstein,¹ of Vienna, a great match on both sides. Matrimony is warm in that family, for the Countess has married her eldest son to a

¹ Count Francis Dietrichstein, a young man most distinguished by character and ability, for whom Thurgut had a sincere and affectionate regard, and who might have been Thurgut's successor as Austrian Chancellor in 1801, 'but who declined from a love of independence a place for which his character and ability would have fitted him.' After Thurgut's death Dietrichstein erected at his Castle of Nicolsburg in Moravia a beautiful monument to his memory. He and his wife resided long in London. (*Vehse's Court of Austria*.)

Princess Tscherbatsof since the Coronation. I go to-morrow to Mrs. Raikes, an English Negociants, to her Country House, about thirteen Verstes the other side of the town on the road to Peterhof. In a fortnight I shall set out for Ropsha, our estate near Narva.

At Ropsha she had now constructed a pretty *maisonnette* out of her forest timber in an agreeable situation on a hill overlooking the river Mertwitza. Here she visits all her villages.

Kourgolova, the most distant, is romantically situated. From the mountain on which it is placed extends a view of vast extent towards the sea—Forests, a lake, a river which winds in the *prairie*, and other villages which one discovers to the right and left, complete a picture which cannot fail to interest. . . .

Embrace your dear Husband, Children, and Sister Kitty for me. My kind love to you all. I must renew my strongest professions of tenderness and affection, and assure you of the eternal love and gratitude of

Your most affectionate Sister,
M. DE BODE.

The tribute of love in these concluding lines to this beloved sister (Mrs. Adderley) is here transcribed in full. They are the last of many similar expressions which abound throughout the letters, but which, to avoid repetitions, have been omitted in these pages. Mrs. Adderley died unexpectedly a short time after receiving the letter. There is no allusion to this bereavement in the subsequent letters addressed to the only surviving sister, Kitty Kynnersley. Silence alone records the event as we close the last of the series of twenty years' letters addressed to Mrs. Adderley.

CHAPTER XXIX

DEATH OF THE BARON

1797

A great calamity—Terrible situation of children—Death of Trusty Jacob—Madame sells her southern estates—Exchanges some villages in the north—Economy necessary—Russian landlords—Children's education—More *émigrés* arrive—Russia's new acquisitions—Olem's illness—His mother starts to the rescue of children—Details of the Baron's death and burial.

BUT in addition to this sorrow the news of a great calamity now reached Madame de Bode. The Baron had died of a fever at the southern estate of Krameroff. The letter informing her sister is missing. From a later letter it appears that on receiving the fatal tidings she wrote desiring those of her children who were with their father at the time of his death to proceed to Petersburg in charge of the faithful servants Harriet and Jacob. But Jacob meanwhile succumbed to the infection and died, and the children were at first too ill to travel. To add to their sufferings the chills of autumn had overtaken them while they were still living in their summer tents, and the new house was not yet fit for their accommodation. Six weeks elapsed before their mother received a letter announcing this miserable state of things and the cause of the delay.

St. Petersburg: November 10, 1797. Old Style.

You will already, my dear Kitty, have received the letter with the news of our melancholy situation. Thank God I have had too much courage and

resignation to abandon myself to my grief, but silent tears I have not been able to refrain. It was near six weeks after the fatal letter written me by my son Henry before I received another word from my children. Judge of my inquietude. I cannot say it is much lessened by a letter I have had from Mary. I don't know a situation more terrible than is at this time that of those poor dear Children, lodged part under a tent and part in a cottage consisting of one poor little room—whose bottom is nothing but the bare earth and covered with thatch—on one side nothing but a desert, and the other the wood and water—the wood filled with rogues escaped from the chain (who, they wrote me word, in the summer had been seen there). All afflicted with sickness, they saw their Father die, their only man Jacob die, and their Brother—the only one in the case to support them—too ill to do anything! So many young children and only poor Harriet—also ill—and at such a distance from me, and the posts so irregular that lately they received all my letters I had wrote for two months together on one day. 'Tis time to draw them out of this melancholy situation. Clem has received a *congé* from the Emperor till the first of next May, and the Grand Duke Alexander and the Grande Duchesse Elizabeth have been so kind as to send me wherewith to pay Clem's journey down and to bring all my family back here. They are charming generous souls. He sets off in a day or two for Ekatherinoslow. I have wrote again to the children to quit Krameroff and go to Ekatherinoslow, from whence he will bring me back, I hope, my whole family. Poor lad! he has had a fever every evening for this week past, but I have given him a vomit this morning, which I hope will drive it away, for it will not be a good companion for him on his journey. On this account I am not sorry that he has been hindered setting off by the Neva's not being passable. The shoals of the ice from the Lake of Ladoga have

caused the bridges, which are only upon ships, to be taken away. The shoals have rendered the passage in boats dangerous, and the frost has not been hard enough to venture to pass on foot, which renders all communication with that side impossible till the frost comes a little harder. Two hours of five degrees of frost—and people will run over as if on dry land. Clem has business on that side before he can set off. . . .

I mean to sell Kramerhoff and all that I have there and my house at Ekatherinoslow. I fear I shall lose half the actual value by selling it, and renounce to all future profit, but after all the melancholy misfortunes that have befallen us there, I cannot bear the thoughts of either myself or any of my family being there. Therefore, that must be sold for what I can get.

At Ropsha, the estate near Narva—that I was near selling to the Prince Kourakine¹—I only exchange some villages; that is, I give him four that are convenient to him, he gives me one that lies near the one I shall fix at, and the rest he will give me in money, so that I shall have a small income *sure*—the interest of that money—to pay the education of my children; and then we shall have everything we shall want for living on from the three villages I shall have remaining; and we must, by economy, try to make money enough for our clothing, &c., and also, I hope, for residing a couple of months in Petersbourg during the winter in order to give Mary some Masters, and to keep up my Protections and acquaintance for the sake of my children; also to see those children that are in *pension* here for their education. You must know that I shall have left 2,928 *dissettines*, or nearly 5,856 acres of land, the chief of which is woods, and, though the land is not

¹ 'His Highness Prince Alexander Boriasovitch Kurakin possesses considerable estates . . . and now enjoys a philosophic retirement, at a period of life much too early for the seclusion of his talents.'—*Pallas, Travels*, 1793-94.

so good nor so fructifying as in the South of Russia, yet flax, oats, barley, and hops grow very well there, and Petersbourg will be a good market for our hay, as well as for our wood. We shall still keep one river that we have for two or three miles on both sides, and, perhaps, about five or six miles of Sea coast. All the other fishery we give up. . . . 'Tis not here, as in England, that one can let one's land out to farmers—either one must have it in one's own hand (which, when near enough, is the most profitable) or your Peasants do what they will with it and pay you so much a head—a trifle in comparison—and the woods then run great risque of being spoiled. If one puts a steward in, it costs a great deal and cheats into the bargain. But the method used here is a Steward, and the peasants 'abrok,'¹ as it is called; that is, pay you so much a head, by which means, in general, the owner receives, perhaps, one-tenth of the real value of his estates. I know a M. Narishkine,² for example, that has a large estate near Archangel, and another, God knows where, down upon the Volga, and he lives constantly at Petersbourg. How is it possible that he should receive the value of his estates?

In regard to the education of the younger children :

I am not quite sure whether Fritzel will be placed in the Convent here for her education, or no. Fifty are to be educated and five hundred are presented. The good, kind Empress [Marie], in order to let every one have the same chance, and that no

¹ 'Obrok' was the tax a serf used to pay his master instead of working three days out of the six for him, which he was bound to do without receiving wages.

² The notorious wit among the most intimate of the late Empress's *entourage*, whose buffooneries had made her laugh so heartily the evening before her sudden death: 'Elle se retire . . . plus tôt qu'habituellement en disant qu'elle a gagné des coliques pour avoir trop ri.'—*Walaszewski, Autour d'un Trône.*

one should be discontented, has wisely ordered the names to be drawn as in a lottery. Now it is to be seen whether she is in luck or no.

The Grande Duchesse Elizabeth takes Clementina, and the Empress has given leave for her to be placed in a supernumerary pension in the Convent, and the Grande Duchesse will be at all the expense for her in everything.

Felix and Louis I shall place with a Professor, an acquaintance of mine, if he can take them; if not, I am almost determined to send them over to England to be educated—their morals are better there, and it comes much cheaper than here. . . . We have more French arrive here. The Duke de Laval Montmorency and his son were here last night. They told us that the Prince de Condé ought to arrive to-day. He brings over about 4,000 *émigrés*, to whom the Emperor has given lands in Podolie and Galicia, the new acquisitions in Poland.

But Clem now became too ill to undertake the immense journey to Krameroff, and his mother, leaving him to the care of her old friend, Sir Charles Whitworth, at the English Embassy, herself proceeded south to the rescue of the children. She took the opportunity of travelling with her friends, Monsieur and Madame Tamara, who were bound for Constantinople, to which place Monsieur Tamara had just been appointed Ambassador. The party started on December 3, 1797, in two carriages and four kibitkas, 'a sufficiently strong force not to fear being attacked by robbers.'

The journey, however, was not accomplished without frequent alarms, and there were many delays owing to visits necessary for rest. Among other visits, the party stayed some time at Moscow with Count Alexis Razumofsky, Madame Zagriajsky's distinguished brother, and, later on, in the Ukraine, with her father, the aged Het-

man Razumofsky, celebrated for his enormous wealth, brother of the still more celebrated singer and husband of the Empress Elizabeth the First.

His house was magnificent, and furnished with great taste, but, like all houses in Russia, exceedingly slightly built.

Here her friends the Tamaras and she parted company, their route to Constantinople lying through Poland and Moldavia. It was not till February 1798 that she reached Ekatherinoslow, where, to her great joy, she met her son Henry, restored to health. Thence they proceeded to Krameroff, and found the children, with the faithful Harriet, recovered from sickness,¹ but still living in the tent-cottage, 'and lighted only by one miserable candle.' The children were wild with delight, but her own joy was overshadowed by the thought that her beloved Auguste was no longer there to share the happy meeting. She now heard for the first time the melancholy details of his illness and death. He had passed whole days in hunting, shooting, and fishing, and his nights had been disturbed by threatened attacks of bandits. Weakened by constant exposure as the autumn advanced, he was seized by a fever. It was too late to seek a doctor. He fell into a lethargy, and at the end of four days he died.²

A few wretched planks knocked together by the peasants were all that my poor children could pre-

¹ 'Thanks to God and to *James's Powder* they recovered!'—*Récit d'aventures*.

² With the exception of fevers prevalent in the autumn this country might be considered as one of the most salubrious in the world. But the most unhealthy season is the autumn, when bilious fevers prevail to a great extent. They are sometimes remittent, sometimes intermittent, and often prove fatal. 'These maladies must be attributed chiefly to the superabundance of bile secreted during the hot season,

pare. They buried their dear father upon the slope of the mountain, a little above the house, and they paid him their last tribute of affection, reciting the funeral service amid their tears and their innocent prayers.

as well as to the cold nights and piercing winds which commence in July, and to the almost inevitable effect of cold on the body after hot days.'—*Pallas, Travels in Southern Russia, Vol. II.*

CHAPTER XXX

AFFAIRS DOMESTIC AND PUBLIC

1799-1800-1801

Clem in charge of Ropsha—His ships—One wrecked—Russian peasants—Women workers—Clem's engagement—Miss Gardner—Madame's letters detained—Critical times—Embargo on English ships—Emperor Paul's hatred of England—Paul strangled—Zouboff—Battle of Baltic—Alexander and Elizabeth—Universal joy—Paul's funeral—Michel Palace—Past Court festivities—Mary's beautiful dress—Her offers—Reception at Court—Clementina and Fritz's education—Clem's marriage.

THE calamity of the Baron's death was followed by a series of misfortunes. An epidemic among the animals lost the Baroness eighty head of cattle and fifty horses. Although she entered into a contract for the sale of Krameroff, and the wife of the purchaser thereupon took possession, the latter died before he could procure the money to pay for it. His widow, after enjoying the proceeds for some months, returned the property on Madame de Bode's hands without paying compensation, and, when the latter finally sold the estate to a new purchaser, she did so at great loss, and was forced into signing Russian documents of which she did not understand the full meaning.

All this time she had been keeping at great expense a retinue of servants and carriages in readiness for her journey north, and finally had to send them away, as it was now too late in the season to travel so great a distance. She therefore accepted pressing invitations from

many friends in the south. Some of the children spent the winter near Cherson as the guests of her friend the Baroness de Berwitz (a lady of English birth), and she herself proceeded south with the remainder of the family on an excursion to visit friends in the Crimea.

At length, in the following year, she started with all the children for Ropsha in the north. The 'caravan' consisted of eight carriages, kibitkas, and wagons, with twenty-two horses and six oxen. The latter were necessary to drag them through the deep sand of the desert. During the journey she witnessed a swarm of locusts—

in such numbers that we saw their approach five miles off. As they passed, the sun was darkened, and the sound of their wings was like the waves of the sea. Wherever they settled everything was devoured. They lay a foot and a half thick on the ground, and the horses trampled through them as if they were snow or sand.

The next letter is dated October 22, 1799. She has just arrived home at Ropsha with the children, after an absence of nearly two years.

Clement during this long interval, having recovered from his illness at Petersburg, remained in charge of Ropsha, where he had been busy preparing a house for the reception of the family, built of the forest timber on the property. The *Maisonnette* which his mother had built two years before was now consigned to the use of the bailiff.

During her absence he had also built two ships in order to convey his wood to the market at Petersburg. One of them had just sunk in the Gulf of Finland with all its cargo :

But he bore it with the greatest fortitude and rewarded the poor men, though they were in fault

for having dared to continue in the night, particularly in a storm, without casting anchor, which ought always to be done in this tremendous sea.

Some of the disadvantages of the serfdom then obtaining in Russia are patent from the following curious account in regard to the crew, who, owing to this system, could not be expected to be experienced sailors. The captain was himself a peasant, and the crew was composed of

five other peasants—the first that come—as *they are changed every voyage*. . . .

For as each peasant or ‘soul’ on the land was obliged to work two days in every week for the master whose property he was—

If they work so many more *days together* they are entitled to so many more days for themselves.

It was the same system we have already seen formerly established in the French fief of Soultz.

When you take one entirely to your service, so many more days than he owes his master are reckoned off from the rest of the family’s service.

The women work their two days as well as the men every week, and they work quite as well. They cut down trees, drive their carts, thresh, &c. Notwithstanding such rough work they are all good needlewomen, spin upon the spindles, weave linen and wool, knit, &c., so that they are capable of providing themselves with every article of clothing. They are much more industrious than those we had in the South.

I have given this estate (Ropsha) entirely into the hands of Clem. He intends next Summer to add four rooms at one end of our pretty cottage for himself and to build the house he intends at his leisure. The

wood is already ordered to be cut for it, as also for a fresh ship that he will build next year. Our woods, which are very fine at our village of Thurgoroom, which is placed at the point of the peninsula, will furnish it. It is between thirty and forty verstes from this place, but we shall have it brought on sledges in the Winter or bring it round the Cape down the river Luga into the Merdwitza, which is our little river that runs before the windows—charming communication by which we have water conveyance to Narva.

On the 10th August, 1800, Clem's engagement to be married is announced :

He has for more than three years been passionately in love with a pretty young Miss Gardner—a distant relation, I believe, of the Admiral's,¹ and will very soon be married to her. Hitherto the Father would not consent, but a few days ago I got an interview with him and persuaded him to crown their constancy and render them happy. Had I consulted anything but his happiness, I should have wished him to have made a more brilliant choice, but she is pretty, innocent, virtuous, accomplished, and well brought up, and will, I hope, in time have a pretty fortune. These are many charms to balance against want of birth and riches, and are more likely to procure and retain happiness.

Towards the end of this year Madame de Bode's letters were returned to her without their having crossed the seas—letters both to her sister and to Lord Whitworth, who, having concluded his mission to Petersburg, was now in England.² After this she ceased to write at all :

¹ Alan, first Lord Gardner, whom Madame de Bode had known in her youth.

² Sir Charles Whitworth was raised to the peerage at this time.

Times were so very critical that I thought it better not.

Russia and Denmark were now hostile to England, and had placed an embargo on British ships. The Emperor Paul had conceived an extreme admiration for Napoleon, while his hatred of England amounted to a mania. His subjects became exasperated by this policy and the loss of their trade with England. The Emperor was strangled in the Michel Palace on March 31, 1801, Zouboff, by the way, being one of the principal perpetrators of the crime. This event, together with Nelson's victories on the Baltic, dissolved one of the most formidable coalitions against England that have ever existed.

Writing on the following April 15 from Petersburg she remarks :

At present a dawn of hope spreads its genial beams on the disordered States of Europe—peace seems not too far distant to render happiness again amongst us, for notwithstanding hostilities had begun in Denmark, we all hoped to hear very soon that war in this part of the world will soon cease.¹ The great event which has happened here lately of Alexander the First mounting the throne has filled every heart with joy. He and his angelic Empress² are perfectly adored. 'Tis an enthusiasm difficult to describe—I suppose the most beautiful couple in the world—hearts made to reign and render a great empire happy. Their first days were employed to comfort and to soften the misfortunes of the afflicted rendered miserable in the last unhappy reign.³ Every class soon felt the

¹ She does not seem to be aware that the Battle of the Baltic had just put an end to the war.

² Elizabeth, now aged 23, the Emperor 24.

³ One of the first acts of Alexander was to release the British sailors who had been sent into the interior, and to address an autograph letter to the King of England, expressive of his wish to re-

effects of this Serenity, and the happy days of the Great Catherine appear again. We saw Paul the First on his parade-bed and the procession of his funeral, which was indeed very fine. We have been to see Michel Palace. It is small, or perhaps appeared so to us, in comparison with the Winter Palace. It is indeed filled up with so much luxury that it strikes with the idea of a Castle belonging to some Fairy or Giant. They say that, without the furniture and fitting up, it cost seven millions of Roubles. Many of the rooms are hung with velvet and gold, and stuffs richly embroidered with gold. The Chimney-pieces of lapis-lazuli, agaths, cornelians, and Siberian pebbles—magnificent.

Mary was at three Grand Masquerades¹ this winter at Court. Two at the Winter Palace and one at the Michel Palace; the present Empress, who was then Grande Duchesse, sent her a beautiful dress for the last. We have seen her in private several times this winter. The Dowager Empress permitted us to be presented in private to her; and since the *avènement* to the throne of the present Emperor Alexander the First, Mary, Harry, and I have been twice at Court. Mary has had some offers, but none that she approved of, and therefore has refused them all. The Dowager Empress puts Clementina to school, and the Empress Elizabeth puts Fritz, and I shall leave them both to finish their education. Clementina improves and will be very accomplished, and I believe also very handsome.

establish amicable relations. His domestic measures were equally popular, restoring to the nobles the privileges of which they had been deprived by his father, and restoring things generally to their former footing.—*Alison, History of Europe.*

¹ These balls were called masquerades because fancy dresses were worn, but 'no one dared to wear masks.' These were the only balls given this winter, as the tyrannical Paul had forbidden all private balls or other entertainments.

Clementina's school was the Convent of the *Demoiselles Nobles*, founded by the late Empress Catherine II. Three hundred young ladies of noble birth and as many of the *bourgeoise* class were brought up there.

All receive a careful or a brilliant education, according to the rank which they occupy in society. The class of the *Demoiselles bourgeoises* is instructed in all that concerns economy. The *Demoiselles Nobles* are divided into three classes; each girl remains three years in one class. The classes are distinguished by colours. The first dress is brown, the second in blue, and the third in green. The Directress in Chief bears the title of 'General,' and keeps the record of behaviour of each pupil, which she submits to the Empress. For the days of the 'Assemblies' the dress is blue, but the young ladies are distinguished by the colour of the ribbon which is that of their class. These 'Assemblies' take place once a month in the presence of the Court, the Ministers, and Diplomatic Corps. The pupils execute pretty dances with figures. . . .

Fritzel is waiting for the school called the Institution of Ste. Catherine, being removed to a more spacious building, as the Empress Dowager, who has the ordering of all those institutions for education, would not allow that any more scholars should be admitted before they could be conveniently lodged, and was afraid of changing house for so many young people in the cold winter.

The Institution of St. Catherine was founded by the Empress Marie (now Dowager) on much the same lines as the Convent of the *Demoiselles Nobles*, but was on a much smaller and more select scale, each lady of the 'Order of Ste. Catherine' having only the right to place one young lady. The 'Lady of the Order'¹ who

¹ The ladies of this order were mostly royal.

placed Fritzel¹ was the young Empress (Elizabeth) herself.

Both these institutions are under the special care of the Empress Dowager, and she often visits them unexpectedly, inspecting the kitchen, the dresses, the beds, the work, &c., and is herself present at every examination. . . .

Harriet [the servant] has stayed all the winter to take care of Ropsha.—I forgot to tell you that Clem married the Miss Gardner you heard of. Her father² did belong to the Factory here. I believe they are distantly related to Lord Gardner, but you know the origin of that family was not very great. . . . They are very happy. I leave Charles at his regiment in the Crimée. I hear he makes a very fine young officer.

¹ Fritzel formed a great friendship with young Mademoiselle de Broglie, who was being educated at this institution, granddaughter of the illustrious Maréchal Duc de Broglie, with whom the Baron de Bode had served in the Seven Years' War. Her father had been guillotined by the ungrateful Republic whose cause he had espoused. 'Her mother, to whom the Empress had given an apartment in the convent, was a charming person—gentle, amiable, highly educated, full of talent—and who honoured me by her friendship. She promised me to be a second mother to my daughter.'—*Récit d'aventures*. The aged Maréchal de Broglie and his wife were now living in great simplicity, on a small pension from the Emperor, at Riga, where Madame de Bode visited them on her journey to France in 1801. He forbade the name of his unfortunate son ever to be mentioned, considering his death a just retribution for his abandonment of the Royal cause.

² Mr. Gardner founded in 1770 what was then the principal club in Petersburg, and which is still called the 'English Club,' although no British resident now belongs to it.—*Murray's Handbook*.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOPES RAISED

1801

Great projects—To reclaim Soultz—A family arrangement—Clem a British subject—Madame visits Altenberg again—Awaits passports to Alsace—Universal peace—Telegraph—Reconciliation with Mr. Kynnersley—Lord St. Helens—A letter of peace.

THE reconstruction of the Social System in France by Napoleon now tempted Madame de Bode and her friends to believe that her estates in Alsace would be restored to her under the new *régime*, and that it was now time for her to return to claim them.

We are in great hopes that we shall be razed from the list of Emigrants and our Estates (in Alsace) restored to us. My Sister, the Abbess, has worked very hard for us—and I hope will soon have succeeded. . . .

I hope to set out in the first days of May, if possible—Harry, Mary, and I. We shall go to Ropsha, where I shall stay a week with Clem and his pretty young wife. I leave them to take care of that estate, and I take Harriet on from there to Grodno, in Poland. From the academy there I shall take Felix and Louis on with me to Altenberg, where we shall stay till we have our proper passports into France. I propose going first to Soultz, and from thence to Paris for a short time on business. . . . Perhaps I shall spend my winter at Wiessembourg (so as to be near Soultz and Bergzabern). You see I have great projects in my head.

We must now allude to a very remarkable *family arrangement* which had taken place as far back as the year 1791. When, years afterwards, Clement de Bode's *cause célèbre* came before the English law-courts, and again and again was advocated in high quarters before both Houses of Parliament, it was elicited that his father Auguste Baron de Bode had, six years before his death, actually abdicated his rights and made over his newly acquired fief of Soultz in favour of his son Clement, then a boy of fourteen.¹

The reason of this transaction was that by the treaty concluded by Pitt with France, in 1786, it had been provided, among other things, that, in case a war broke out between the two countries, the property of the subjects of either country residing in the other should not be confiscated. In the uncertain state of affairs in France, therefore, it struck the father that the fief would be safer if vested in his son, who, born in England, was looked upon as a British subject. Accordingly, when the Revolution had reached the crisis of 1791—at a moment, too, when the British, owing to the freedom of their government, were extremely popular in France²—he went through the proper form of abdication, by which, according to feudal law, the heir apparent became at once owner of the property.

Not a word, however, nor a hint, in regard to this affair do we find in any of the letters, voluminously and explicitly as Madame de Bode entered into business details with her sisters in England. It is probable she had long ceased to think that anything would come of the matter. She could not foresee the fall of Napoleon, the

¹ See p. 278 *et seq.*

² When the French, to use their own phrase, were 'devenus fous des Anglais.'—*Letters written in France.* Helen M. Williams, 1792.

Peace of 1814, and the leading part that England was destined to undertake in future events. Or it may well have been that the document of abdication and its effects had escaped her memory altogether. Anyhow it was clearly the best course at this time, in regard to her son's interests, that he should remain quietly in Russia while she returned to France to reconnoitre the position, and see 'how the land lay.'

To do her justice, her chief object in returning seems to have been to endeavour to secure the payment of the debts the Baron and she had incurred before the Revolution, and particularly to protect the claims of Sister Kitty and Brother Adderley, who had lent such large sums.

Be assured, my ever dear Kitty, that my first care shall be to pay you off the debt for what you, with dear Brother Adderley, were so kind as to lend us—at least, a part of it, at first.

I believe I shall visit on my journey the Duchess of Weimar, the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, the Courts of Darmstadt and Carlsruhe. These visits will beguile the time and lessen the fatigues of so long a journey. . . .

The papers inform us that Lord Whitworth is to marry the Duchess of Dorset at his return. I hope he will make a peace with France, and then I may hope to see my dear Kitty again. . . .

My compliments for all inquiring friends, particularly Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Foleys. . . .

She accordingly started in pursuit of her ill-fated project. Before leaving she and Marie were received by the Empress Dowager.

Nothing could be more flattering than the reception she made us and the good wishes with which she honoured us.

The young empress also received us in private. She had just come in from a ride, and was dressed in

a little *négligé*, which became her wonderfully. She deigned to keep us nearly an hour with her. She put into this interview a goodness and amenity which she has never ceased to show us. She promised more especially to protect my dear children, and left us saying she hoped still to see us back again at Petersburg.

We next find her once more visiting her sister-in-law, the abbess, at Altenberg, where she is awaiting her passports of permission to return to France.

Altenberg: November 5, 1801.

We have not yet received our permission—but Business goes on slowly in all countries. Harry is still in Paris [he had gone there under the protection of the Russian Ambassador]. Poor Sôul!—wears out his shoes and his feet to pieces, and lives like an Anchorite in the midst of all that gaiety!

I should make an exception when I say that business goes on slow in all countries: surely the Preliminaries of the Peace were quick enough! It was so unexpected here, and by the help of the Telegraph¹ we heard it five days after it was signed in London; so that we hardly knew whether we durst believe it or no. What a happiness such a bloody war is put an end to. The Universal joy at first was quite intoxicating, but some Politicians seem not perfectly satisfied with the *means*. One must wait the result of the Congress of Amiens.² Perhaps the

¹ Lord George Murray's telegraph was adopted by the Admiralty in 1795 and continued in use for twenty years. 'It consists of six shutters of a square or octagonal form which turn on pivots within the compartments of a double frame.'—*The Popular Encyclopedia. Sandford and Thompson.*

² The definitive treaty was not signed at Amiens till the following March 27, 1802. 'Notwithstanding the universal delight with which the termination of hostilities was hailed by the inconsiderate populace, there were many men of sagacity and foresight in England who stigmatised the conditions of the peace, and foretold that it could not be of long continuance.'—*Alison.*

conditions may be more equal than at present they appear.

The prospect of universal peace seems to have suggested to her mind the appropriateness of now making a renewed effort to put an end to the sad estrangement from her only brother, which had existed over twenty years. Her letters during the whole of that period—full of allusions to this painful subject, which have not been transcribed in these pages—show how acutely she felt his refusal to answer her letters. The new English Ambassador to Petersburg, Lord St. Helen¹ (who had arrived for the Coronation), an old friend of the Kynnersley family, had urged a reconciliation, and offered to mediate between the sister and brother on his return to England, and himself to seek an interview with Mr. Kynnersley in hopes of effecting one. Meanwhile Madame de Bode determined to make a last attempt. She had throughout remained on good terms with her sister-in-law, but that lady was, as we have said, living apart from her husband.

The Duchess of Cumberland said she (Mrs. Kynnersley) always speaks very kindly and very highly of me. . . . My love to her. I wish my Brother would accept my love. . . . I profit of this moment once again to try to make peace with him. I send you a letter to him open. Seal it with a wafer, and take care that he gets it himself. Shall he ever prove unrelenting? Can neither time nor afflictions have washed off his rancour to me? Even hard-hearted Paul, the greatest Tyrant that ever lived, sometimes suffered himself to forgive. Shall my brother be more hard? I think 'tis impossible.

The letter alluded to as enclosed and addressed to her brother remains among Miss Kynnersley's correspondence, and does not appear to have been delivered. Perhaps Kitty

¹ One of the Derbyshire FitzHerberts.

knew her brother too well. But it does credit to the good feeling of the writer, and shall be inserted here :

My dear Brother,—In a moment when all Europe concludes peace together shall we be the only example of inexorability ? Let us rather join the general cry, peace—peace. I will spare you all the trouble of negotiations and make all the advances. I am in the case of many a political body—I hardly know the reason of the quarrel, and am entirely ignorant why it should be kept up. If I have done anything that may have disoblged you I beg your pardon, and assure you it must have been through ignorance, for I never did anything in my life designingly to disoblige you. I will do more, I will sincerely forgive and forget what you have done against me, and the sufferings your conduct towards me occasioned me for many years—a sponge shall pass over it all. Tell me whether you are content with the Preliminary ? Shall our Peace be signed ? I left my son Clement with his pretty little wife in Russia, as also my son Charles, who is an officer in the Russian Service, and my two younger daughters to finish their education. Henry is at Paris, and my eldest daughter and two youngest sons are with me here. They and my daughter desire to present their Duty to you.

Adieu ! my dear Brother. I hope to have a kind answer from you, and that I can say to myself I have not only a Brother but a friend left. For my part, I have never ceased to pray for you and to love you, and am and ever shall be

Your affectionate friend and Sister,

MARY BODE.

Au Chapitre Noble d'Altenberg,¹ près Wetzlar en Allemagne :
November 12, 1801.

¹ The convent was confiscated by Buonaparte at the end of the following year. See Appendix.

CHAPTER XXXII

NO FAVOUR IN PARIS

1802

Hastens to Wiessembourg—Visits Bergzabern and Soultz—Property confiscated and sold—M. Rosentritt again—Madame fears imprisonment for debt—Goes to Paris—Fresh disappointments—Proposes to publish her memoirs—Duchess of Cumberland—Her opinion of booksellers—Galignani and his wife—Madame fears to offend—Advised to return to Russia.

ON the arrival of the long-delayed passports to France, Madame de Bode appears to have hastened to Wiessembourg, and thence to have made excursions to her old homes at Bergzabern and Soultz. There she found the 'patriot,' M. Rosentritt. We last saw him freshly relieved from the chains the 'allied armies' had put him in. He was still acting as agent for the saline works, having continued them on throughout the Revolution 'in the interests of the vile nation.'

The property at Bergzabern had been sold, as well as everything at Soultz, except the saline works (which were let to M. Rosentritt) and the other mines, and the 'large new house' with a couple of meadows. These were

let on lease of eight years for 1,200 livres (by the nation). None of our debts paid, and we at the charge of paying the debts with ten years' interest! . . .

The whole of the debt, including yours [ours to you], without the interest, amounts to £13,000.

[This was money lent partly by Miss Kynnersley, and chiefly by Mr. Ralph Adderley.]

It appears the Saline was let *cheap* to M. Rosentritt, as there were many repairs made at his expense—it having been neglected during the Revolution, and, I suppose, too, to make it appear of less value, for I have learnt since that they don't mean to give any of the Salines back, but will give an indemnification for them which will be calculated on what it is let for. . . . I never could get at the real truth. . . .

M. Rosentritt owned to me later that he made more than 16,000 francs of salt every year, without counting the products of the asphalt mine and the coal. . . . But he was the only person, of the very few I still knew in that country, who was likely to act for me. It was in his power to be a dangerous enemy or a powerful friend to me. He offered to be the latter. I knew no better. He acted very kindly for us since our return. . . . He will take care to lay your claim for you, and I will see it is strongly seconded by the English Ambassador [in Paris].

Paris [Hotel de Metz, Rue Vivienne]: June 11, 1802.

Finding I was not likely to finish anything where I was—only spending money for nothing and getting into difficulties about the debts my poor Husband had left—and being advised by the People in place and power at Wiessembourg to go to Paris as the only chance of obtaining a better issue of affairs, I determined to come here and see what could, and what could not, be done. I was the more willing to do so as they assured me my person was not in safety in that part of the world. Poor Marie and I were quite in a fright for fear of being put in prison, and we got off as soon as we could after being about ten days resident at Wiessembourg. M. Rosentritt had signed to pay our expenses at the inn we had been at, or they would not have let us go. We did not tell him we were going away. We durst not, lest he

should oppose it, for he had advised us and invited us to come and live with him at Soultz and was fitting up an apartment for us. We meant even to pass through Soultz without stopping, but a wheel being near breaking, we were obliged to stop to have it mended, and I took courage to go to him and own we were going. He was very much surprised and seemed disappointed, as he said he had proposed much pleasure in having us with him. . . . *I slept in my own bedroom.* Alas! how greatly times have changed since I was the mistress of it! It was like a dream! But all my life is one, and I often ask myself if I am awake! . . . M. Rosentritt renewed his vows of serving us to the best of his power and begged we would return to live at Soultz, and I really thought of doing it. . . .

We arrived safe here [Paris] on Monday morning, Marie, Anushka and I after six days' poste. . . .

But at Paris further disappointment attended her. Her old ally, Lord Whitworth, recently appointed English Ambassador to France, did not arrive, though long expected. Not that his influence was likely to prove at Paris the powerful support it had been at Petersburg in old days. Here was a very different state of affairs, where the 'First Consul' so hated everybody and everything English that even a *Jardin Anglais*, which he admired, was not suffered to be called by its detested English name!¹ The English birth of the Baroness would in itself be sufficient to provoke the hostility of Bonaparte, who, a few months later, actually insulted Lord Whitworth in public—the signal for war with England to break out afresh.²

¹ 'Un Document inédit sur la Période Napoléonienne, 1802-1808,' *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1^{er} juin, 1899, p. 601.

² The following spring, 'ils étaient rassemblés, ainsi que tous les étrangers de marque, chez Mme Bonaparte, le dimanche 18 mars.

Unfortunately I find 'tis a moment to do nothing by favour, and by law there is no hope. I will do all I can. I can do no more. . . . I have been talking to-day with Mr. Merry, the English Resident, about you, . . . for you to get something. I hope you will be able to profit by the voluntary sacrifice I make of all that I have left in this country in order to satisfy the creditors. 'Tis the only thing I can do for them, by which means I condemn myself and my children to eternal poverty.¹ . . .

I must do what I can to soften my unfortunate situation. Therefore will begin to publish my life, if you have corrected it. . . .

Madame de Bode had been lately occupied in writing a history of her life in English, French, and German. She was diffident as to her powers of writing correctly. Miss Kynnersley was to supervise the English edition, and to see about publishing it in London.

The Duchess of Cumberland,² who has received us very kindly [Paris], desires that my History may be dedicated to her; so either make a very pretty

Bonaparte arriva, et, allant droit à lord Whitworth, il lui demanda ce que signifiait le message de Sa Majesté Britannique au Parlement. Milord répondit simplement que c'était une démarche constitutionnelle. Bonaparte demanda si le traité d'Amiens n'était pas clair. Point de réponse. Le Premier Consul déclara qu'un enfant de dix ans n'y trouverait point d'obscurité. "Je vais poser nettement la question," ajouta-t-il: "hors de Malte ou la guerre!" L'ambassadeur, peu accoutumé à ces nouvelles formes diplomatiques, persista dans son silence. Bonaparte reprit la parole, s'échauffa, dit qu'il parlait exprès à la face de toute l'Europe, pour que ses intentions fussent bien connues.—*Un Document inédit. Revue des Deux Mondes, 1^{er} juin 1899, p. 608.*

¹ This must be taken to indicate intention, not fact. The Baroness had no power to renounce the fief and property in France. They were vested in her son.

² The Duchess took Madame de Bode several drives to see the sights of Paris, of which the latter appreciated the Botanical Gardens most of all.

dedication to her, or, if you think better, change it where I address myself to you and put her name instead of yours. . . .

She thinks it would be cheaper to print it in Paris and send it afterwards to be sold in England. She says we must take great care not to be cheated by the printers and booksellers, for that they pirate and cheat horribly. Judge whether it will be more advantageous to print by subscription or to sell the book to a bookseller. *But you must not leave it a moment in a bookseller's hands.* They can have it copied in a very incredible short time and print it for themselves, and then I lose it entirely. They must read it in your presence. Don't trust to Dulcass, bookseller, in Soho Square. The Duchess warned me against him. I have made acquaintance with a man here with whom Harry had already made a friendship, an Italian named Gagliani—nay 'tis Galignani (who married a Miss Parsons of Shrewsbury)—very good sort of young people. He keeps a very large circulating English library here and has himself already published a couple of books. . . . He says he fancies the two little volumes would hardly cost a hundred pound the printing. . . . But you must be very careful and cunning, for by all I can learn the booksellers and printers in general are great rogues.

If there is in my history anything disobliging against M. Rosentritt, pray suppress it, as he now shows himself so much our friend !

[Later she wrote :

In regard to my History, we will not publish it yet. . . . I fear disobliging more than one person. There are many things I would change. My situation has often been so very critical that I might offend by saying the truth, or by not saying the truth in regard to my Protections, but I will soon set about the continuation of my third volume. My mind has been too unsettled to set about anything yet.]

Continuing from Paris :

We dine with the Duchess to-day. We are lodged in a little room next to Harry, up five pairs of stairs—what a way to see Paris at last! I was obliged to sell all I could turn into money at Wiessembourg to get here. And we have been selling our things almost for nothing here only to exist. With all our economy our eating costs us eight shillings a day, and we are often so hungry we can hardly support it.

Finding that from all she could learn in Paris she 'was not to expect the least favour' from the Government, and fearing that if she went back to Soultz she would be imprisoned for debt, she determined to return to Russia 'as soon as and while she could ;' and in this course she was confirmed by the Duchess of Cumberland,¹ and also by the Russian Ambassador.

Her route to Petersburg was most circuitous. She was three days going down the Seine to Rouen, where she took a ship bound for Hamburg. On arriving at the open sea the wind proved contrary, and she found herself unexpectedly on the Isle of Wight.

The sight of my native land caused me to shed tears. . . . How many recollections came across me!

Thence the ship traversed the ocean to Heligoland, and she finally reached Petersburg *via* Hamburg and Lübeck, after a voyage of eleven weeks.

¹ The Duchess, who had been a widow nearly twelve years at this time, died in the following year, 1808.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOME AT PETERSBURG

1802-1808

Lord St. Helens—Prince William of Gloucester—Madame decides to live in Petersburg—Clam's ships wrecked—Ruin in expectation—Madame's last letter—Account of the children—The Gascoigne family—Lady Haddington—Brighter prospects—A point of quiet—'The greatest pitch of true philosophy'—A host of friends.

ON her return we find her as usual breathing the atmosphere of embassies, and discussing her affairs with the English and French Ambassadors. Lord St. Helens starts for England :

I had the pleasure to hear last night at the English Embassy that Lord St. Helens was arrived safe in England, which eased me much of the fears these terrific storms had given me for his safety. I trust much to his intercession with my Brother. . . . I saw the young Prince William of Gloucester¹ there [the English Embassy]. He is, indeed, a very pretty young man. He was so obliging as to desire us to be introduced to him. He is very chatty and quite without pretensions.

I do not mean to live in the Country, but to stay

¹ William Frederick, afterwards second Duke of Gloucester, only son of William Henry, first Duke of Gloucester (who was brother of George III.), by Maria, widow of Earl Waldegrave. Prince William was born in 1776 and was now 26. Later he married his first cousin, Princess Mary, daughter of George III., and died s.p. in 1834. His nickname is well known.

on in this town. 'Tis the centre for all my children, and then at Mary's age 'tis hard to shut her up with the bears and wolves, because the Country seats and neighbourhoods in Russia are not what they are in England.

This autumn proved disastrous to Clement's commercial enterprises. Three of his ships, the *Clement*, the *Charlotte*, and the *Molly*, were wrecked in the hurricanes which visited the Gulf of Finland with terrific force—'It is said once every twenty-five years.'

It is feared that his Master-Builder and all his crew have perished. Ruin seems the only thing in expectation. . . . The chief of the income depends on the success of the ships. Four ships of his neighbour, the Baron d'Ungern, were sunk in those storms.

The correspondence of the Baroness de Bode ceases finally and abruptly with a letter posted from Petersburg, February 23, 1803.

I can give you an account of all my children. Clem passes the winter in the Country with his wife and child. I fear he will have another next May. Felix is taken by the Princess Héréditaire of Baden. Louis is gone to Frankfort and enters the Imperial Service under the Field-Marshal Prince de Reuss.

Charles has quitted the cavalry and service, his health broken down with fever, since which time he has resided at Kaffa, 'that once famous city in the Crimea, and now little better than a heap of ruins.'

He has not lost his time—has met with friends who have got good libraries, studied languages, and speaks English, French, German, Russian, Italian, and Turkish, besides a little Latin; he had learnt the violin and flageolet in his childhood, and now has added the flute and a little the pianoforte, and is

besides an excellent arithmetician. The Commerce he now undertakes will cause him to travel this winter twenty-seven thousand versts entirely alone without even a servant. The Countess Schouvaloff says he will make the fortune of the whole family. He hopes to carry Oysters from the Crimea to Moscow and carry English cloth in return—the profit astonishing! . . . Harry accompanies his Brother Charles, and if he is not satisfied, Mr. Gascoigne will take him again and try to push him forward *in that line*.

This is the eminent millionaire, Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Gascoigne, who, as head of the great Carron Works in Scotland, had been invited by the Empress Catherine II. to come to Russia, and to rebuild the gun-foundry on the lake of Onega, in order to supply the country with guns and cannon instead of their being brought over from the Carron works, as heretofore, at great expense. The town which he created around the new gun-foundry took the name of Petrozavodsk. Madame de Bode and Marie have passed the winter with Mr. Gascoigne's two daughters, Miss Gascoigne (the younger) and Anna Countess of Haddington ¹ (now married secondly to Mr. Dalrymple).

Marie has just been bridesmaid to Miss Gascoigne who was married two days ago to Colonel Pollen: I shall accept an invitation to go down directly and to remain the summer with the Gascoigne family at Petrozavodsk, 450 versts north of this Capital, on the lake of Onega—they say the most romantick country possible. The old gentleman, who came up to the wedding, took back a band of Musick with him to make it gay in Summer. It will be very agreeable, rides and water parties, shooting, fishing—even to

¹ Widow of Thomas, seventh Earl, who had died in 1794.

catching salmon in the style of trout. But this is for me a precarious existence which makes me feel so dependent.

The last page, however, concludes with brighter prospects :

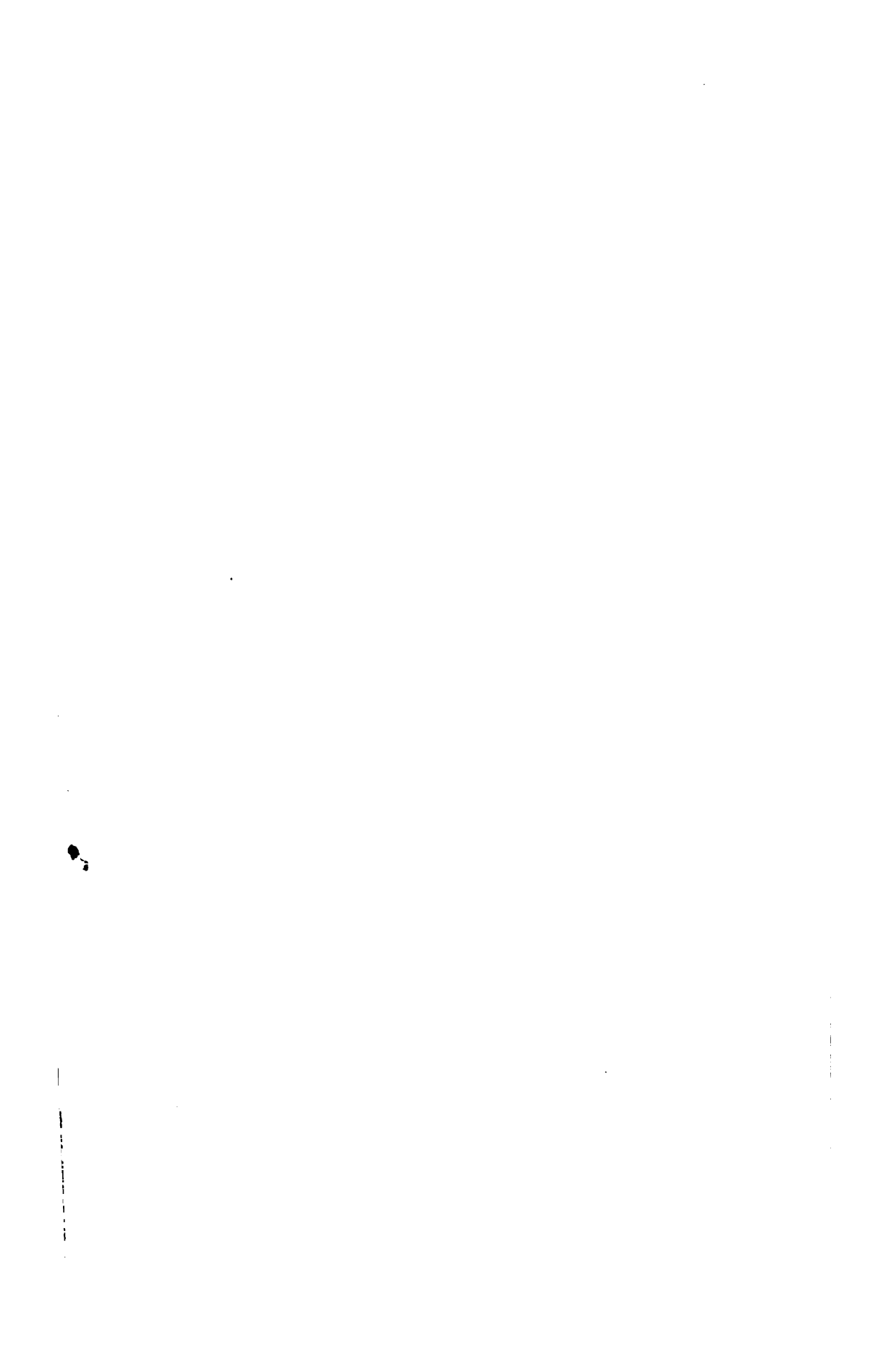
Our good Empress¹ has promised me a pension to live independently, which gives me another point of quiet ; and now—'tis an observation I have made to the Empress in my last letter to her—I shall be more composed to know myself out of all fear of being obliged to renew my solicitations.

Thus, as we look our last at the familiar handwriting traced through so many years of struggle and adventure, we may feel that the devoted mother, who has so bravely launched her children in the world, is herself for the future secure from indigence.

The story of a career of vicissitudes has now been told. Twice we have seen ambitions gratified and prosperity realised. In both cases we have seen them followed by disappointment and a reverse of fortune. Fate, however, softened the edge of adversity for our heroine by many blessings ; and we may be sure that, whatever it brought her during the remaining years of her life, it found her always buoyant, hopeful, and resourceful—(‘ Nothing is equal to being above sinking and disappointment, I think, ’tis the greatest pitch of true philosophy ’)—always ready to undertake a fresh journey—(she talks of a journey to England to consult brother Adderley²)—always building

¹ Elizabeth.

² From the *Récit d'aventures*, written by the Baroness during her latter years, and translated into French by her daughter, Countess Colombi, we gather that she accomplished a visit to her relations in England. Before starting she and Marie were commanded to dinner by the Empress Dowager at Pauloffski : ‘ Trente personnes se trouvaient au dîner : le Grand-Duc Constantin, les Grandes-Duchesses





MARY KYNNERSLEY, BARONESS DE BODE

From the original in the possession of Lord Watson



W. G. Bode del.

CLEMENT, BARON DE BODE.

From the original in the possession of "Margaret" Smith